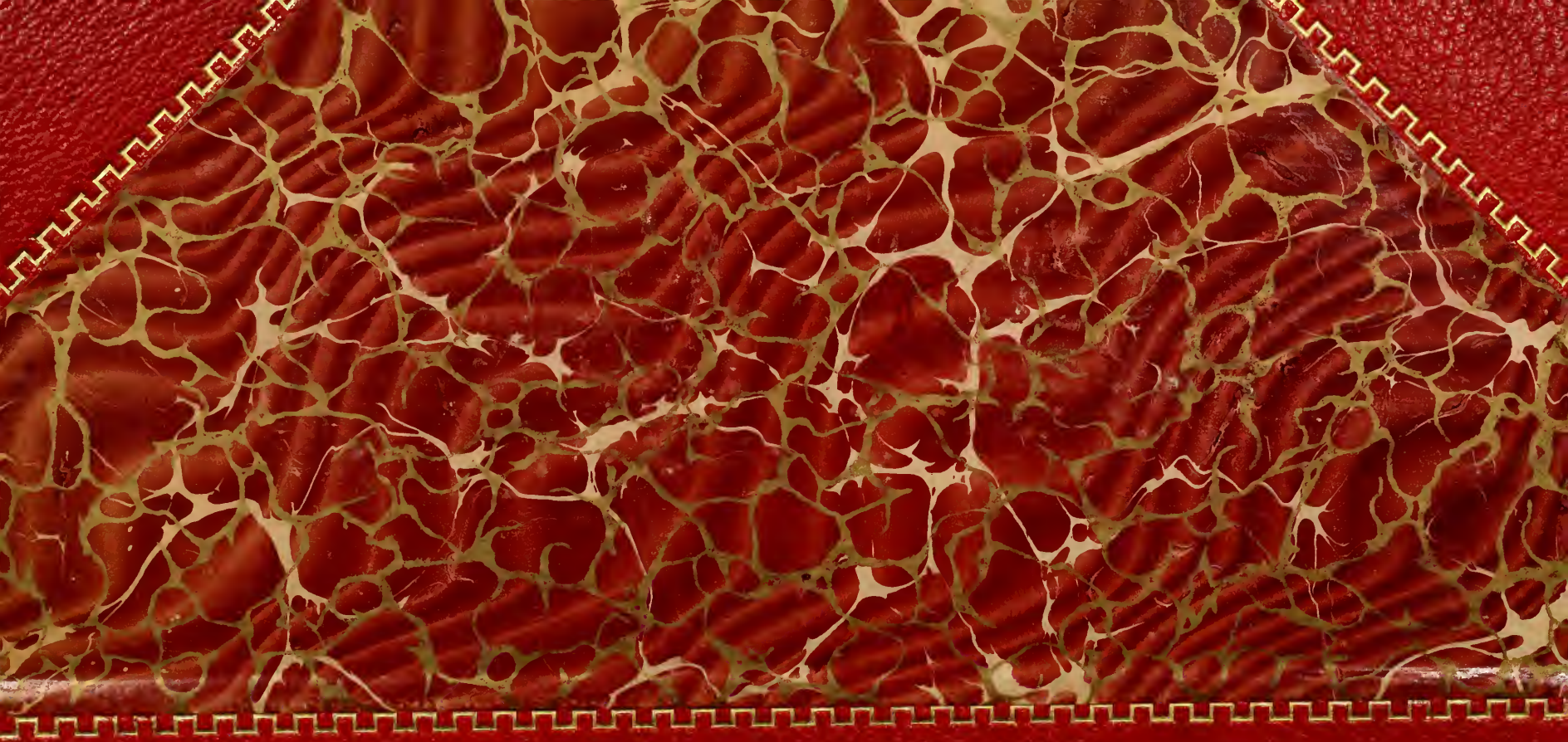

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PROFESSOR OF LITERATURE IN THE IMPERIAL UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN

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THE PROGRESS OF LITERATURE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

By Andrew Lang

Contemplating the literature of the whole century, we notice how slightly new developments correspond to our arbitrary divisions of time, and perhaps we convince ourselves of the futility of literary generalisations. The art of letters has, indeed, on the whole, and in the procession of the years, certain well-marked periods. Beginning with mere popular snatches of song, amatory, magical, religious, man advances to narrative lays of heroic adventure, and to the evolution of professional minstrels, and castes of hymn-singers. The Epic, the Drama, Satire, are developed; then come lyrics of individual experience, while, in the region of prose, and after the discovery of writing, the brief notes of annalists expand into history; philosophy turns from semi-religious verse to pedestrian measures, and written criticism comes last of all. Greece, Rome, the mediæval and the modern world all exhibit this natural process. But the full round once accomplished, the literature of a given century, say the nineteenth, depends for its character on forces which we can but partially estimate.

It has been a century of Revolution, of social and political unrest, of almost miraculous development in physical science, and in power of directing mechanically the forces of nature. Such a chaos of new ideas *may* take form in literature, but most of the ideas will be too raw for artistic expression. Thus the motive of Evolution, as formulated by Darwin, is revolutionary, and is grandiose, but in literature it does but tinge the thought of Tennyson, or extract the sharper whine from the many minor poets of cheap pessimism. The socialistic idea, no less vast, has but inspired William Morris, among notable English poets, and

less formally sounds in some pieces of Shelley. Meanwhile the mechanical knowledge of the time is hostile to literature, because it is hostile to leisure and to loneliness. Yearly, we become more hurried, more gregarious, and more apt to depend absolutely on newspapers for our reading.

Perhaps this may be the cause of the degeneracy of literature since 1860. After the great generation of 1790-1820, in England, after Wordsworth, Scott, Shelley, Coleridge, Byron, Keats, came a day of small things, followed by the period of Tennyson, Browning, Carlyle, and Matthew Arnold. In America, all the classical writers in prose and verse—Hawthorne, Poe, Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, Prescott, Motley, Holmes, and others—were contemporary with Dickens, Thackeray, and the Victorian authors already named. Since 1860, the stars of Rossetti, Swinburne, and a crowd of novelists arose, and for the most part set, in England, where we have no new poet high in the second rank, and no prose writer of the charm and distinction of Mr. Stevenson. In America, too, there is no Hawthorne or Poe, no Emerson or Longfellow. There is a fairly high level of merit, accompanied by much conscientious reflection on "art" and method, but we see no pre-eminent genius, among all the schools of experiment. The same rule applies to continental literature. "Decadence" and reaction from Decadence (as in M. Rostand); "Realism" and reaction from Realism; social philosophies striving to take literary form (as in Tolstoi); theories, and contending critical slogans, meet us everywhere, but we find little spontaneous genius, little permanent excellence.

Why is this so? Our hurry and confusion help to make us barren; our neglect of serious study of the classics in dead and living languages helps to make our authors ephemeral, mere creatures of the day, but causes which we can never hope to estimate are yet more potent. Persons of genius happen not to be born. So it was, with rare exceptions, between Pope and Burns. We can know no more, but do not let us shut ourselves into the belief that our mediocre talents are miracles of genius.

Though now we are "waiting for the fountain to arise," our century has been notable in letters. A man who died in 1800 had never a chance to read the Waverley Novels, *Vanity Fair*, *Esmond*, *Pickwick*, much of Wordsworth, all of Byron, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne. He was unconscious of Poe, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Emerson, Carlyle, Ruskin, Hugo, Musset, Dumas, George Sand, Heine, Lamartine, Turguenieff, Daudet, and was innocent of Zola, to take only a few names. Great regions of philosophy, poetry, humour, were closed to him, which are open to us. Many musical voices, as of "all the angels singing out of heaven," had not yet been raised. Our familiar quotations, our household words, were, many of them, not yet uttered. The romance of the Middle Ages was a sealed book, practically, till Walter Scott opened it, as William of Deloraine opened the book of the buried wizard, and Alexandre Dumas turned over other pages full of as potent spells. The poetic secret of nature was waiting for Wordsworth: the inner charm of words, of verbal music, frozen by a century of common sense, was to be freed by Keats, Coleridge, Shelley, and Tennyson. The pity and the humour of the poor (the pity and tragedy already revealed by Crabbe) were to be made common knowledge by Dickens, Barrie, and an army of followers. The treasures of local and provincial literature had been revealed by Burns, but more were to be brought out from a hundred rural places. The comedy and tragedy of society expected Thackeray to renew the exploits of Fielding. The whole province of æsthetics was to be refreshed, and to flower quaintly under the showers of Mr. Ruskin's eloquence. The art of poetry was to be revolutionized, so that the verse of Pope and of Johnson should fall into unmerited disdain. Only the stage, for social reasons, probably, was to yield place, as far as literary merit is concerned, to the novel. The novel was almost to overrun the whole field of letters, so that "poetry is a drug," and the essayist prattles unheeded.

In History the man who died in 1800 missed Hallam, Macaulay, Grote, Thirlwall, Freeman, Froude, Motley, Prescott, Ban-

croft, Fustel de Coulanges, Michelet, Mommsen, Sismondi, Ranke, Henri Martin—one does not know where to stop—and he missed, of course, our learned Gardiner, Stubbs, and all the new explorers of documents. We are only beginning to come into the treasures of the Vatican, of Venice, of Foreign Offices, of the charter chests, and muniment rooms. Our dead man of 1800 knew only the beginnings of our science of institutions, of anthropology, of comparative philology, the sciences of Mr. Tylor, Maclennan, Maine, Grimm, Brinton, Fiske, Von Maurer, Réville, Spencer, Renan, Maspero, Max Müller. Their name is legion, but here we are on the debatable land between science and literature.

Enfin, though he had good letters in abundance, and read much that is now unfortunately neglected, the dead man of 1800 missed a vast opulence of knowledge, style, beauty, and mirth, which he could have entered upon merely by living for another hundred years. Whatever evil men yet unborn may say of our century, they cannot deny to it the laurel.

There are drawbacks, of course. As to knowledge, much of it is premature speculation. Like other ages, ours thinks it has discovered "the secret," in a dozen provinces where (we are beginning to learn) the secret is yet to seek. Our secret has usually been one or other statement of Materialism, one or other exposition of scepticism. The next century, if it comes to know more than we, will be very apt to reverse a number of popular verdicts. Oriental archæology, anthropology, experimental psychology, may check or divert the present march of Biblical and Homeric criticism, and of religious and psychological science. A period of hope may even succeed a period of negation, and another note than that of wistful pessimism may come to sound in poetry. Great stores of "realism," "naturalism," Ibsenism, decadence, and art according to Maeterlinck, have been "unloaded" on a public which, lectured out of its natural human tastes, is already reverting to them. Theories of literary art have been based by moderns and on the mood of the passing moment, to the neglect of the ages. The dismal commonplace has now been advertised as our only theme, while, again, we

have been drugged with the abnormal, the hysterical, the morally and psychologically aberrant. These new metaphysics of literature are based on sheer ignorance and mental shortness of sight. The moment can hardly be a law to itself, much less can it be a law to the future.

The next century, nay, next year or next month, is the waste-paper basket of our fine, new theories. Our modish originalities of morbid fiction, our novels with a purpose, our versified lamentations, our much advertised rhetoric, and popular fustian, to-day are, and to-morrow are cast into the oven. In thirty years there will be no such editions of our "Boomsters,"—our clamorously applauded and woefully ignorant dealers in fiction,—as to-day there are of Scott, Miss Austen, Fielding, Hawthorne, Dickens, and Thackeray. Our new poets last about three months, and will not survive to a tenth edition. The new age will thoroughly purge the garner, and huge stacks of our chaff will be cast into the fire. Herrick and Carew will outlast the famed Mr. A., and the entrancing Mr. B. I am tempted to venture on the prophetic; to try to see what will endure, out of our contemporary abundance. But we cannot be particular without being personal, nor is the practice of prophecy entirely free from danger.

There is undeniable danger to letters in the multitude of readers. A public pasturing on illustrated monthly miscellanies of trash, and listening to critical whipper-snappers preaching in columns of literary notes, demands the "spicy." Authors, with a natural human anxiety to gain dollars, are tempted to appeal to this great thoughtless unlearned public. The peril is conspicuous, but mankind is so fashioned that true excellence will not make its appeal in vain. Give us a Shakespeare or a Scott, and he will not miss his reward, neither will such a genius stoop to be merely "spicy," eccentric, or declamatory, for the sake of lucre. Only the minor talents squander themselves on voluble appeals to the tasteless, and rely on the arts of the paragraph and the interview. Many noble examples in our age, as of Tennyson, Carlyle, and (if we may mention the living), Mr. George Meredith, prove that genius will prefer neglect to advertisement, will take its own

path, and, shunning the beaten road, and the clamorous booths of charlatans, will await its day. The much-talked-of "artistic conscience" is more than a phrase, though "stained by all ignoble use."

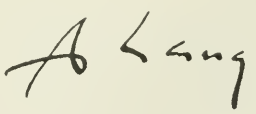
To end, the earlier and the middle century seems richer than the closing quarter in eminent names, in works which will endure. So we think, even after discounting the natural, almost inevitable blindness to contemporary excellence, a blindness which is a check on the no less natural tendency to exalt, as Homer says, "the song which comes newest to our ears," the song, or the story, the essay or the play. But, even while holding that "the old is better," every reader of sense will admit the existence of multitudes of contemporary writers honourably good and pleasing, and to be distinguished from the ranters of the novel, from the affected "stylists," from the prurient "dukes of dark corners," from the fashioners of modish æsthetics. These microbes ravage our newest literature, but they must pass, like other plagues in other and older literatures. They are as well known to the literary critic as the locust, the mouse, the phylloxera, and grouse-disease, to other experts. They work ruin for their allotted space, but the type attacked survives, and the pestilent things which prey on it disappear. In letters, as in all things, excellence endures from of old, and as of old; pretence, *reclame*, affectation, perish. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum.*

If we ask ourselves how the literature of the nineteenth is distinguished from that of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, a formal difference at once presents itself. Our century has seen literature become a profession. In the seventeenth century men wrote because they had, or thought they had something to say, took pleasure in the work, and hoped for fame. Money was only considered by the booksellers' hacks, who had begun to exist as early as the Reformation. Writers for the stage made a little money, very little, and the booksellers kept their "hands" from starving, but Milton, Walton, Lovelace, Clarendon, and the divines did not write for pay. By Dryden's time, profit began to accrue, or place, but Pope had to secure his

gains by the method of subscription. In the eighteenth century we know how scanty were the earnings of Dr. Johnson and of Burns. The golden age of "places" for the wits ended with the death of the last Stuart and the coming of the first George. Probably Scott first proved that something more than a competence might be earned with the pen, and literature became a paying profession. As such it is plied with an almost plodding industry. We may rejoice the Muses need no longer shiver, as in Theocritus, but nobody can maintain that the literary art flourishes better in proportion as the commercial element increases. The author may be more comfortable and more independent, but he is not, on that account, a better author. He finds it more difficult to come "through his horses" to the front, in the race for recognition, as the course is crowded by innumerable jades, attracted by the rare prizes of success. Yet the multitude of critics, all on the outlook for some new thing, partly neutralises the effects of over-crowding, and Mr. Kipling, arrived almost as an unknown lad from India, had not to wait long for popularity.

The note of the early century was that of emancipation from "rules" which had always been conventional, the rules of French criticism under Louis XIV. The note of the closing century is emancipation from certain human decencies. The trammels which were not felt by Æschylus and Sophocles, by Homer and Virgil, are too galling for young persons anxious to dilate on "problems of sex." This, too, is only a passing phase. The old æsthetic controversies are reopened, the questions of naturalism, realism, idealism: and critics ignorant of literature cry for a kind of literary photography, for the stern reproduction in art of all that we avert our eyes from in nature. These are no new discussions, Athens was familiar with them, and they will be settled, as of old, by the common wisdom of mankind. Meanwhile we must endure constant exhibitions of crude and one-sided experiments, "symbolism," adventures in odd metres, tales without beginning, or end, or interest, uncouth attempts at phonetic reproduction of rude dialects, mincing euphuisms miscalled "style," and many

other tribulations, among them flocks of imitations of everything that has a week's success. Many of the productions of recent literature are, like the fantastic animals, nature's experiments, which lived before earth was fit for human habitation. They are "neither fish, nor flesh, nor good red herring," they spring from the mental ferment of people determined, at all hazards, to be "new." We ought to aim at excellence of matter and form, and we may be content to think that all goodness of form is old, and is not fantastic. Not novelty of method, not contortions, not convulsions, produce work which is good and will last, only genius and labour can do that. Literature is not an affair of fashion, like the costume of ladies; we are not to ask whether realism, or romance is "in," whether the "short story" is in demand, or weak on a falling market. Authors are not milliners; authors worth reckoning with obey a law stronger than the vagaries of vogue. The business of readers is to be deaf to the cries of the market, to peruse what is old and seasoned, and so to judge the quality of what is still in the gloss of freshness. Literature did not begin with Rossetti, Tolstoi, Verlaine, or Ibsen. *Vixere fortes ante* these distinguished masters, and the twentieth century, if it is wise, will not confine itself to the literature of the twentieth century. Few things have more seriously injured the taste of the last twenty-five years, than the common ignorance of all that was written by mankind before 1870. It has been a great century in letters, but its earlier glories are little studied (with a few exceptions), and the literature of the moment is only in one way encouraging. It cannot well be worse: it is the dark hour before the dawn.



LOCHINVAR.

By SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[Sir Walter Scott: The great Scotch novelist and poet; born August 15, 1771, in Edinburgh, where he attended the university. He practiced as an advocate for a while, then withdrew from the bar and devoted his attention largely to literature. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" (1805) brought him into prominence as an author; and in 1814 he published anonymously "Waverley," the first of the "Waverley Novels." He became a partner in Constable's publishing house and the Ballantynes' printing house, in order to realize all sides of the profit from his works; but bad management, and his immense overdrafts on their resources to build up a great feudal estate at Abbotsford, left them so weak that the panic of 1825 ruined both. He wore out his life in the effort to pay up in full the liabilities of £120,000, and the royalties on his books achieved this after his death. His other great poems are "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake," and lesser ones in merit are "Rokeby," "The Lord of the Isles," "Harold the Dauntless," "The Bridal of Triermain," and "The Vision of Don Roderick." Among the "Waverleys" may be cited "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "The Heart of Midlothian," "Old Mortality," "Rob Roy," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," "The Abbot," "Quentin Durward," "The Pirate," and "The Talisman."]

Lady Heron's Song.

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west:
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske River where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all.
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?" —

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied; —
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide!
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine:
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar, —
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bridemaidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door and the charger stood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung! —
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

TRAFALGAR, 1805.—DEATH OF NELSON.[1]

By CAPTAIN ALFRED T. MAHAN.

(From "Life of Nelson.")

[Alfred Thayer Mahan, American naval officer and historian, was born at West Point, N.Y., September 27, 1840. He served in the Civil War, and was president for several years of the Naval War College, Newport. He has written: "The Gulf and Inland Waters" (1883); "Influence of Sea Power upon History" (1890), continued as "Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution and Empire" (1892); "Life of Admiral Farragut" (1892); "The Interest of America in Sea Power, Present and Future" (1897), a compilation of his magazine articles; and the "Life of Nelson" (1897). During the Spanish War of 1898 he was a member of the naval strategy board.]

The general dispositions [were]: a main body of eighteen to twenty, fifty miles west of Cadiz, a frigate squadron close in to the harbor, and two groups of ships of the line extended between these extremes. With a westerly wind, approach to the port would be easy for all; with an easterly, Nelson wrote to Blackwood, he would habitually beat up for Cadiz, never going north of the port. His whereabouts in case of thick weather was thus always known. He notified Collingwood and his other subordinates, that if the enemy came out, he should stand for Cape Spartel, the African outpost of the straits, to bar the entrance of the allies to the Mediterranean. On the 13th of October his old ship, the "Agamemnon," joined the fleet. She was commanded by Sir Edward Berry, who had been first lieutenant in her with Nelson, had accompanied him in boarding the "San Nicolas" and "San Josef" at St. Vincent, and was afterwards his flag captain at the Nile. When her approach was reported to the admiral, he exclaimed gleefully, "Here comes Berry! Now we shall have a battle," for Berry, having been in more fleet actions than any captain in the British Navy, had a proverbial reputation for such luck. The event did not belie the prediction. Five days later, on the 18th of the month, Nelson noted in his diary: "Fine weather, wind easterly; the combined fleets cannot have finer weather to put to sea"; and the following morning, at half past nine, the signal, repeated from masthead to masthead, from the inshore frigates to their commander-in-chief fifty miles at sea, announced that the long expected battle was at hand—for "The Enemy are coming out of port."

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Contrary to the general policy that for many years had governed the naval undertakings of France and Spain, the combined fleets put to sea on the 19th of October, 1805, with the fixed purpose of daring the hazard of battle, which they could scarcely expect to avoid. They numbered thirty-three ships of the line, eighteen French and fifteen Spanish, and were accompanied by five frigates and two brigs, all of which were French. This great force in its aggregate was one. There were not two separate entities, a French fleet and a Spanish fleet, acting in concert, as is often the case in alliances. Whatever the administrative arrangements, for cruising and for battle the vessels of the two nations were blended in a single mass, at the head of which was the French admiral, just as the general direction of the naval campaign was in the hands of the French emperor alone.

In the allied force there were four three-decked ships, of from one hundred to one hundred and thirty guns, all Spanish, of which one, the "Santísima Trinidad," was the largest vessel then afloat. Among Nelson's twenty-seven there were seven three-deckers, of ninety-eight to one hundred guns; but in the lower rates the British were at a disadvantage, having but one eighty-gun ship and three sixty-fours, whereas the allies had six of the former and only one of the latter. All the other vessels of the line of battle were seventy-fours, the normal medium type, upon which the experience of most navies of that day had fixed, as best fitted for the general purposes of fleet warfare. Where more tonnage and heavier batteries were put into single ships, it was simply for the purpose of reënforcing the critical points of an order of battle — an aim that could not be as effectively attained by the combination of two ships, under two captains. . . .

Nelson had several times said to Captain Hardy and Dr. Scott, "The 21st will be our day;" and on the morning of the battle, when the prediction was approaching fulfillment, he again remarked that the 21st of October was the happiest day in the year for his family; but he mentioned no reason other than that just given. . . .

Soon after daylight Nelson, who, according to his custom, was already up and dressed, had gone on deck. He wore as usual his admiral's frock coat, on the left breast of which were stitched the stars of four different Orders that he always bore. It was noticed that he did not wear his sword at Trafalgar,

although it lay ready for him on the cabin table; and it is supposed he forgot to call for it, as this was the only instance in which he was known not to carry it when engaged. At about six o'clock he summoned Captain Blackwood on board the "Victory."

Blackwood found him in good but very calm spirits, preoccupied with the movements of the allies, and the probable results of his own plan of attack. He frequently asked, "What would you consider a victory?" Blackwood answered: "Considering the handsome way in which the battle is offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the proximity of the land, I think if fourteen ships are captured, it will be a glorious result." . . .

At seven o'clock Nelson had returned from the poop to the cabin, for at that hour was made in his private journal the last entry of occurrences, — "At seven the combined fleets wearing in succession." Here it seems likely that he laid down the pen, for, when he was found writing again, some hours later, it was to complete the long record of experiences and of duties, with words that summed up, in fit and most touching expression, the self-devotion of a life already entering the shadow of death.

Between eight and nine o'clock the other frigate commanders came on board the "Victory"; aids-de-camp, as it were, waiting to the last moment to receive such orders as might require more extensive wording, or precise explanation, than is supplied by the sententious phrases of the signal book. Blackwood himself, a captain of long standing and of tried ability, was in fact intrusted contingently with no small share of the power and discretion of the commander in chief. "He not only gave me command of all the frigates, but he also gave me a latitude, seldom or ever given, that of making any use I pleased of his name, in ordering any of the sternmost line-of-battle ships to do what struck me as best." While thus waiting, the captains accompanied the admiral in an inspection which he made of the decks and batteries of the flagship. He addressed the crew at their several quarters, cautioned them against firing a single shot without being sure of their object, and to the officers he expressed himself as highly satisfied with the arrangements made.

Meanwhile the two fleets were forming, as best they could with the scanty breeze, the order in which each meant to meet the shock of battle. The British could not range themselves

in regular columns without loss of time that was not to be thrown away. They advanced rather in two elongated groups, all under full sail, even to studding sails on both sides, the place of each ship being determined chiefly by her speed, or, perhaps, by some fortuitous advantage of position when the movement began. The great point was to get the heads of the columns into action as soon as possible, to break up the enemy's order. That done, those which followed could be trusted to complete the business on the general lines prescribed by Nelson. Collingwood's ship, the "Royal Sovereign," being but a few days out from home, and freshly coppered, easily took the lead in her own division. After her came the "Belleisle," also a recent arrival off Cadiz, but an old Mediterranean cruiser which had accompanied Nelson in the recent chase to the West Indies. Upon these two ships, as upon the heads of all columns, fell the weight of destruction from the enemy's resistance.

The "Victory," always a fast ship, had likewise little difficulty in keeping her place at the front. Blackwood, having failed to get Nelson on board his own frigate, and realizing the exposure inseparable from the position of leader, ventured, at about half-past nine, when still six miles from the enemy, to urge that one or two ships should be permitted to precede the "Victory." Nelson gave a conditional assent — "Let them go," if they can. The "Téméraire," a three-decker, being close behind, was hailed to go ahead, and endeavored to do so; but at the same moment the admiral gave an indication of how little disposed he was to yield either time or position. The lee lower studding sail happening to be badly set, the lieutenant of the forecastle had it taken in, meaning to reset it; which Nelson observing, ran forward and rated him severely for delaying the ship's progress. Anything much less useful than a lee lower studding sail is hard to imagine, but by this time the admiral was getting very restive. "About ten o'clock," says Blackwood, "Lord Nelson's anxiety to close with the enemy became very apparent: he frequently remarked that they put a good face upon it; but always quickly added: 'I'll give them such a dressing as they never had before.'"

Seeing that the "Téméraire" could not pass the "Victory" in time to lead into the hostile order, unless the flagship gave way, Blackwood, feeling perhaps that he might wear out his own privilege, told Hardy he ought to say to the admiral that, unless the "Victory" shortened sail, the other ships could

not get into place; but Hardy naturally demurred. In any event, it was not just the sort of proposition that the captain of the ship would wish to make, and it was very doubtful how Nelson might take it. This the latter soon showed, however; for, as the "Téméraire" painfully crawled up, and her bows doubled on the "Victory's" quarter, he hailed her, and speaking as he always did with a slight nasal intonation, said: "I'll thank you, Captain Harvey, to keep in your proper station, which is astern of the 'Victory.'" The same concern for the admiral's personal safety led the assembled officers to comment anxiously upon the conspicuous mark offered by his blaze of decorations, knowing as they did that the enemy's ships swarmed with soldiers, that among them were many sharpshooters, and that the action would be close. None, however, liked to approach him with the suggestion that he should take any precaution. At length the surgeon, whose painful duty it was a few hours later to watch over the sad fulfillment of his apprehensions, said that he would run the risk of his Lordship's displeasure; but before he could find a fitting opportunity to speak, a shot flew over the "Victory," and the admiral directed all not stationed on deck to go to their quarters. No remark therefore was made; but it is more likely that Nelson would have resented the warning than that he would have heeded it.

The French and Spanish fleets, being neither a homogeneous nor a well-exercised mass, experienced even greater difficulty than the British in forming their array; and the matter was to them of more consequence, for, as the defensive has an advantage in the careful preparations he may make, so, if he fail to accomplish them, he has little to compensate for the loss of the initiative, which he has yielded his opponent. The formation at which they aimed, the customary order of battle in that day, was a long, straight, single column, presenting from end to end an unbroken succession of batteries, close to one another and clear towards the foe, so that all the ships should sweep with their guns the sea over which, nearly at right angles, the hostile columns were advancing. Instead of this, embarrassed by both lack of wind and lack of skill, their maneuvers resulted in a curved line, concave to the enemy's approach,—the horns of the crescent thus formed being nearer to the latter. Collingwood noted that this disposition facilitated a convergent fire upon the assailants, the heads of whose columns were bearing down on the allied center; it does not seem to have been

remarked that the two horns, or wings, being to windward of the center, also had it more in their power to support the latter — a consideration of very great importance. Neither of these advantages, however, was due to contrivance. The order of the combined fleets was the result merely of an unsuccessful effort to assume the usual line of battle. The ships distributed along the crescent lay irregularly, sometimes two and three abreast, masking each other's fire. On the other hand, even this irregularity had some compensations, for a British vessel, attempting to pass through at such a place, fell at once into a swarm of enemies. From horn to horn was about five miles. Owing to the lightness of the breeze, the allies carried a good deal of sail, a departure from the usual battle practice. This was necessary in order to enable them to keep their places at all, but it also had the effect of bringing them continually, though very gradually, nearer to Cadiz. Seeing this, Nelson signaled to Collingwood, "I intend to pass through the van of the enemy's line, to prevent him from getting into Cadiz," and the course of the "Victory," for this purpose, was changed a little to the northward.

After this, towards eleven o'clock, Nelson went below to the cabin. It was his habit, when an engagement was expected, to have all the bulkheads upon the fighting decks taken down, and those of his own apartments doubtless had been removed at least as soon as the enemy's sailing was signaled; but it was possible to obtain some degree of privacy by hanging screens, which could be hurried out of the way at the last moment. The "Victory" did not come under fire till 12.30, so that at eleven she would yet be three miles or more distant from the enemy, and screens could still remain. Shortly after he entered, the signal lieutenant, who had been by his side all the morning, followed him, partly to make an official report, partly to prefer a personal request. He was the ranking lieutenant on board, but had not been permitted to exercise the duties of first lieutenant, because Nelson some time before, to avoid constant changes in that important station, had ordered that the person then occupying it should so continue, notwithstanding the seniority of any who might afterwards join. Now that battle was at hand, the oldest in rank wished to claim the position, and to gain the reward that it insured after a victory, — a request natural and not improper, but more suited for the retirement of the cabin than for the publicity of the deck.

Entering the cabin, the officer paused at the threshold, for

Nelson was on his knees writing. The words, the last that he ever penned, were written in the private diary he habitually kept, in which were noted observations and reflections upon passing occurrences, mingled with occasional self-communings. They followed now, without break of space, or paragraph, upon the last incident recorded — "At seven the enemy wearing in succession" — and they ran thus: —

"May the Great God, whom I worship, grant to my Country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet. For myself, individually, I commit my life to Him who made me, and may His blessing light upon my endeavors for serving my Country faithfully. To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is intrusted to me to defend. Amen. Amen. Amen."

The officer, Lieutenant Pasco, waited quietly till Nelson rose from his knees, and then made his necessary report; but, although his future prospects hung upon the wish he had to express, he refrained with singular delicacy from intruding it upon the preoccupation of mind evidenced by the attitude in which he had found his commander. The latter soon afterwards followed him to the poop, where Blackwood was still awaiting his final instructions. To him Nelson said, "I will now amuse the fleet with a signal;" and he asked if he did not think there was one yet wanting. Blackwood replied that the whole fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about, and were vying with each other to get as near as possible to the leaders of the columns. Upon this succeeded the celebrated signal, the development of which to its final wording is a little uncertain. Comparing the various accounts of witnesses, it seems probably to have been as follows. Nelson mused for a little while, as one who phrases a thought in his own mind before uttering it, and then said, "Suppose we telegraph, 'Nelson confides that every man will do his duty.'" In this form it was the call of the leader to the followers, the personal appeal of one who trusts to those in whom he trusts, a feeling particularly characteristic of the speaker, whose strong hold over others lay above all in the transparent and unswerving faith he showed in their loyal support; and to arouse it now in full force he used the watchword "duty," sure that the chord it struck in him would find its quick response in every

man of the same blood. The officer to whom the remark was made suggested "England" instead of "Nelson." To the fleet it could have made no difference, — to them the two names meant the same thing; but Nelson accepted the change with delight. "Mr. Pasco," he called to the signal officer, "I wish to say to the fleet, 'England confides that every man will do his duty;'" and he added, "You must be quick, for I have one more to make, which is for close action." This remark shows that the columns, and particularly Collingwood's ship, were already nearing the enemy. Pasco answered, "If your Lordship will permit me to substitute 'expects' for 'confides,' it will be sooner completed, because 'expects' is in the vocabulary, and 'confides' must be spelt." Nelson replied hastily, but apparently satisfied, "That will do, Pasco, make it directly;" but the slightly mandatory "expects" is less representative of the author of this renowned sentence than the cordial and sympathetic "confides." It is "Allez," rather than "Allons"; yet even so, become now the voice of the distant motherland, it carries with it the shade of reverence, as well as of affection, which patriotism exacts.

It is said that Collingwood, frequently testy, and at the moment preoccupied with the approaching collision with the Spanish three-decker he had marked for his opponent, exclaimed impatiently when the first number went aloft, "I wish Nelson would stop signaling, as we know well enough what we have to do." But the two lifelong friends, who were not again to look each other in the face, soon passed to other thoughts, such as men gladly recall when death has parted them. When the whole signal was reported to him, and cheers resounded along the lines, Collingwood cordially expressed his own satisfaction. A few moments later, just at noon, the French ship "Fougueux," the second astern of the "Santa Ana," for which the "Royal Sovereign" was steering, fired at the latter the first gun of the battle. As by a common impulse the ships of all the nations engaged hoisted their colors, and the admirals their flags, — a courteous and chivalrous salute preceding the mortal encounter. For ten minutes the "Royal Sovereign" advanced in silence, the one center of the hostile fire, upon which were fixed all eyes, as yet without danger of their own to distract. As she drew near the two ships between which she intended to pass, Nelson exclaimed admiringly, "See how that noble fellow Collingwood carries his ship into action."

At about the same instant Collingwood was saying to his flag captain, "Rotherham, what would Nelson give to be here!"

These things being done, Nelson said to Blackwood, "Now I can do no more. We must trust to the great Disposer of all events, and to the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty." When his last signal had been acknowledged by a few ships in the van, the admiral directed Pasco to make that for close action, and to keep it up. This was accordingly hoisted on board the flagship, where it was flying still as she disappeared into the smoke of the battle, and so remained till shot away. The "Victory" was about two miles from the "Royal Sovereign" when the latter, at ten minutes past twelve, broke through the allied order, and she had still a mile and a half to go before she herself could reach it. At twenty minutes past twelve Villeneuve's flagship, the "Bucentaure," of eighty guns, fired a shot at her, to try the range. It fell short. A few minutes later a second was fired, which dropped alongside. The distance then was a mile and a quarter. Two or three followed in rapid succession and passed over the "Victory." Nelson then turned to Blackwood and directed him and Captain Prowse of the "Sirius" to return to their ships, but in so doing to pass along the column and tell the captains he depended upon their exertions to get into action as quickly as possible. He then bade them again to go away. Blackwood, who was standing by him at the forward end of the poop, took his hand, and said, "I trust, my Lord, that on my return to the 'Victory,' which will be as soon as possible, I shall find your Lordship well and in possession of twenty prizes." Nelson replied, "God bless you, Blackwood, I shall never speak to you again."

The "Victory" was all the time advancing, the feeble breeze urging her progress, which was helped also by her lurching through the heavy following swell that prevailed. Before Blackwood could leave her, a shot passed through the main topgallant sail, and the rent proclaimed to the eager eyes of the foes that the ship was fairly under their guns. Thereupon everything about the "Bucentaure," some seven or eight ships, at least, opened upon this single enemy, as the allied rear and center had upon the "Royal Sovereign"; for it was imperative to stop her way, if possible, or at least to deaden it, and so to delay as long as might be the moment when she could bring her broadside to bear effectively. During the forty

minutes that followed, the "Victory" was an unresisting target to her enemies, and her speed, slow enough at the first, decreased continually as the hail of shot riddled the sails, or stripped them from the yards. Every studding-sail boom was shot away close to the yardarms, and this light canvas, invaluable in so faint a wind, fell helplessly into the water. During these trying moments, Mr. Scott, the admiral's public secretary, was struck by a round shot while talking with Captain Hardy, and instantly killed. Those standing by sought to remove the body without drawing Nelson's attention to the loss of one so closely associated with him; but the admiral had noticed the fall. "Is that poor Scott," he said, "who is gone?" The clerk who took the dead man's place was killed a few moments later by the wind of a ball, though his person was untouched.

The "Victory" continuing to forge slowly ahead, despite her injuries, and pointing evidently for the flagship of the hostile commander in chief, the ships round the latter, to use James' striking phrase, now "closed like a forest." The nearer the British vessel drew, the better necessarily became the enemies' aim. Just as she got within about five hundred yards — quarter of a mile — from the "Bucentaure's" beam, the mizzen topmast was shot away. At the same time the wheel was hit and shattered, so that the ship had to be steered from below, a matter that soon became of little importance. A couple of minutes more, eight marines were carried off by a single projectile, while standing drawn up on the poop, whereupon Nelson ordered the survivors to be dispersed about the deck. Presently a shot, coming in through the ship's side, ranged aft on the quarter-deck towards the admiral and Captain Hardy, between whom it passed. On its way it struck the forebrace bitts — a heavy block of timber — carrying thence a shower of splinters, one of which bruised Hardy's foot. The two officers, who were walking together, stopped, and looked inquiringly at each other. Seeing that no harm was done, Nelson smiled, but said, "This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long." He then praised the cool resolution of the seamen around him, compelled to endure this murderous fire without present reply. He had never, he said, seen better conduct. Twenty men had so far been killed and thirty wounded, with not a shot fired from their own guns.

Still the ship closed with the "Bucentaure." It had been Nelson's purpose and desire to make her his special antagonist,

because of Villeneuve's flag; but to do so required room for the "Victory" to turn under the French vessel's stern, and to come up alongside. As she drew near, Hardy, scanning the hostile array, saw three ships crowded together behind and beyond the "Bucentaure." He reported to Nelson that he could go close under her stern, but could not round-to alongside, nor pass through the line, without running on board one of these. The admiral replied, "I cannot help it, it does not signify which we run on board of. Go on board which you please: take your choice." At one o'clock the bows of the "Victory" crossed the wake of the "Bucentaure," by whose stern she passed within thirty feet, the projecting yardarms grazing the enemy's rigging. One after another, as they bore, the double-shotted guns tore through the woodwork of the French ship, the smoke, driven back, filling the lower decks of the "Victory," while persons on the upper deck, including Nelson himself, were covered with the dust which rose in clouds from the wreck. From the relative positions of the two vessels, the shot ranged from end to end of the "Bucentaure," and the injury was tremendous. Twenty guns were at once dismounted, and the loss by that single discharge was estimated, by the French, at four hundred men. Leaving the further care of the enemy's flagship to her followers, secure that they would give due heed to the admiral's order, that "every effort must be made to capture the hostile commander in chief," the "Victory" put her helm up, inclining to the right, and ran on board a French seventy-four, the "Redoubtable," whose guns, as well as those of the French "Neptune," had been busily playing upon her hitherto. At 1.10 she lay along the port side of the "Redoubtable," the two ships falling off with their heads to the eastward, and moving slowly before the wind to the east-southeast.

In the duel which ensued between these two, in which Nelson fell, the disparity, so far as weight of battery was concerned, was all against the French ship; but the latter, while greatly overmatched at the guns, much the greater part of which were below deck, was markedly superior to her antagonist in small-arm fire on the upper deck, and especially aloft, where she had many musketeers stationed. Nelson himself was averse to the employment of men in that position, thinking the danger of fire greater than the gain, but the result on this day was fatal to very many of the "Victory's" men as well as to

himself. As the ship's place in the battle was fixed for the moment, nothing now remained to be done, except for the crews to ply their weapons till the end was reached. The admiral and the captain, their parts of direction and guidance being finished, walked back and forth together on the quarter-deck, on the side farthest from the "Redoubtable," where there was a clear space of a little over twenty feet in length, fore and aft, from the wheel to the hatch ladder leading down to the cabin. The mizzen top of the "Redoubtable," garnished with sharp-shooters, was about fifty feet above them. Fifteen minutes after the vessels came together, as the two officers were walking forward, and had nearly reached the usual place of turning, Nelson, who was on Hardy's left, suddenly faced left about. Hardy, after taking a step farther, turned also, and saw the admiral in the act of falling — on his knees, with his left hand touching the deck; then, the arm giving way, he fell on his left side. It was in the exact spot where Scott, the secretary, had been killed an hour before. To Hardy's natural exclamation that he hoped he was not badly hurt, he replied, "They have done for me at last;" and when the expression of hope was repeated, he said again, "Yes, my backbone is shot through." "I felt it break my back," he told the surgeon, a few minutes later. The ball had struck him on the left shoulder, on the forward part of the epaulette, piercing the lung, where it severed a large artery, and then passed through the spine from left to right, lodging finally in the muscles of the back. Although there was more than one mortal injury, the immediate and merciful cause of his speedy death was the internal bleeding from the artery. Within a few moments of his wounding some forty officers and men were cut down by the same murderous fire from the tops of the enemy. Indeed, so stripped of men was the upper deck of the "Victory" that the French made a movement to board, which was repulsed, though with heavy loss.

The stricken hero was at once carried below, himself covering his face and the decorations of his coat with his handkerchief, that the sight of their loss might not affect the ship's company at this critical instant. The cockpit was already cumbered with the wounded and dying, but the handkerchief falling from his face, the surgeon recognized him, and came at once to him. "You can do nothing for me, Beatty," he said; "I have but a short time to live." The surgeon also uttered the involuntary exclamation of encouragement which rises inevitably to the lips

at such a moment; but a short examination, and the sufferer's statement of his sensations, especially the gushing of blood within the breast, which was vividly felt, convinced him that there was indeed no hope. "Doctor, I am gone," he said to the Rev. Mr. Scott, the chaplain, who knelt beside him; and then added in a low voice, "I have to leave Lady Hamilton, and my adopted daughter Horatia, as a legacy to my country." . . .

Nelson now desired the surgeons to leave him to the attendants, as one for whom nothing could be done, and to give their professional care where it would be of some avail. In a few moments he recalled the chief surgeon, and said, "I forgot to tell you that all power of motion and feeling below my breast are gone; and *you* very well *know* I can live but a short time." From the emphasis he placed on his words, the surgeon saw he was thinking of a case of spinal injury to a seaman some months before, which had proved mortal after many days' suffering; yet it would seem that, despite the conviction that rested on his mind, the love of life, and of all it meant to him, yet clung to the hope that possibly there might be a reprieve. "One would like to live a little longer," he murmured; and added, "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew my situation!" "Beatty," he said again, "*you know* I am gone." "My Lord," replied the surgeon, with a noble and courteous simplicity, "unhappily for our country, nothing can be done for you;" and he turned away to conceal the emotion which he could not at once control. "I know it," said Nelson. "I feel something rising in my breast," putting his hand on his left side, "which tells me I am gone. God be praised, I have done my duty." To this latter thought he continually recurred.

At about three o'clock, the five ships of the enemy's van, passing within gunshot to windward, opened fire upon the British ships and their prizes. The "Victory" with her consorts replied. "Oh, Victory! Victory!" cried the sufferer, "how you distract my poor brain!" and after a pause added, "How dear life is to all men!" This distant exchange of shots was ineffectual, except to kill or wound a few more people, but while it continued Hardy had to be on deck, for the flag of the commander in chief still vested his authority in that ship. During this period an officer was sent to Collingwood to inform him of the admiral's condition, and to bear a personal message of farewell from the latter; but Nelson had no idea of transferring any portion of his duty until he parted with his life also.

A short hour elapsed between Hardy's leaving the cockpit and his returning to it, which brings the time to four o'clock. Strength had ebbed fast meanwhile, and the end was now very near; but Nelson was still conscious. The friends again shook hands, and the captain, before releasing his grasp, congratulated the dying hero upon the brilliancy of the victory. It was complete, he said. How many were captured, it was impossible to see, but he was certain fourteen or fifteen. The exact number proved to be eighteen. "That is well," said Nelson, but added, faithful to his exhaustive ideas of sufficiency, "I bargained for twenty." Then he exclaimed, "*Anchor*, Hardy, *anchor!*" Hardy felt the embarrassment of issuing orders now that Collingwood knew that his chief was in the very arms of death; but Nelson was clearly within his rights. "I suppose, my Lord," said the captain, "Admiral Collingwood will now take upon himself the direction of affairs." "Not while I live, I hope, Hardy," cried Nelson, and for a moment endeavored, ineffectually, to raise himself from the bed. "No. Do *you* anchor, Hardy." Captain Hardy then said, "Shall we make the signal, Sir?" "Yes," answered the admiral, "for if I live, I'll anchor." These words he repeated several times, even after Hardy had left him, and the energy of his manner showed that for the moment the sense of duty and of responsibility had triumphed over his increasing weakness.

Nelson now desired his steward, who was in attendance throughout, to turn him on his right side. "I wish I had not left the deck," he murmured; "for I shall soon be gone." Thenceforth he sank rapidly; his breathing became oppressed and his voice faint. To Dr. Scott he said, "Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner," and after a short pause, "*Remember* that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country — never forget Horatia." This injunction, with remembrances to Lady Hamilton and the child, he frequently repeated; and he charged Scott to see Mr. Rose, and tell him — but here pain interrupted his utterance, and after an interval he simply said, "Mr. Rose will remember," alluding to a letter which he had written him, but which as yet could not have been received. His thirst now increased; and he called for "drink, drink," "fan, fan," and "rub, rub," addressing himself in this last case to Dr. Scott, who had been rubbing his breast with his hand, by which some relief was given. These words he spoke in a very rapid manner, which rendered

his articulation difficult; but he every now and then, with evident increase of pain, made a greater effort, and said distinctly, "Thank God, I have done my duty." This he repeated at intervals as long as the power of speech remained. The last words caught by Dr. Scott, who was bending closely over him, were, "God and my country." . . .

There, surrounded by the companions of his triumph, and by the trophies of his prowess, we leave our hero with his glory. Sharer of our mortal weakness, he has bequeathed to us a type of single-minded self-devotion that can never perish. As his funeral anthem proclaimed, while a nation mourned, "His body is buried in peace, but his Name liveth for evermore." Wars may cease, but the need for heroism shall not depart from the earth, while man remains man and evil exists to be redressed. Wherever danger has to be faced or duty to be done, at cost to self, men will draw inspiration from the name and deeds of Nelson.

SONNET WRITTEN AT OSTEND.

By WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

[1762–1850.]

How sweet the tuneful bells' responsive peal!
As when at opening morn, the fragrant breeze
Breathes on the trembling sense of pale disease,
So piercing to my heart their force I feel!
And hark! with lessening cadence now they fall!
And now along the white and level tide,
They fling their melancholy music wide;
Bidding me many a tender thought recall
Of summer-days, and those delightful years
When from an ancient tower in life's fair prime,
The mournful magic of their mingling chime
First waked my wondering childhood into tears!
But seeming now, when all those days are o'er,
The sounds of joy once heard and heard no more.

ADVENTURES OF ARAGO.

[François Jean Dominique Arago: A French astronomer; born near Perpignan, in the eastern Pyrenees, February 26, 1786; died at Paris, October 3, 1853. After a brilliant course at the École Polytechnique in Paris, he went to Spain in 1806 to make astronomical observations. There he was mistaken for a French spy and succeeded in escaping only after many remarkable adventures. On returning to Paris in 1809 he was elected a member of the Academy and was given a professorship in the École Polytechnique. He rapidly rose to distinction as an astronomer and natural philosopher and held many high offices. His collected works were published in fourteen volumes, 1865, of which three volumes are given to biographies of deceased Academicians.]

The consul occupied himself the next day in procuring a passage for us on board a vessel of the Regency which was going to Marseilles. M. Ferrier, the Chancellor of the French Consulate, was at the same time Consul for Austria. He procured for us two false passports, which transformed us — M. Berthémie and me — into two strolling merchants, the one from *Schwekat*, in Hungary, the other from *Leoben*.

The moment of departure had arrived; the 13th of August, 1808, we were on board, but our ship's company was not complete. The captain, whose title was Raï Braham Ouled Mustapha Goja, having perceived that the Dey was on his terrace, and fearing punishment if he should delay to set sail, completed his crew at the expense of the idlers who were looking on from the pier, and of whom the greater part were not sailors. These poor people begged as a favor for permission to go and inform their families of this precipitate departure, and to get some clothes. The captain remained deaf to their remonstrances. We weighed anchor.

The vessel belonged to the Emir of Seca, Director of the Mint. The real commander was a Greek captain, named Spiro Calligero. The cargo consisted of a great number of *groups*. Amongst the passengers there were five members of the family which the Bakri had succeeded as kings of the Jews; two ostrich-feathers merchants, Moroccans; Captain Krog, from Berghen in Norway, who had sold his ship at Alicant; two lions sent by the Dey to the Emperor Napoleon, and a great number of monkeys.

We had already entered the Gulf of Lyons, and were approaching Marseilles, when on the 16th of August, 1808, we met with a Spanish corsair from Palamos, armed at the prow with two twenty-four pounders. We made full sail; we hoped

to escape it: but a cannon shot, a ball from which went through our sails, taught us that she was a much better sailer than we.

We obeyed an injunction thus expressed, and awaited the great boat from the corsair. The captain declared that he made us prisoners, although Spain was at peace with Barbary, under the pretext that we were violating the blockade which had been lately raised on all the coasts of France: he added, that he intended to take us to Rosas, and that there the authorities would decide on our fate.

I was in the cabin of the vessel; I had the curiosity to look furtively at the crew of the boat, and there I perceived, with a dissatisfaction which may easily be imagined, one of the sailors of the *Mistic*, commanded by Don Manuel de Vacaro, of the name of Pablo Blanco, of Palamos, who had often acted as my servant during my geodesic operations. My false passport would become from this moment useless, if Pablo should recognize me: I went to bed at once, covered my head with the counterpane, and lay as still as a statue.

During the two days which elapsed between our capture and our entrance into the roads of Rosas, Pablo, whose curiosity often brought him into the room, used to exclaim, "There is one passenger whom I have not yet managed to get a sight of."

When we arrived at Rosas it was decided that we should be placed in quarantine in a dismantled windmill, situated on the road leading to Figueras. I was careful to disembark in a boat to which Pablo did not belong. The corsair departed for a new cruise, and I was for a moment freed from the harassing thought which my old servant had caused me.

Our ship was richly laden; the Spanish authorities were immediately desirous to declare it a lawful prize. They pretended to believe that I was the proprietor of it, and wished, in order to hasten things, to interrogate me, even without awaiting the completion of the quarantine. They stretched two cords between the mill and the shore, and a judge placed himself in front of me. As the interrogatories were made from a good distance, the numerous audience which encircled us took a direct part in the questions and answers. I will endeavor to reproduce this dialogue with all possible fidelity.

"Who are you?"

"A poor roving merchant."

"Whence do you come?"

"From a country where you certainly never were."

"In a word, what country is it?"

I was afraid to answer, for the passports, steeped in vinegar, were in the hands of the judge-instructor, and I had forgotten whether I was from Schwekat or from Leoben. Finally I answered at all hazards: —

"I come from Schwekat."

And this information happily was found to agree with that of the passport.

"You are as much from Schwekat as I am," answered the judge. "You are Spanish, and, moreover, a Spaniard from the kingdom of Valencia, as I perceive by your accent."

"Would you punish me, sir, because nature has endowed me with the gift of languages? I learn with facility the dialects of those countries through which I pass in the exercise of my trade; I have learnt, for example, the dialect of Iviza."

"Very well, you shall be taken at your word. I see here a soldier from Iviza; you shall hold a conversation with him."

"I consent; I will even sing the goat song."

Each of the verses of this song (if verses they be) terminates by an imitation of the bleating of the goat.

I commenced at once, with an audacity at which I really feel astonished, to chant this air, which is sung by all the shepherds of the island.

Ah graciada señora
Una canzo bouil canta
Bè, bè, bè, bè.

No sera gaira pulida
Nosé si vos agradara
Bè, bè, bè, bè.

At once my Ivizacan, upon whom this air had the effect of the *ranz des vaches* on the Swiss, declared, all in tears, that I was a native of Iviza.

I then said to the judge that if he would put me in communication with a person knowing the French language, he would arrive at just as embarrassing a result.

An *émigré* officer of the Bourbon regiment offered at once to make the experiment, and, after some phrases interchanged between us, affirmed without hesitation that I was French.

The judge, rendered impatient, exclaimed: "Let us put an end to these trials which decide nothing. I summon you, sir, to tell me who you are. I promise that your life will be safe if you answer me with sincerity."

"My greatest wish would be to give an answer to your satisfaction. I will, then, try to do so; but I warn you that I am not going to tell you the truth. I am son of the innkeeper at Mataro."

"I know that innkeeper; you are not his son."

"You are right. I announced to you that I should vary my answers until one of them should suit you. I retract, then, and tell you that I am a *titiretero* (player of marionettes), and that I practiced at Lerida."

A loud shout of laughter from the multitude encircling us greeted this answer, and put an end to the questions.

"I swear by the d—l," exclaimed the judge, "that I will discover sooner or later who you are!"

And he retired.

The Spanish authorities, finding that to redeem my life I would not declare myself the owner of the vessel, had us conducted without farther molestation to the fortress of Rosas. Having to file through nearly all the inhabitants of the town, I had wished at first, through a false feeling of shame, to leave in the mill the remains of our week's meals. But M. Berthémie, more prudent than I, carried over his shoulder a great quantity of pieces of black bread, tied up with packthread. I imitated him. I furnished myself famously from our old stock, set it on my shoulder, and it was with this accouterment that I made my entrance into the famous fortress.

They placed us in a casemate, where we had barely the space necessary for lying down. In the windmill they used to bring us, from time to time, some provisions which came from our boat. Here, the Spanish government purveyed our food. We received every day some bread and a ration of rice; but as we had no means of dressing food, we were in reality reduced to dry bread.

Dry bread was very unsubstantial food for one who could see from his casemate, at the door of his prison, a sutler selling grapes at two farthings a pound, and cooking, under the shelter of a half a cask, bacon and herrings; but we had no money to bring us into connection with this merchant. I then decided, though with very great regret, to sell a watch which my father had given me. I was only offered about a quarter of its value; but I might as well accept it, since there were no competitors for it.

As possessors of sixty francs, M. Berthémie and I could now appease the hunger from which we had long suffered; but we

did not like this return of fortune to be profitable to ourselves alone, and we made some presents, which were very well received by our companions in captivity. Though this sale of my watch brought some comfort to us, it was doomed at a later day to plunge a family into sorrow.

The town of Rosas fell into the power of the French after a courageous resistance. The prisoners of the garrison were sent to France, and naturally passed through Perpignan. My father went in quest of news wherever Spaniards were to be found. He entered a café at the moment when a prisoner officer drew from his fob the watch which I had sold at Rosas. My good father saw in this act the proof of my death, and fell into a swoon. The officer had got the watch from a third party, and could give no account of the fate of the person to whom it had originally belonged.

The casemate having become necessary to the defenders of the fortress, we were taken to a little chapel, where they deposited for twenty-four hours those who had died in the hospital. There we were guarded by peasants who had come across the mountains from various villages, and particularly from Cadaqués. These peasants, eager to recount all that they had seen of interest during their one day's campaign, questioned me as to the deeds and behavior of all my companions in misfortune. I satisfied their curiosity amply, being the only one of the set who could speak Spanish.

To enlist their good will, I also questioned them at length upon the subject of their village, on the work that they did there, on smuggling, their principal sources of employment, etc.

They answered my questions with the loquacity common to country rustics. The next day our guards were replaced by some others who were inhabitants of the same village. "In my business of a roving merchant," I said to these last, "I have been at Cadaqués;" and then I began to talk to them, of what I had learnt the night before, of such an individual, who gave himself up to smuggling with more success than others, of his beautiful residence, of the property which he possessed near the village, — in short, of a number of particulars which it seemed impossible for any but an inhabitant of Cadaqués to know. My jest produced an unexpected effect. Such circumstantial details, our guards said to themselves, cannot be known by a roving merchant; this personage, whom we have found here in such singular society, is certainly a native of Cadaqués; and

the son of the apothecary must be about his age. He had gone to try his fortune in America; it is evidently he, who fears to make himself known, having been found with all his riches in a vessel on its way to France. The report spread, became more consistent, and reached the ears of a sister of the apothecary established at Rosas. She runs to me, believes she recognizes me, and falls on my neck. I protest against the identity. "Well played!" said she to me; "the case is serious, as you have been found in a vessel coming to France; persist in your denial; circumstances may perhaps take a more favorable turn, and I shall profit by them to insure your deliverance. In the meantime, my dear nephew, I will let you want for nothing." And truly every morning M. Berthémie and I received a comfortable repast.

The church having become necessary to the garrison to serve as a magazine, we were moved on the 25th of September, 1808, to a Trinity fort, called the *Bouton de Rosas*, a citadel situated on a little mountain at the entrance of the roads, and we were deposited deep under ground, where the light of day did not penetrate on any side. We did not long remain in this infected place, not because they had pity on us, but because it offered shelter for a part of the garrison attacked by the French. They made us descend by night to the edge of the sea, and then transported us on the 17th of October to the port of Palamos. We were shut up in a hulk; we enjoyed, however, a certain degree of liberty; they allowed us to go on land, and to parade our miseries and our rags in the town. It was there that I made the acquaintance of the dowager Duchess of Orleans, mother of Louis Philippe. She had left the town of Figueras, where she resided, because, she told me, thirty-two bombs sent from the fortress had fallen in her house. She was then intending to take refuge in Algiers, and she asked me to bring the captain of the vessel to her, of whom, perhaps, she would have to implore protection. I related to my "*raïs*" the misfortunes of the Princess; he was moved by them, and I conducted him to her. On entering, he took off his slippers from respect, as if he had entered within a mosque, and holding them in his hand, he went to kiss the front of the dress of Madame d'Orleans. The Princess was alarmed at the sight of this manly figure, wearing the longest beard I ever saw; she quickly recovered herself, and the interview proceeded with a mixture of French politeness and Oriental courtesy.

The sixty francs from Rosas were expended. Madame

d'Orleans would have liked much to assist us, but she was herself without money. All that she could gratify us with was a piece of sugar-bread. The evening of our visit I was richer than the Princess. To avoid the fury of the people, the Spanish Government sent those French who had escaped the first massacres back to France in slight boats. One of these *cartels* came and cast anchor by the side of our hulk. One of the unhappy emigrants offered me a pinch of snuff. On opening the snuffbox I found there "*una onza de oro*" (an ounce of gold), the sole remains of his fortune. I returned the snuffbox to him, with warm thanks, after having shut up in it a paper containing these words, "My fellow-countryman who carries this note has rendered me a great service ; treat him as one of your children." My petition was naturally favorably received ; it was by this bit of paper, the size of the *onza de oro*, that my family learned that I was still in existence, and it enabled my mother — a model of piety — to cease saying masses for the repose of my soul.

Five days afterwards one of my hardy compatriots arrived at Palamos, after having traversed the line of posts both French and Spanish, carrying to a merchant who had friends at Perpignan the proposal to furnish me with all I was in need of. The Spaniard showed a great inclination to agree to the proposal, but I did not profit by his good will, because of the occurrence of events which I shall relate presently.

The Observatory at Paris is very near the barrier. In my youth, curious to study the manner of the people, I used to walk in sight of the public-houses which the desire of escaping payment of the duty has multiplied outside the walls of the capital ; on these excursions I was often humiliated to see men disputing for a piece of bread, just as animals might have done. My feelings on this subject have very much altered since I have been personally exposed to the tortures of hunger. I have discovered, in fact, that a man, whatever may have been his origin, his education, and his habits, is governed under certain circumstances much more by his stomach than by his intelligence and his heart. Here is the fact which suggested these reflections to me.

To celebrate the unhoped-for arrival of *una onza de oro*, M. Berthémie and I had procured an immense dish of potatoes. The ordnance officer of the Emperor was already devouring it with his eyes, when a Moroccan, who was making his ablutions

near us with one of his companions, accidentally filled it with dirt. M. Berthémie could not control his anger; he darted upon the clumsy Mussulman, and inflicted upon him a rough punishment.

I remained a passive spectator of the combat, until the second Moroccan came to the aid of his compatriot. The party no longer being equal, I also took part in the conflict by seizing the new assailant by the beard. The combat ceased at once, because the Moroccan would not raise his hand against a man who could write a petition so rapidly. This conflict, like the struggles of which I had often been a witness outside the barriers of Paris, had originated in a dish of potatoes.

The Spaniards always cherished the idea that the ship and her cargo might be confiscated; a commission came from Girone to question us. It was composed of two civil judges and one inquisitor. I acted as interpreter. When M. Berthémie's turn came, I went to fetch him, and said to him, "Pretend that you can only talk Styrian, and be at ease; I will not compromise you in translating your answers."

It was done as we agreed; unfortunately the language spoken by M. Berthémie had but little variety, and the *sacrement der Teufel*, which he had learnt in Germany, when he was aide-de-camp to Hautpoul, predominated too much in his discourse. Be that as it may, the judges observed that there was too great a conformity between his answer and those which I had made myself, to render it necessary to continue an interrogatory which, I may say by the way, disturbed me much. The wish to terminate it was still more decided on the part of the judges, when it came to the turn of a sailor named Mehemet. Instead of making him swear on the Koran to tell the truth, the judges were determined to make him place his thumb on the forefinger so as to represent the cross. I warned them that great offense would thus be given; and, accordingly, when Mehemet became aware of the meaning of this sign, he began to spit upon it with inconceivable violence. The meeting ended at once.

The next day things had wholly changed their appearance; one of the judges from Girone came to declare to us that we were free to depart, and to go with our ship wherever we chose. What was the cause of this sudden change? It was this.

During our quarantine in the windmill at Rosas, I had written, in the name of Captain Braham, a letter to the Dey of

Algiers. I gave him an account of the illegal arrest of his vessel, and of the death of one of the lions which the Dey had sent to the Emperor. The last circumstances transported the African monarch with rage. He sent immediately for the Spanish Consul, M. Onis, claimed pecuniary damages for his dear lion, and threatened war if his ship was not released directly. Spain had then to do with too many difficulties to undertake wantonly any new ones, and the order to release the vessel so anxiously coveted arrived at Girone, and from thence at Palamos.

This solution, to which our consul at Algiers, M. Dubois Thainville, had not remained inattentive, reached us at the moment when we least expected it. We at once made preparations for our departure, and on the 28th of November, 1808, we set sail, steering for Marseilles; but, as the Mussulmans on board the vessel declared, it was written above that we should not enter that town. We could already perceive the white buildings which crown the neighboring hills of Marseilles, when a gust of the "mistral," of great violence, sent us from the north toward the south.

I do not know what route we followed, for I was lying in my cabin, overcome with seasickness. I may, therefore, though an astronomer, avow without shame that at the moment when our unqualified pilots supposed themselves to be off the Baléares, we landed, on the 6th of November, at Bougie.

There, they pretended that during the three months of winter all communication with Algiers by means of the little boat named *Sandalis* would be impossible, and I resigned myself to the painful prospect of so long a stay in a place at that time almost a desert. One evening I was making these sad reflections while pacing the deck of the vessel, when a shot from a gun on the coast came and struck the side plank close to which I was passing. This suggested to me the thought of going to Algiers by land.

I went next day, accompanied by M. Berthémie and Captain Spiro Calligero, to the Caïd of the town: "I wished," said I to him, "to go to Algiers by land." The man, quite frightened, exclaimed, "I cannot allow you to do so; you would certainly be killed on the road; your consul would make a complaint to the Dey, and I should have my head cut off."

"Fear not on that ground. I will give you an acquittance."

It was immediately drawn up in these terms : —

"We, the undersigned, certify that the Caïd of Bougie wished to dissuade us from going to Algiers by land ; that he has assured us that we shall be massacred on the road ; that notwithstanding his representations, reiterated twenty times, we have persisted in our project. We beg the Algerine authorities, particularly our consul, not to make him responsible for this event if it should occur. We once more repeat, that the voyage has been undertaken against his will.

"*Signed :* ARAGO and BERTHÉMIE."

Having given this declaration to the Caïd, we considered ourselves quit of this functionary ; but he came up to me, undid, without saying a word, the knot of my cravat, took it off, and put it into his pocket. All this was done so quickly that I had not time, I will add that I had not even the wish, to reclaim it.

At the conclusion of this audience, which had terminated in so singular a manner, we made a bargain with a Mahommedan priest, who promised to conduct us to Algiers for the sum of twenty "piastres fortes," and a red mantle. The day was occupied in disguising ourselves well or ill, and we set out the next morning, accompanied by several Moorish sailors belonging to the crew of the ship, after having shown the Mahommedan priest that we had nothing with us worth a sou, so that if we were killed on the road he would inevitably lose all reward.

I went, at the last moment, to make my bow to the only lion that was still alive, and with whom I had lived in very good harmony ; I wished also to say good-bye to the monkeys, who during nearly five months had been equally my companions in misfortune.

These monkeys during our frightful misery had rendered us a service which I scarcely dare mention, and which will scarcely be guessed by the inhabitants of our cities, who look upon these animals as objects of diversion ; they freed us from the vermin which infested us, and showed particularly a remarkable cleverness in seeking out the hideous insects which lodged themselves in our hair.

Poor animals ! they seemed to me very unfortunate in being shut up in the narrow inclosure of the vessel, when, on the neighboring coast, other monkeys, as if to bully them, came on to the branches of the trees, giving innumerable proofs of their agility.

HAKON JARL.

By ADAM GOTTLOB OEHLENSCHLÄGER.

[Adam Gottlob Oehlenschläger, Danish poet and dramatist, the greatest name in Scandinavian poetry, was born 1779 near Copenhagen; his father was organist and steward of the royal palace, and he feasted on its works of art, and wrote pieces for private theatricals which he and his sister got up. After being a "supe" at the Copenhagen theater, he entered the University to study law. On the bombardment in 1801 he served in the volunteer corps; and, fired with mingled patriotism and romanticism, turned from law to literary quarrying from the Northern Sagas. This made him speedily famous and gained him a traveling pension, with which he journeyed over Europe, visiting Weimar and the Goethe circle. At Halle in 1807 he wrote "Hakon Jarl," the first of his great roll of Scandinavian history and myth dramas, followed by others, nineteen in all, besides five on other subjects; some of the chief are "Balder the Good," "Thor's Journey to Jotunheim," "Palnatoke," "Axel and Valborg," "The Gods of the North," "The Varangians in Micklegarth," "Knud the Great," and "Correggio." He filled the chair of æsthetics in the University of Copenhagen; and in 1849 a great public festival was held in his honor in that city. He died two months later, January, 1850.]

Hakon's Sacrifice of his Firstborn, Erling.

Erling —
'Tis cold, my father!
Hakon —
'Tis yet early morning.
Art thou so very chill? —
Erling —
Nay — 'tis no matter. —
I shall behold the rising sun — how grand!
A sight that I have never known before.
Hakon —
See'st thou yon ruddy streaks along the east?
Erling —
What roses! how they bloom and spread on high!
Yet father, tell me whence come all these pearls,
Wherewith the valley here is richly strewn?
How brightly they reflect the rosy light!
Hakon —
They are not pearls — it is the morning dew!
And that which thou deem'st roses is the sun!
See'st thou? He rises now! Look at him, boy!
Erling —
Oh, what a beauteous whirling globe he seems!
How fiery red! Dear father, can we never
Visit the sun in yonder distant land?

Hakon —
My child, our whole life thitherward is tending;
That flaming ball of light is Odin's eye —
His other is the moon, of milder light,
That he just now has left in Mimer's well,
There by the charmful waves to be refreshed.
Erling —
And where is Mimer's well?
Hakon —
The sacred ocean —
Down there, that foaming beats upon the rocks —
That is old Mimer's deep and potent well,
That strengthens Odin's eyes. From the cool waves,
At morning duly comes the sun refreshed,
The moon again by night.
Erling —
But now it hurts me —
It mounts too high. —
Hakon —
Upon his golden throne
The Almighty Father mounts, soon to survey
The whole wide earth. The central diamond
In his meridian crown, our earthly sight
May not contemplate — what man dares to meet
The unveiled aspect of the king of day?
Erling [*terrified*] —
Hu! hu! my father —
In the forest yonder —
What are those bearded frightful men?
Hakon —
Fear not —
These are the statues of the gods, by men
Thus hewn in marble. *They* blind not with sun gleams!
Before them we can pray with confidence,
And look upon them with untroubled firmness.
Come, child — let us go nearer!
Erling —
No — my father!
I am afraid — See'st thou that old man there?
Him with the beard? I am afraid of him!
Hakon —
Child, it is Odin — would'st thou fly from Odin?
Erling —
No — no. I fear not the great king in heaven —
He is so good and beautiful; and calls

The flowers from the earth's bosom, and himself
Shines like a flower on high — But that pale sorcerer,
He grins like an assassin!

Hakon —

Ha!

Erling —

Father, at least,
Let me bring my crown of flowers; I left it
There on the hedge, when first thou brought'st me hither,
To see the sun rise. Then let us go home;
Believe me, that old man means thee no good!

Hakon —

Go, bring thy wreath, and quickly come again.

[*Exit* Erling.

A lamb for sacrifice is ever crowned.
Immortal Powers! behold from Heaven the faith
Of Hakon in this deed!

Erling —

Here am I, father,
And here's the crown.

Hakon —

Yet ere thou goest, my child,
Kneel down before great Odin, stretch thy hands,
Both up to Heaven, and say, "Almighty Father,
Hear little Erling — As thy child receive him
To thy paternal bosom!"

Erling [*He kneels, stretching his arms out towards the sun, and says, with childish innocence and tranquillity*] —

"Oh great Odin,
Hear little Erling! As thy child receive him
To thy paternal bosom!"

[Hakon, *who stands behind, draws his dagger and intends to stab him, but it drops out of his hand.* Erling *turns and quietly takes it up, and says as he rises:*]

Here it is —
Your dagger, father! 'Tis so bright and sharp!
When I grow taller, I will have one too,
Thee to defend against thine enemies!

Hakon —

Ha! what enchanter with such words assists thee,
To move thy father's heart?

Erling —

How's this, my father?
You are not angry, sure! — What have I done?

Hakon —
Come, Erling! follow me behind that statue!
Erling —
Behind that frightful man? oh, no!
Hakon [*resolutely*] —
Yet listen! —
There are fine roses blooming there — not white —
But red and purple roses — 'Tis a pleasure
To see them shooting forth. — Come, then, my child!
Erling —
Dear father, stay: I am so much afraid —
I do not love red roses.
Hakon —
Come, I say!
Hear'st thou not Heimdal's cock? — He crows and crows.
Now it is time! [*Exeunt behind the statues.*

Hakon's Death.

Scene: A Rocky Vault. *Present:* Hakon, Karker. *The last carries a burning lamp and a plate with food.* Hakon *has a spear in his hand.*

Karker —
In this cavern, then,
Are we to live? Here is not much prepared
For life's convenience. Where shall I set down
Our lamp?
Hakon —
There; — hang it on that hook.
Karker —
At last,
This much is gained. And here too there are seats
Hewn in the rock, whereon one may repose.
My lord, will you not now take some refreshment?
This whole long day you have been without food.
Hakon —
I am not hungry, boy — but thou may'st eat.
Karker —
With your permission, then, I shall.
[*He eats.* Hakon *walks up and down, taking long steps.*
Karker —
My Lord — Hu! [*Looking round.*
'Tis in sooth a frightful place!
Saw'st thou that black and hideous coffin there,
Close to the door as we stept in?

Hakon —

Be silent —
And eat, I tell thee. [*Aside*] — In this dark abode
Has Thora spent full many a sleepless night,
Lonely and weeping. Then, in her affliction,
That coffin she has secretly provided,
Even for herself; and here that fairest form
One day awaits corruption! [*He looks at* KARKER.
Wherefore, boy,
Wilt thou not eat! With eager haste till now,
Did'st thou devour thy food. What has thus changed thee?

Karker —

My lord, I am not hungry, and methinks
This food tastes not invitingly.

Hakon —

How so?
Be of good courage. Trust in me, thy master.

Karker —

Lord Jarl, thou art thyself oppressed and sad.

Hakon —

"Oppressed and sad!" How dar'st thou, slave, presume?
I say, be merry. If thou can'st, eat,
Then sing. I wish to hear a song.

Karker —

Which, then,
Would you prefer?

Hakon —

Sing what thou wilt. However,
Let it be of a deep and hollow tone,
Even like the music of a wintry storm!
A lullaby — my child, a lullaby!

Karker —

A lullaby!

Hakon —

Aye, that the grown-up child
May quietly by night repose.

Karker —

My Lord,
I know a famous war-song — an old legend.

Hakon —

Has it a mournful ending? Seems it first
As if all things went prosperously on,
Then winds up suddenly with death and murder?

Karker —

No, sire. The song is sad from the beginning.

Hakon —

Well — that I most approve. — For to commence
A song with calmness and serenity,
Only to end with more impressive horror —
This is a trick that poets too much use, —
Let clouds obscure the morning sky — and then
We know the worst! Begin the song.

Karker —

"King Harold and Erling they sailed by night;
(And blythe is the greenwood strain,)
But when they came to Oglehof,
The doughty Jarl was slain!"

Hakon —

How, slave! —
Hast lost thy reason? Wilt thou sing to me
My father's death-song?

Karker —

How! Was Sigurd Jarl
Your father, sire? In truth, I knew not this;
His fate at last was mournful.

Hakon —

Silence!

Karker —

Here,
One finds not even a little straw to rest on.

Hakon —

If thou art weary, on the naked earth
Can'st thou not rest, as I have often done?

Karker —

Since it must be so, — I shall try.

Hakon —

Enough!
Sleep, — sleep!

[KARKER *stretches himself on the ground, and falls asleep.*

Hakon [*looking at him*] —

Poor nature! — slumber'st thou already?
The spark which restlessly betokened life
Already sunk in ashes! But 'tis well —
'Tis well for thee: — Within his heart what flames
Violently rage! — Ha! stupid slave! hast thou,
Commanded by the Normans, unto me
My father's death-song as a warning sung?
Shall Hakon's fate be like the fate of Sigurd?
He was, as I have been, unto the gods
A priest of bloody sacrifice. But how!

Can the wise God of Christians have o'ercome
Odin and all his powers? And must *he* fall
Who has of Christians been the enemy? [*He pauses.*
'Tis cold within this damp and dusky cave —
My blood is freezing in my veins. [*He looks at* KARKER.
He dreams.
How hatefully his features are contorted!
He grins like some fantastic nightly specter! [*Shaking him.*
Ho! Karker! Slave, awake! What mean those faces?

Karker —
Ah! 'twas a dream.

Hakon —
And what, then, hast thou dreamed?

Karker —
Methought I saw —

Hakon —
Be silent. Hear'st thou not?
What is that noise above?

Karker —
Horsemen — my lord —
A numerous troop. I hear their armor clashing.
They are, as I suspect, King Olaf's people,
Who search for us.

Hakon —
This cave is all unknown.
Its iron gates are strong. I have the key,
Here are we safe.

Karker —
But hear'st thou what the Herald
Is now proclaiming?

Hakon —
No. What were the words?

Karker —
King Olaf will with riches and with honor
Reward the man who brings to him the head
Of Hakon Jarl of Hlade.

Hakon [*looking at him scrutinizingly*] —
Feel'st thou not
Desire to win this wealth — why art thou trembling?
Why are thy lips turned pale?

Karker —
The vision scared me. —
Perchance, my lord, you could explain it for me.

Hakon —
What hast thou dreamed?

Karker —
That we were both at sea,
In one small vessel, 'mid the stormy waves;
I had the helm.
Hakon —
That must betoken, Karker,
That my life finally depends on thee.
Therefore be faithful. In the hour of need,
Stand by thy master firmly; and one day,
He shall reward thee better than King Olaf.
Karker —
My lord — I dreamed yet more.
Hakon —
Boy — tell me all!
Karker —
There came a tall black man down to the shore,
Who from the rocks proclaimed with fearful voice
That every harbor was barred up against us.
Hakon —
Karker, thou dream'st not well; for this betokens
Short life even for us both. Be faithful still —
As thou thyself hast told me, we were born
On the same night; and therefore in one day
We both shall die.
Karker —
And then, methought once more,
I was at Hlade; and King Olaf there
Fixed round my neck a ring of gold.
Hakon —
Ha! this
Betokens that King Olaf round thy neck
A halter will entwine, when treacherously
Thou hast betrayed thy master. — But no more. —
Place thyself in that corner. I will here
Recline, and so we both will go to sleep.
Karker —
Even as thou wilt, my lord.
Hakon —
What would'st thou do?
Karker —
'Twas but to trim the lamp.
Hakon —
Go take thy place;
And leave the lamp. Thou might'st extinguish it —
Then should we sit in darkness. It is more

Than I can well explain, how every night
Those who retire to sleep put out the light!
Of death it is methinks a fearful emblem,
More threatening far than slumber. — What appears
In life so strong and vivid as a light?
Where is the light when once it is extinguished?
Let my lamp stand. It burns but feebly now —
Yet still it burns — and where there's life is hope!
Go take thy place and sleep.
[*He walks unquietly up and down, and then asks:*
Now, Karker, sleep'st thou? —

Karker —
Aye — my good lord.

Hakon —
Ha — stupid slave! — [*Rising up.*
Jarl Hakon!
Is this wretch then the last that now remains
Of all thy mighty force? — I cannot trust him —
For what can such a dull and clouded brain
Conceive of honor and fidelity?
Like a chained dog, fawning he will come straight
To him who offers the most tempting morsels —
Karker — give me thy dagger. Slaves, thou knowest,
Should wear no weapons.

Karker —
From yourself, my lord,
It was a gift; and here it is again.

Hakon —
'Tis well. Now sleep.

Karker —
Immediately.

Hakon [*aside*] — A fever
Burns in my brain and blood. I am outworn,
Exhausted with the combat of the day,
With watching, and our long nocturnal flight.
Yet sleep I dare not — while that sordid slave —
[*He pauses.*
Well — I may rest awhile — yet carefully
Beware of sleep. —
[*He sits down, and is overpowered by slumber.*

Karker [*softly*] —
Ha! now — he sleeps! —
He trusts me not — he fears
That I may betray him to King Olaf —
Olaf gives wealth and honors for his life —

What can I more expect from Hakon Jarl?
He moves! Protect me, Heaven! He rises up,
And yet is not awake. —

Hakon [*rising up in his sleep, and coming forward towards* KARKER — *as if he fled from some fearful apparition*] —
GOLD — HAROLD! SCHAAFELL!
What would'st thou with me? Go! leave me in peace!
Wherefore dost thou intrude thy death-pale visage
Between those broken rocks? HAROLD! thou liest!
I was to thee no traitor. How now, children!
What would you here? Go home! go home! for now
There is no time for dalliance. Then your bridegroom!
And Odin's marble statue — it has fallen!
And Freya stands with flowers upon her head! [*Listening.*
Who weeps there, 'mid the grass!
Ha! that is worst.
Poor child! poor little Erling! dost thou bleed?
And have I struck too deeply? 'mid the roses,
Till now snow-white, are purple drops descending?
[*Calling aloud.*
Ha! Karker! Karker!

Karker —
Still he dreams. My lord,
Here is your faithful slave.

Hakon —
Hold! take that spear —
Strike it at once into my heart. 'Tis done!
There! strike!

Karker —
My lord, can'st thou indeed desire
That I should such a deed fulfill?

Hakon —
No more! [*Threateningly.*
Thou wretch, strike instantly, for one of us
Must fall — we cannot both survive.

Karker —
Nay, then,
Die thou! [*He takes the spear and stabs* HAKON.

Hakon [*falling*] —
Now in my heart the avenging spear
Of Heaven is deeply fixed. Thy threatening words,
Olaf, are now confirmed.

Karker —
Now it is past;
And cannot be recalled. Therefore shall I

No time devote to lamentation here.
I could not weep him back to life again,
These iron doors now must I open wide,
And bring this dead Jarl to the king — then claim
The wealth and honor that to me are promised.
'Tis done! but he himself desired his death,
I blindly but performed what he commanded!

[*Exit, bearing out the body of* HAKON JARL.

LINES ON LEAVING ITALY.

BY ADAM GOTTLOB OEHLENSCHLÄGER.

ONCE more among the old gigantic hills
With vapors clouded o'er;
The vales of Lombardy grow dim behind,
The rocks ascend before.

They beckon me, the giants, from afar,
They wing my footsteps on;
Their helms of ice, their plumage of the pine,
Their cuirasses of stone.

My heart beats high, my breath comes freer forth, —
Why should my heart be sore?
I hear the eagle and the vulture's cry,
The nightingale's no more.

Where is the laurel, where the myrtle's blossom?
Bleak is the path around;
Where from the thicket comes the ringdove's cooing?
Hoarse is the torrent's sound.

Yet should I grieve, when from my loaded bosom
A weight appears to flow?
Methinks the Muses come to call me home
From yonder rocks of snow.

I know not how, — but in yon land of roses
My heart was heavy still,
I startled at the warbling nightingale,
The zephyr on the hill.

They said, the stars shone with a softer gleam, —
It seemed not so to me;
In vain a scene of beauty beamed around,
My thoughts were o'er the sea.

Faust in His Study

FAUST.

By GOETHE.

(Translation of Anna Swanwick.)

[JOHANN WOLFGANG GOETHE was born August 28, 1749; went to Leipsic University in 1759; shortly after began to write dramas and songs; in 1771 took a doctor's degree at Strasburg and became an advocate at Frankfort; wrote "Götz von Berlichingen" in 1771, as also the "Wanderer" and "The Wanderer's Storm Song"; settled in Wetzlar for law practice in 1772, but had to fly on account of a love intrigue; in 1773 wrote "Prometheus," some farce satires, the comedy "Erwin and Elmira," and began "Faust"; "The Sorrows of Young Werther" and "Clavigo" in 1774; in 1775 settled in Weimar, became a privy councilor to the duke, and most useful public official; studied and made valuable discoveries in natural science; began "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship" in 1777; wrote "Iphigenia" in prose 1779, in verse 1786; completed "Egmont" in 1787, and "Tasso" in 1789; was director of the court theater at Weimar, 1791; 1794–1805 was associated with Schiller, and they conducted the literary review *Horen* together; he finished "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship" in 1796, "Hermann and Dorothea" in 1797, the first part of "Faust" in 1808, "Elective Affinities" in 1809, "Doctrine of Color" in 1810, and his autobiography "Fancy and Truth" in 1811. In 1815 he issued the "Divan of East and West," a volume of poems; in 1821 "Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjähre," a *mélange* of various pieces put together by his secretary. In 1831 he finished the second part of "Faust." He died March 22, 1832.]

THE TEMPTATION OF FAUST.

Scene: Night. A high-vaulted, narrow Gothic chamber. FAUST, *restless, seated at his desk.*

Faust— I have, alas! Philosophy,
Medicine, Jurisprudence too,
And to my cost Theology,
With ardent labor, studied through.
And here I stand, with all my lore,
Poor fool, no wiser than before.
Magister, doctor, styled indeed,
Already these ten years I lead,
Up, down, across, and to and fro,
My pupils by the nose — and learn
That we in truth can nothing know!
This in my heart like fire doth burn.
'Tis true, I've more cunning than all your dull tribe,
Magister and doctor, priest, parson, and scribe;
Scruple or doubt comes not to enthrall me,
Neither can devil nor hell now appall me —

Hence also my heart must all pleasure forego!
I may not pretend aught rightly to know,
I may not pretend, through teaching, to find
A means to improve or convert mankind.
Then I have neither goods nor treasure,
No worldly honor, rank, or pleasure;
No dog in such fashion would longer live!
Therefore myself to magic I give,
In hope, through spirit-voice and might,
Secrets now veiled to bring to light,
That I no more, with aching brow,
Need speak of what I nothing know;
That I the force may recognize
That binds creation's inmost energies;
Her vital powers, her embryo seeds survey,
And fling the trade in empty words away.
O full-orbed moon, did but thy rays
Their last upon mine anguish gaze!
Beside this desk, at dead of night,
Oft have I watched to hail thy light:
Then, pensive friend! o'er book and scroll,
With soothing power, thy radiance stole!
In thy dear light, ah, might I climb,
Freely, some mountain height sublime,
Round mountain caves with spirits ride,
In thy mild haze o'er meadows glide,
And, purged from knowledge-fumes, renew
My spirit in thy healing dew!

Woe's me! still prisoned in the gloom
Of this abhorred and musty room!
Where heaven's dear light itself doth pass
But dimly through the painted glass!
Hemmed in by book-heaps, piled around,
Worm-eaten, hid 'neath dust and mold,
Which to the high vault's topmost bound,
A smoke-stained paper cloth enfold;
With boxes round thee piled, and glass,
And many a useless instrument,
With old ancestral lumber blent —
This is thy world! a world, alas!
And dost thou ask why heaves thy heart
With tightened pressure in thy breast?
Why the dull ache will not depart,
By which thy life-pulse is oppressed?

Instead of nature's living sphere,
Created for mankind of old,
Brute skeletons surround thee here,
And dead men's bones in smoke and mold.

Up! forth into the distant land!
Is not this book of mystery
By Nostradamus' proper hand,
An all-sufficient guide? Thou'lt see
The courses of the stars unrolled;
When Nature doth her thoughts unfold
To thee, thy soul shall rise, and seek
Communion high with her to hold,
As spirit doth with spirit speak!
Vain by dull poring to divine
The meaning of each hallowed sign.
Spirits! I feel you hovering near;
Make answer, if my voice ye hear!

[*He opens the book and perceives the sign of the* Macrocosmos.

Ah! at this spectacle, through every sense
What sudden ecstasy of joy is flowing!
I feel new rapture, hallowed and intense,
Through every nerve and vein with ardor glowing.
Was it a god who charactered this scroll,
The tumult in my spirit healing,
O'er my sad heart with rapture stealing,
And by a mystic impulse, to my soul,
The powers of nature all around revealing?
Am I a God? What light intense!
In these pure symbols do I see
Nature exert her vital energy.
Now of the wise man's words I learn the sense;
"Unlocked the spirit-world is lying,
Thy sense is shut, thy heart is dead!
Up scholar, lave, with zeal undying,
Thine earthly breast in the morning-red!"

[*He contemplates the sign.*

How all things live and work, and ever blending,
Weave one vast whole from Being's ample range!
How powers celestial, rising and descending,
Their golden buckets ceaseless interchange!
Their flight on rapture-breathing pinions winging,
From heaven to earth their genial influence bringing.
Through the wide sphere their chimes melodious ringing!

A wondrous show! but ah! a show alone!
Where shall I grasp thee, infinite nature, where?
Ye breasts, ye fountains of all life, whereon
Hang heaven and earth, from which the withered heart
For solace yearns, ye still impart
Your sweet and fostering tides — where are ye — where?
Ye gush, and must I languish in despair?

[*Turns over the leaves of the book impatiently, and perceives the sign of the* Earth Spirit.

How all unlike the influence of this sign!
Earth Spirit, thou to me art nigher,
E'en now my strength is rising higher,
E'en now I glow as with new wine;
Courage I feel, abroad the world to dare,
The woe of earth, the bliss of earth to bear,
With storms to wrestle, brave the lightning's glare,
And 'mid the crashing shipwreck not despair.

Clouds gather over me —
The moon conceals her light —
The lamp is quenched —
Vapors are rising — quivering round my head
Flash the red beams — down from the vaulted roof
A shuddering horror floats,
And seizes me!
I feel it, Spirit — prayer-compelled, 'tis thou
Art hovering near!
Unveil thyself!
Ha! How my heart is riven now!
Each sense, with eager palpitation,
Is strained to catch some new sensation!
I feel my heart surrendered unto thee!
Thou must! Thou must, though life should be the fee!

[*Seizes the book, and pronounces mysteriously the sign of the* Spirit. *A ruddy flame flashes up; the* Spirit *appears in the flame.*

Spirit — Who calls me?
Faust — Dreadful shape!
Spirit — With might
Thou hast compelled me to appear;
Long hast been sucking at my sphere,
And now —
Faust — Woe's me! I cannot bear thy sight!

Spirit — To see me thou dost breathe thine invocation,
My voice to hear, to gaze upon my brow;
Me doth thy strong entreaty bow —
Lo! I am here! — What cowering agitation
Grasps thee, the demigod! Where's now the soul's deep cry?
Where is the breast, which in its depths a world conceived,
And bore and cherished? which, with esctasy,
To rank itself with us, the spirits, heaved?
Where art thou, Faust? whose voice I heard resound,
Who towards me pressed with energy profound?
Art thou he? Thou, — who by my breath art blighted,
Who, in his spirit's depths affrighted,
Trembles, a crushed and writhing worm!

Faust — Shall I yield, thing of flame, to thee?
Faust, and thine equal, I am he!

Spirit — In the currents of life, in action's storm,
I float and I wave
With billowy motion!
Birth and the grave,
A limitless ocean,
A constant weaving
With change still rife,
A restless heaving,
A glowing life —
Thus time's whirring loom unceasing I ply,
And weave the life-garment of deity.

Faust — Thou, restless spirit, dost from end to end
O'ersweep the world; how near I feel to thee!

Spirit — Thou'rt like the spirit thou dost comprehend,
Not me! [*Vanishes.*

The Temptation of Margaret.

Scene: Evening. A small neat room. Margaret *is braiding her hair.*

Margaret — I would give something now to know
Who yonder gentleman could be!
He had a gallant air, I trow,
And doubtless was of high degree:
That written on his brow was seen —
Nor else would he so bold have been. [*Exit.*

Mephistopheles [*to* Faust] —
Come in! tread softly! be discreet!

Faust [*after a pause*] —
Begone and leave me, I entreat!

Mephistopheles [*looking round*] —
Not every maiden is so neat. [*Exit.*

Faust [*gazing round*] —
Welcome, sweet twilight, calm and blest,
That in this hallowed precinct reigns!
Fond yearning love, inspire my breast,
Feeding on hope's sweet dew thy blissful pains!
What stillness here environs me!
Content and order brood around.
What fullness in this poverty!
In this small cell what bliss profound!

[*Throws himself on the leather arm-chair beside the bed.*

Receive me thou, who hast in thine embrace,
Welcomed in joy and grief, the ages flown!
How oft the children of a bygone race
Have clustered round this patriarchal throne!
Haply she, also, whom I hold so dear,
For Christmas gift, with grateful joy possessed,
Hath with the full round cheek of childhood, here,
Her grandsire's withered hand devoutly pressed.
Maiden! I feel thy spirit haunt the place,
Breathing of order and abounding grace.
As with a mother's voice it prompteth thee,
The pure white cover o'er the board to spread,
To strew the crisping sand beneath thy tread.
Dear hand! so godlike in its ministry!
The hut becomes a paradise through thee!
And here — [*He raises the bed-curtain.*
How thrills my pulse with strange delight!
Here could I linger hours untold;
Thou, Nature, didst in vision bright
The embryo angel here unfold.
Here lay the child, her bosom warm
With life; while steeped in slumber's dew,
To perfect grace, her godlike form,
With pure and hallowed weavings grew!
And thou! ah, here what seekest thou?
How quails mine inmost being now!
What wouldst thou here? what makes thy heart so sore?
Unhappy Faust! I know thee now no more.
Do I a magic atmosphere inhale?
Erewhile, my passion would not brook delay!
Now in a pure love-dream I melt away.
Are we the sport of every passing gale?

Should she return and enter now,
How wouldst thou rue thy guilty flame!
Proud vaunter, thou wouldst hide thy brow,
And at her feet sink down with shame.

Mephistopheles —
Quick! quick! Below I see her there!

Faust — Away! I will return no more!

Mephistopheles —
Here is a casket, with a store
Of jewels which I got elsewhere.
Just lay it in the press; make haste!
I swear to you, 'twill turn her brain;
Therein some trifles I have placed,
Wherewith another to obtain.
But child is child, and play is play.

Faust — I know not — shall I?

Mephistopheles — Do you ask?
Perchance you would retain the treasure?
If such your wish, why then, I say,
Henceforth absolve me from my task,
Nor longer waste your hours of leisure.
I trust you're not by avarice led!
I rub my hands, I scratch my head. —
[*Places the casket in the press and fastens the lock.*
Now quick! away!
That soon the sweet young creature may
The wish and purpose of your heart obey;
Yet stand you there
As you would to the lecture-room repair,
As if before you stood,
Arrayed in flesh and blood,
Physics and metaphysics weird and gray!
Away! [*Exeunt.*

Margaret [*with a lamp*] —
Here 'tis so close, so sultry now, [*Opens the window.*
Yet out of doors 'tis not so warm.
I feel so strange, I know not how —
I wish my mother would come home.
Through me there runs a shuddering —
I'm but a foolish, timid thing!
[*While undressing, she begins to sing.*

There was a king in Thule,
True even to the grave;
To whom his dying mistress
A golden beaker gave.

At every feast he drained it,
Naught was to him so dear,
And often as he drained it,
Gushed from his eyes the tear.

When death came, unrepining,
His cities o'er he told;
All to his heir resigning,
Except his cup of gold.

With many a knightly vassal
At a royal feast sat he,
In yon proud hall ancestral,
In his castle o'er the sea.

Up stood the jovial monarch,
And quaffed his last life's glow,
Then hurled the hallowed goblet
Into the flood below.

He saw it splashing, drinking,
And plunging in the sea;
His eyes meanwhile were sinking,
And never again drank he.

[*She opens the press to put away her clothes and perceives the casket.*

How comes this lovely casket here? The press
I locked, of that I'm confident.
'Tis very wonderful! What's in it I can't guess:
Perhaps 'twas brought by some one in distress,
And left in pledge for loan my mother lent.
Here by a ribbon hangs a little key —
I have a mind to open it and see!
Heavens! only look! what have we here!
In all my days ne'er saw I such a sight!
Jewels! which any noble dame might wear,
For some high pageant richly dight!
This chain — how would it look on me?
These splendid gems, whose may they be?
[*Puts them on and steps before the glass.*
Were but the earrings only mine!
Thus, one has quite another air.
What boots it to be young and fair?
It doubtless may be very fine;

But then, alas, none cares for you,
And praise sounds half like pity too.
Gold all doth lure,
Gold doth secure
All things. Alas, we poor!

FAUST IN MARGARET'S DUNGEON.

[FAUST, *at the door, hears singing within.*

My mother, the harlot,
She took me and slew!
My father, the scoundrel,
Hath eaten me too!
My sweet little sister
Hath all my bones laid
Where soft breezes whisper
All in the cool shade!
Then became I a wood-bird, and sang on the spray,
Fly away, little bird! fly away! fly away!

Faust [*unlocking the door*] —
Ah! she forebodes not that her lover's near,
The clanking chains, the rustling straw, to hear. [*Enters.*
Margaret [*hiding her face in the bed of straw*] —
Woe! woe! they come! Oh, bitter 'tis to die!
Faust [*softly*] —
Hush! hush! be still! I come to set thee free.
Margaret [*throwing herself at his feet*] —
If thou art human, feel my misery!
Faust —
Thou wilt awake the jailor with thy cry!
[*Grasps the chains to unlock them.*
Margaret — Who, headsman, unto thee this power
O'er me could give?
Thou com'st for me at midnight hour.
Be merciful, and let me live!
Is morrow's dawn not time enough? [*Rises.*
I'm still so young, so young —
And must so early die!
Fair was I too, and that was my undoing.
My love is now afar, he then was nigh;
Torn lies the garland, the fair blossoms strewed.
Nay, seize me not with hand so rude!
Spare me! What harm have I e'er done to thee?
Oh, let me not in vain implore!
I ne'er have seen thee in my life before!

Faust —
Can I endure this bitter agony?
Margaret — I now am at thy mercy quite.
Let me my babe but suckle once again!
I fondled it the livelong night;
They took it from me but to give me pain,
And now they say that I my child have slain.
Gladness I ne'er again shall know.
Then they sing songs about me — 'tis wicked of the throng —
An ancient ballad endeth so:
Who bade them thus apply the song?
Faust [*throwing himself on the ground*] —
A lover at thy feet bends low,
To loose the bonds of wretchedness and woe.
Margaret [*throws herself beside him*] —
Oh, let us kneel and move the saints by prayer!
Look! look! yon stairs below,
Under the threshold there,
Hell's flames are all aglow!
Beneath the floor,
With hideous noise,
The devils roar!
Faust [*loudly*] — Gretchen! Gretchen!
Margaret [*listening*] —
That was my loved one's voice!
Where is he? I heard him calling me.
Free am I! There's none shall hinder me.
To his neck will I fly,
On his bosom will lie!
"Gretchen," he called! — On yon threshold he stood;
Amidst all the howling of hell's fiery flood,
The scoff and the scorn of its devilish crew,
The tones of his voice, sweet and loving, I knew.
Faust —
'Tis I!
Margaret — 'Tis thou! Oh, say so once again!
[*Embracing him*
'Tis he! 'Tis he! Where's now the torturing pain?
Where are the fetters? where the dungeon's gloom?
'Tis thou! To save me thou art come!
And I am saved!
Already now the street I see
Where the first time I caught a glimpse of thee.
There, too, the pleasant garden shade
Where I and Martha for thy coming stayed.

Faust [*endeavoring to lead her away*] —
Come! come away!
Margaret — Oh, do not haste!
I love to linger where thou stay'st.
[*Caressing him.*
Faust — Ah, haste! For if thou still delay'st,
Our lingering we shall both deplore.
Margaret — How, dearest? canst thou kiss no more?
So short a time away from me, and yet,
To kiss thou couldst so soon forget!
Why on thy neck so anxious do I feel —
When formerly a perfect heaven of bliss
From thy dear looks and words would o'er me steal?
As thou wouldst stifle me thou then didst kiss! —
Kiss me!
Or I'll kiss thee!
Woe! woe! thy lips are cold,
Are dumb!
Thy love where hast thou left?
Who hath me of thy love bereft?
Faust —
Come! Follow me, my dearest love, be bold!
I'll cherish thee with ardor thousand-fold;
I but entreat thee now to follow me!
Margaret [*turning towards him*] —
And art thou he? and art thou really he?
Faust —
'Tis I! Oh come!
Margaret — Thou wilt strike off my chain,
And thou wilt take me to thine arms again.
How comes it that thou dost not shrink from me? —
And dost thou know, love, whom thou wouldst set free?
Faust —
Come! come! already night begins to wane.
Margaret — I sent my mother to her grave,
I drowned my child beneath the wave.
Was it not given to thee and me — thee too?
'Tis thou thyself! I scarce believe it yet.
Give me thy hand! It is no dream! 'Tis true!
Thine own dear hand! — But how is this? 'Tis wet!
Quick, wipe it off! Meseems that yet
There's blood thereon.
Ah, God! what hast thou done?
Put up thy sword,
I beg of thee!

Faust —
Oh, dearest, let the past forgotten be!
Death is in every word.
Margaret —
No, thou must linger here in sorrow!
The graves I will describe to thee,
And thou to them must see
To-morrow:
The best place give to my mother,
Close at her side my brother,
Me at some distance lay —
But not too far away!
And the little one place on my right breast.
Nobody else will near me lie!
To nestle beside thee so lovingly —
That was a rapture, gracious and sweet!
A rapture I never again shall prove;
Methinks I would force myself on thee, love,
And thou dost spurn me, and back retreat —
Yet 'tis thyself, thy fond, kind looks I see.
Faust —
If thou dost feel 'tis I, then come with me.
Margaret —
What, there? without?
Faust — Yes, forth in the free air.
Margaret —
Aye, if the grave's without. If death lurks there!
Hence to the everlasting resting-place,
And not one step beyond! — Thou'rt leaving me?
O Henry! would that I could go with thee!
Faust —
Thou canst! But will it! Open stands the door.
Margaret —
I dare not go! I've naught to hope for more.
What boots it to escape? They lurk for me!
'Tis wretched to beg, as I must do,
And with an evil conscience thereto!
'Tis wretched, in foreign lands to stray;
And me they will catch, do what I may!
Faust — With thee will I abide.
Margaret — Quick! Quick!
Save thy poor child!
Keep to the path
The brook along,
Over the bridge

To the wood beyond,
To the left, where the plank is,
In the pond.
Seize it at once!
It fain would rise,
It struggles still!
Save it. Oh save!

Faust — Dear Gretchen, more collected be!
One little step, and thou art free!

Margaret — Were we but only past the hill!
There sits my mother upon a stone —
My brain, alas, is cold with dread! —
There sits my mother upon a stone,
And to and fro she shakes her head;
She winks not, she nods not, her head it droops sore;
She slept so long, she waked no more;
She slept, that we might taste of bliss:
Ah! those were happy times, I wis!

Faust —
Since here avails nor argument nor prayer,
Thee hence by force I needs must bear.

Margaret —
Loose me! I will not suffer violence!
With murderous hand hold not so fast!
I have done all to please thee in the past!

Faust —
Day dawns! My love! My love!

Margaret — Yes! day draws near
The Day of Judgment, too, will soon appear.
It should have been my bridal! No one tell
That thy poor Gretchen thou hast known too well.
Woe to my garland!
Its bloom is o'er!
Though not at the dance,
We shall meet once more.
The crowd doth gather, in silence it rolls;
The squares, the streets,
Scarce hold the throng.
The staff is broken — the death-bell tolls —
They bind and seize me! I'm hurried along,
To the seat of blood already I'm bound!
Quivers each neck as the naked steel
Quivers on mine the blow to deal —
The silence of the grave now broods around!

Faust — Would I had ne'er been born!

Mephistopheles [*appearing without*] —
Up, or you're lost!
Vain hesitation! babbling, quaking!
My steeds are shivering,
Morn is breaking.

Margaret —
What from the floor ascendeth like a ghost?
'Tis he! 'tis he! Him from my presence chase!
What would he in this holy place?
It is for me he cometh!

Faust — Thou shalt live!

Margaret —
Judgment of God! to thee my soul I give!

Mephistopheles [*to* FAUST] —
Come, come! With her I'll else abandon thee!

Margaret —
Father, I'm thine! Do thou deliver me!
Ye angels! Ye angelic hosts! descend,
Encamp around to guard me and defend! —
Henry! I shudder now to look on thee!

Mephistopheles —
She now is judged!

Voices [*from above*] — Is saved!

Mephistopheles [*to* FAUST] — Come thou with me!
[*Vanishes with* FAUST.

Voice [*from within, dying away*] — Henry! Henry!

GOETHE AND BETTINA.

By GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

[GEORGE HENRY LEWES: An English author, husband of George Eliot; born in London, April 18, 1817; died there November 28, 1878. His career was varied: he attended school in London, Jersey, Brittany, and Greenwich, studied law and medicine, became an actor and a playwright, and finally an author and journalist. Among his writings are: "Biographical History of Philosophy" (4 vols., 1845–1846), "The Spanish Drama" (1847), "Rose, Blanche, and Violet" (1848), "Life of Maximilien Robespierre" (1849), "The Noble Heart" (1850), "Life and Works of Goethe" (1855), "Seaside Studies" (1858), "Physiology of Common Life" (2 vols., 1859–1860), "Studies in Animal Life" (1862), "Aristotle" (1864), "Problems of Life and Mind" (5 vols., 1874–1879), and "The Physical Basis of Mind" (1877).]

IT IS very characteristic that during the terror and the pillage of Weimar, Goethe's greatest anxiety on his own account was lest his scientific manuscripts should be destroyed. Wine,

plate, furniture, could be replaced ; but to lose his manuscripts was to lose what was irreparable. Herder's posthumous manuscripts *were* destroyed ; Meyer lost everything, even his sketches: but Goethe lost nothing, except wine and money.

The Duke, commanded by Prussia to submit to Napoleon, laid down his arms and returned to Weimar, there to be received with the enthusiastic love of his people, as some compensation for the indignities he had endured. Peace was restored. Weimar breathed again. Goethe availed himself of the quiet to print his "Farbenlehre" and "Faust," that they might be rescued from any future peril. He also began to meditate once more an epic on William Tell ; but the death of the Duchess Amalia on the 10th of April drove the subject from his mind.

On the 23d of April Bettina came to Weimar. We must pause awhile to consider this strange figure, who fills a larger space in the literary history of the nineteenth century than any other German woman. Every one knows "the Child" Bettina Brentano, — daughter of the Maximiliane Brentano with whom Goethe flirted at Frankfurt in the Werther days, — wife of Achim von Arnim, the fantastic Romanticist, — the worshiper of Goethe and Beethoven, — for some time the privileged favorite of the King of Prussia, — and writer of that wild but unveracious book, "Goethe's Correspondence with a Child." She is one of those phantasts to whom everything seems permitted. More elf than woman, yet with flashes of genius which light up in splendor whole chapters of nonsense, she defies criticism, and puts every verdict at fault. If you are grave with her, people shrug their shoulders, and saying, "She is a Brentano," consider all settled. "At the point where the folly of others ceases, the folly of the Brentanos begins," runs the proverb in Germany.

I do not wish to be graver with Bettina than the occasion demands ; but while granting fantasy its widest license, while grateful to her for the many picturesque anecdotes she has preserved from the conversation of Goethe's mother, I must consider the history of her relation to Goethe seriously, because out of it has arisen a charge against his memory which is very false and injurious. Many unsuspecting readers of her book, whatever they may think of the passionate expressions of her love for Goethe, whatever they may think of her demeanor towards him, on first coming into his presence, feel greatly

hurt at his coldness; while others are still more indignant with him for keeping alive this mad passion, feeding it with poems and compliments, and doing this out of a selfish calculation, in order that *he might gather from her letters materials for his poems!* In both these views there is complete misconception of the actual case. True it is that the "Correspondence" furnishes ample evidence for both opinions; and against that evidence there is but one fact to be opposed, but the fact is decisive: the "Correspondence" is a romance.

A harsher phrase would be applied were the offender a man, or not a Brentano; for the romance is put forward as biographical fact, not as fiction playing around and among fact. How much is true, how much exaggeration, and how much pure invention, I am in no position to explain. But Riemer, the old and trusted friend of Goethe, living in the house with him at the time of Bettina's arrival, has shown the "Correspondence" to be a "romance which has only borrowed from reality the time, place, and circumstances;" and from other sources I have learned enough to see both Goethe's conduct and her own in quite a different light from that presented in her work.

A young, ardent, elfin creature worships the great poet at a distance, writes to tell him so, is attentive to his mother, who gladly hears praises of her son, and is glad to talk of him. He is struck with her extraordinary mind, is grateful to her for the attentions to his mother, and writes as kindly as he can without compromising himself. She comes to Weimar. She falls into his arms, and, according to her not very credible account, goes to sleep in his lap on their first interview; and ever afterwards is ostentatious of her adoration and her jealousy. If the story is true, the position was very embarrassing for Goethe: a man aged fifty-eight worshiped by a girl, who though a woman in years, looked like a child, and worshiped with the extravagance, partly mad, and partly willful, of a Brentano, — *what* could he do? He could take a base advantage of her passion; he could sternly repress it; or he could smile at it, and pat her head as one pats a whimsical, amusing child. These three courses were open to him, and only these. He adopted the last, until she forced him to adopt the second; forced him by the very impetuosity of her adoration. At first the child's coquettish, capricious ways amused him; her bright-glancing intellect interested him; but when her demonstrations

became obtrusive and fatiguing, she had to be "called to order" so often, that at last his patience was fairly worn out. The continuation of such a relation was obviously impossible. She gave herself the license of a child, and would not be treated as a child. She fatigued him.

Riemer relates that during this very visit she complained to him of Goethe's coldness. This coldness, he rightly says, was simply patience ; a patience which held out with difficulty against such assaults. Bettina quitted Weimar, to return in 1811, when by her own conduct she gave him a reasonable pretext for breaking off the connection ; a pretext, I am assured, he gladly availed himself of. It was this. She went one day with Goethe's wife to the Exhibition of Art, in which Goethe took great interest ; and there her satirical remarks, especially on Meyer, offended Christiane, who spoke sharply to her. High words rose, gross insult followed. Goethe took the side of his insulted wife, and forbade Bettina the house. It was in vain that on a subsequent visit to Weimar she begged Goethe to receive her. He was resolute. He had put an end to a relation which could not be a friendship, and was only an embarrassment.

Such being the real story, as far as I can disentangle it, we have now to examine the authenticity of the "Correspondence," in as far as it gives support to the two charges : first, of Goethe's alternate coldness and tenderness ; second, of his using her letters as material for his poems. That he was ever tender to her is denied by Riemer, who pertinently asks how we are to believe that the coldness of which she complained during her visit to Weimar grew in her absence to the loverlike warmth glowing in the sonnets addressed to her ? This is not credible ; but the mystery is explained by Riemer's distinct denial that the sonnets were addressed to her. They were *sent* to her, as to other friends ; but the poems, which she says were inspired by her, were in truth written for another. The proof is very simple. These sonnets were written before she came to Weimar, and had already passed through Riemer's hands, like other works, for his supervision. Riemer, moreover, knew to *whom* these passionate sonnets were addressed, although he did not choose to name her. I have no such cause for concealment, and declare the sonnets to have been addressed to Minna Herzlieb, of whom we shall hear more presently ; as indeed the charade on her name, which closes the

series (*Herz-Lieb*), plainly indicates. Not only has Bettina appropriated the sonnets which were composed at Jena while Riemer was with Goethe, and inspired by one living at Jena, but she has also appropriated poems known by Riemer to have been written in 1813–1819, she then being the wife of Achim von Arnim, and having since 1811 been resolutely excluded from Goethe's house. To shut your door against a woman, and yet write love-verses to her, — to respond so coldly to her demonstrations that she complains of it, and yet pour forth sonnets throbbing with passion, — is a course of conduct certainly not credible on evidence such as the "Correspondence with a Child." Hence we are the less surprised to find Riemer declaring that some of her letters are "little more than meta- and para-phrases of Goethe's poems, *in which both rhythm and rhyme are still traceable.*" So that instead of Goethe turning her letters into poems, Riemer accuses her of turning Goethe's poems into her letters. An accusation so public and so explicit — an accusation which ruined the whole authenticity of the "Correspondence" — should at once have been answered. The production of the originals with their postmarks might have silenced accusers. But the accusation has been many years before the world, and no answer attempted.

Although the main facts had already been published, a loud uproar followed the first appearance of this chapter in Germany. Some ardent friend of Bettina's opened fire upon me in a pamphlet, which called forth several replies in newspapers and journals; and I believe there are few Germans who now hesitate to acknowledge that the whole correspondence has been so tampered with as to have become, from first to last, a romance. For the sake of any still unconvinced partisans in England, a few evidences of the manipulation which the correspondence has undergone may not be without interest.

In the letter bearing date 1st March, 1807, we read of the King of Westphalia's court, when, unless History be a liar, the kingdom of Westphalia was not even in existence. Goethe's mother, in another letter, speaks of her delight at Napoleon's appearance, — four months before she is known to have set eyes upon him. The letters of Goethe, from November to September, all imply that he was at Weimar; nay, he invites her to Weimar on the 16th of July; she arrives there at the end of the month; visits him, and on the 16th of August he writes to her from hence. Düntzer truly says that these letters *must* be

spurious, since Goethe left for Carlsbad on the 25th of May, and did not return till September. Not only does Bettina visit Goethe at Weimar at a time when he is known to have been in Bohemia, but she actually receives letters from his mother dated the 21st September and 7th October, 1808, although the old lady died on the 13th of September. One may overlook Bettina's intimating that she was only thirteen, when the parish register proves her to have been two and twenty; but it is impossible to place the slightest reliance on the veracity of a book which exhibits flagrant and careless disregard of facts; and if I have been somewhat merciless in the exposure of this fabrication, it is because it has greatly helped to disseminate very false views respecting a very noble nature.

In conclusion, it is but necessary to add that Bettina's work thus deprived of its authenticity, all those hypotheses which have been built on it respecting Goethe's conduct fall to the ground. Indeed, when one comes to think of it, the hypothesis of his using her letters as poetic material does seem the wildest of all figments; for not only was he prodigal in invention and inexhaustible in material, but he was especially remarkable for always expressing his own feelings, his own experience, not the feelings and experience of others.

GOETHE'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH A CHILD.

By BETTINA BRENTANO.

[Elizabeth von Arnim, generally known as Bettina Brentano, born at Frankfort-on-the-Main, April 4, 1785, was the wife of Ludwig Achim von Arnim, poet and novelist, and sister of Clemens Brentano, romantic writer. In her girlhood she was an enthusiastic admirer of Goethe, with whom she corresponded, and in 1835 published "Goethe's Correspondence with a Child," largely fictitious. She died at Berlin, January 20, 1859.]

To Goethe.

What shall I write to you, since I am sad, and have nothing new or welcome to say? Rather would I at once send thee the white paper, instead of first covering it with letters, which do not always say what I wish, — and that thou shouldst fill it up at thy leisure, and make me but too happy and send it back to me; and when I then see the blue cover and tear it open, — curiously hasty, as longing is always expectant of bliss, and I should then read what once charmed me from thy

lips: "Dear child, my gentle heart, my only love, little darling," — the friendly words with which thou spoiledst me, soothing me the while so kindly, — ah, more I would not ask. I should have all again, even thy whisper I should read there, with which thou softly pouredst into my soul all that was most lovely, and madest me forever beautiful to myself. As I there passed through the walks on thy arm, — ah, how long ago does it seem! — I was contented; all wishes were laid to sleep; they had, like the mountains, enveloped color and form in mist; I thought, thus it would glide, — and ever on, without much labor, — from the land to the high sea, — bold and proud, with unfolded flags and fresh breeze. But, Goethe, fiery youth wants the customs of the hot season: when the evening shadows draw over the land, then the nightingales shall not be silent; all shall sing or express itself joyfully; the world shall be a luxuriant fruit garland, all shall crowd in enjoyment, — and all enjoyment shall expand mightily; it shall pour itself forth like fermenting wine juice, which works in foam till it comes to rest; we shall sink in it, as the sun beneath the ocean waves, but also return like him. So it has been with thee, Goethe; none knows how thou heldst communion with heaven, and what wealth thou hast asked there, when thou hadst set in enjoyment.

That delights me, to see when the sun sets, when the earth drinks in his glow, and slowly folds his fiery wings and detains him prisoner of night: then it becomes still in the world; out of the darkness, longing rises up so secretly, and the stars there above lighten so unreachingly to it, — so very unreachably, Goethe!

He who shall be happy becomes so timid: the heart, trembling, pants with happiness ere it has dared a welcome; I also feel that I am not matched for my happiness; what a power of senses to comprehend thee! Love must become a mastership, — to want the possession of that which is to be loved, in the common understanding, is worthy of eternal love, and wrecks each moment on the slightest occurrence. This is my task, that I appropriate myself to thee, but will not possess thee, — thou most to be desired!

I am still so young that it may be easily pardoned if I am ignorant. Ah! I have no soul for knowledge; I feel I cannot learn what I do not know; I must wait for it, as the prophet in the wilderness waits for the ravens to bring him food. The

simile is not so unapt: nourishment is borne to my spirit through the air, — often exactly as it is on the point of starvation.

Since I have loved thee, something unattainable floats in my spirit, — a mystery which nourishes me. As the ripe fruits fall from the tree, so here thoughts fall to me, which refresh and invigorate me. O Goethe! had the fountain a soul, it could not hasten more full of expectation on to light, to rise again, than I, with foreseeing certainty, hasten on to meet this new life, which has been given me through thee, and which gives me to know that a higher impulse of life will burst the prison, not sparing the rest and ease of accustomed days, which in fermenting inspiration it destroys. This lofty fate the loving spirit evades as little as the seed evades the blossom when it once lies in fresh earth. Thus I feel myself in thee, thou fruitful, blessed soil! I can say what it is when the germ bursts the hard rind, — it is painful; the smiling children of spring are brought forth amid tears.

O Goethe, what happens with man? what does he feel? what happens in the most flaming cup of his heart? I would willingly confess my faults to thee, but love makes me quite an ideal being. Thou hast done much for me, even before thou knewest me; above much that I coveted and did not ask, thou hast raised me.

BETTINA.

THE LAST METAMORPHOSIS OF MEPHISTOPHELES.

BY FRANK MARZIALS.

CANDID he is, and courteous therewithal,
Nor, as he once was wont, in the far prime,
Flashes his scorn to heaven; — nor as the mime
Of after-days, with antic bestial
Convenes the ape in man to carnival; —
Nor as the cynic of a later time
Jeers, that his laughter, like a jangled chime,
Rings through the abyss of our eternal fall.

But now, in courtliest tones of cultured grace,
He glories in the growth of good, his glance

Beaming benignant as he bids us trace
Good everywhere — till, as mere motes that dance
Athwart the sunbeams, all things evil and base
Glint golden in his genial tolerance.

ON WIT.

By SYDNEY SMITH.

[Sydney Smith, preacher, lecturer, essayist, reformer, and wit, was born in Woodford, Essex, June 3, 1771. After graduating at Oxford he was for a short time curate of a parish in Wiltshire. Accepting a tutorship in Edinburgh, in 1798, he became the friend of Brougham, Jeffrey, and other writers; assisted in founding the *Edinburgh Review* (1802); was its first editor; and remained one of its chief contributors for twenty years. In 1803 he went to London, where he soon became famous for his lectures and sermons; held livings at Foston-le-Clay and Combe-Florey; and in 1831 was made canon residentiary of St. Paul's. His chief works are: "Peter Plymley's Letters" (1807–1808) and "Wit and Wisdom" (1856), edited by Duyckinck. He died in London, February 22, 1845.]

To begin at the beginning of this discussion, it is plain that wit concerns itself with the relations which subsist between our ideas: and the first observation which occurs to any man turning his attention to this subject is that it cannot, of course, concern itself with *all* the relations which subsist between all our ideas; for then every proposition would be witty; — The rain wets me through — Butter is spread upon bread — would be propositions replete with mirth; and the moment the mind observed the plastic and diffusible nature of butter, and the excellence of bread as a substratum, it would become enchanted with this flash of facetiousness. Therefore, the first limit to be affixed to that observation of relations which produces the feeling of wit is that they must be relations which excite *surprise*. If you tell me that all men must die, I am very little struck with what you say, because it is not an assertion very remarkable for its novelty; but if you were to say that man was like a time glass — that both must run out, and both render up their dust, I should listen to you with more attention, because I should feel something like surprise at the sudden relation you had struck out between two such apparently dissimilar ideas as a man and a time glass.

Surprise is so essential an ingredient of wit, that no wit

will bear repetition — at least the original electrical feeling produced by any piece of wit can never be renewed. There is a sober sort of approbation succeeds at hearing it the second time, which is as different from its original rapid, pungent volatility, as a bottle of champagne that has been open three days is from one that has at that very instant emerged from the darkness of the cellar. To hear that the top of Mont Blanc is like an umbrella, though the relation be new to me, is not sufficient to excite surprise; the idea is so very obvious, it is so much within the reach of the most ordinary understandings, that I can derive no sort of pleasure from the comparison. The relation discovered must be something remote from all the common tracks and sheep walks made in the mind; it must not be a comparison of color with color, and figure with figure, or any comparison which, though individually new, is specifically stale, and to which the mind has been in the habit of making many similar; but it must be something removed from common apprehension, distant from the ordinary haunts of thought — things which are never brought together in the common events of life, and in which the mind has discovered relations by its own subtilty and quickness.

Now, then, the point we have arrived at, at present, in building up our definition of wit, is that it is the discovery of those relations in ideas which are calculated to excite surprise. But a great deal must be taken away from this account of wit before it is sufficiently accurate; for, in the first place, there must be no feeling or conviction of the *utility* of the relation so discovered. If you go to see a large cotton mill, the manner in which the large water wheel below works the little parts of the machinery seven stories high, the relation which one bears to another, is extremely surprising to a person unaccustomed to mechanics; but, instead of feeling as you feel at a piece of wit, you are absorbed in the contemplation of the *utility* and *importance* of such relations — there is a sort of rational approbation mingled with your surprise, which makes the *whole* feeling very different from that of wit. At the same time, if we attend very accurately to our feelings, we shall perceive that the discovery of any surprising relation whatever produces some slight sensation of wit. When first the manner in which a steam engine opens and shuts its own valves is explained to me, or when I at first perceive the ingenious and complicated contrivances of any piece of machinery, the surprise that I feel

at the discovery of these connections has always something in it which resembles the feeling of wit, though that is very soon extinguished by others of a very different nature. Children, who view the different parts of a machine not so much with any notions of its utility, feel something still more like the sensation of wit when first they perceive the effect which one part produces upon another. Show a child of six years old that, by moving the treadle of a knife grinder's machine, you make the large wheel turn round, or that by pressing the spring of a repeating watch you make the watch strike, and you probably raise up a feeling in the child's mind precisely similar to that of wit. There is a mode of teaching children geography by disjointed parts of a wooden map, which they fit together. I have no doubt that the child, in finding the kingdom or republic which fits into a great hole in the wooden sea, feels exactly the sensation of wit. Every one must remember that fitting the inviting projection of Crim Tartary into the Black Sea was one of the greatest delights of their childhood; and almost all children are sure to scream with pleasure at the discovery.

The relation between ideas which excite surprise, in order to be witty, must not excite any feeling of the beautiful. "The good man," says a Hindu epigram, "goes not upon enmity, but rewards with kindness the very being who injures him. So the sandalwood, while it is felling, imparts to the edge of the ax its aromatic flavor." Now here is a relation which would be witty if it were not beautiful: the relation discovered betwixt the falling sandalwood, and the returning good for evil, is a new relation which excites surprise; but the *mere* surprise at the relation is swallowed up by the contemplation of the moral beauty of the thought, which throws the mind into a more solemn and elevated mood than is compatible with the feeling of wit.

It would not be a difficult thing to do (and if the limits of my lecture allowed I would do it), to select from Cowley and Waller a suite of passages, in order to show the effect of the beautiful in destroying the feeling of wit, and *vice versa*. First, I would take a passage purely witty, in which the mind merely contemplated the singular and surprising relation of the ideas: next, a passage where the admixture of some beautiful sentiment — the excitation of some slight moral feeling — arrested the mind from the contemplation of the relation between the

ideas; then, a passage in which the beautiful overpowered still more the facetious, till, at last, it was totally destroyed.

If the relation between the ideas, to produce wit, must not be mingled with the beautiful, still less must they be so with the sublime. In that beautiful passage in Mr. Campbell's poem of "Lochiel," the wizard repeats these verses — which were in every one's mouth when first the poem was written: —

> Lochiel! Lochiel! though my eyes I should seal,
> Man cannot keep secret what God would reveal;
> 'Tis the sunset of life gives *me* mystical lore,
> And *coming events cast their shadows before.*

Now this comparison of the dark, uncertain sort of prescience of future events implied by the gift of second sight, and the notice of an approaching solid body by the previous approach of its shadow, contains a new and striking relation; but it is not *witty*, nor would it ever have been considered as witty, if expressed in a more concise manner, and with the rapidity of conversation, because it inspires feelings of a much higher cast than those of wit, and, instead of suffering the mind to dwell upon the mere relation of ideas, fills it with a sort of mysterious awe, and gives an air of sublimity to the fabulous power of prediction. Every one knows the Latin line on the miracle at the marriage supper in Cana of Galilee — on the conversion of water into wine. The poet says, —

> The modest water saw its God, and blushed!

Now, in my mind, that sublimity which some persons discover in this passage is destroyed by its wit; it appears to me witty, and *not* sublime. I have no *great* feelings excited by it, and can perfectly well stop to consider the mere relation of ideas. I hope I need not add that the line, *if it produce the effect of a witty conceit, and not of a sublime image*, is *perfectly misplaced* and *irreverent:* the *intent*, however, of the poet, was *undoubtedly* to be *serious*. In the same manner, whenever the mind is not left to the mere surprise excited by the relation of ideas, but when that relation excites any powerful emotion — as those of the sublime and beautiful, or any high passion — as anger or pity, or any train of reflections upon the *utility* of the relations, the feeling of wit is always diminished or destroyed. It seems to be occasioned by those relations of ideas which excite surprise, and surprise *alone*. Whenever relations excite any other

strong feeling as well as surprise, the wit is either destroyed, diminished, or the two coexistent feelings of wit and the other emotion may, by careful reflection, be distinguished from each other. I may be very wrong (for these subjects are extremely difficult), but I know no single passage in any author which is at once beautiful and witty, or sublime and witty. I know innumerable passages which are intended to be beautiful or sublime, and which are merely witty ; and I know many passages in which the relation of ideas is very new and surprising, and which are *not* witty because they are beautiful and sublime. Lastly, when the effect of wit is heightened by strong sense and useful truth, we may perceive in the mind what part of the pleasure arises from the mere relation of ideas, what from the utility of the precept ; and many instances might be produced, where the importance and utility of the thing said prevent the mind from contemplating the mere relation, and considering it as wit. For example: in that apothegm of Rochefoucault, that hypocrisy is a homage which vice renders to virtue, the image is witty, but all attention to the *mere wit* is swallowed up in the justness and value of the observation. So that I think I have some color for saying that wit is produced by those relations between ideas which excite surprise, and surprise only. Observe, I am only defining the *causes* of a certain feeling in the mind called wit ; I can no more define the feeling itself than I can define the flavor of venison. We all seem to partake of one and the other, with a very great degree of satisfaction ; but why each feeling *is* what it is, and nothing else, I am sure I cannot pretend to determine.

Louis XIV. was exceedingly molested by the solicitations of a general officer at the *levée*, and cried out, loud enough to be overheard, "That gentleman is the most troublesome officer in the whole army." "Your Majesty's enemies have said the same thing more than once," was the answer. The wit of this answer consists in the sudden relation discovered in his assent to the King's invective and his own defense. By admitting the King's observation, he seems, at first sight, to be subscribing to the imputation against him ; whereas, in reality, he effaces it by this very means. A sudden relation is discovered where none was suspected. Voltaire, in speaking of the effect of epithets in weakening style, said that the adjectives were the greatest enemies of the substantives, though they agreed in gender, number, and in cases. Here, again, it is very obvious

that a relation is discovered which, upon first observation, does not appear to exist. These instances may be multiplied to any extent. A gentleman at Paris, who lived very unhappily with his wife, used, for twenty years together, to pass his evenings at the house of another lady, who was very agreeable and drew together a pleasant society. His wife died ; and his friends all advised him to marry the lady in whose society he had found so much pleasure. He said no, he certainly should not, for that, if he married her, he should not know where to spend his evenings. Here we are suddenly surprised with the idea that the method proposed of securing his comfort may possibly prove the most effectual method of destroying it. At least, to enjoy the pleasantry of the reply, we view it through *his* mode of thinking, who had not been very fortunate in the connection established by his first marriage. I have, in consequence of the definition I have printed of wit in the cards of the Institution, passed one of the most polemical weeks that ever I remember to have spent in my life. I think, however, that if my words are understood in their fair sense, I am not wrong. I have said, surprising relations between *ideas* — not between *facts*. The difference is very great. A man may tell me he sees a fiery meteor on the surface of the sea : he has no merit in the discovery — it is no extraordinary act of mind in him — any one who has eyes can ascertain this relation of facts as well, if it really exist ; but to discover a surprising relation in *ideas* is an act of power in the discoverer, in which, if his wit be good, he exceeds the greater part of mankind : so that the very terms I have adopted imply comparison and superiority of mind. The discovery of any relation of ideas exciting pure surprise involves the notion of such superiority, and enhances the surprise. To discover relations between facts exciting pure surprise involves the notion of no such superiority ; for any man could ascertain that a calf had two heads if it had two heads : therefore, I again repeat, let any man show me that which is an acknowledged proof of wit, and I believe I could analyze the pleasure experienced from it into surprise, partly occasioned by the unexpected relation established, partly by the display of talent in discovering it ; and, putting this position synthetically, I would say, whenever there is a superior act of intelligence in discovering a relation between ideas, which relation excites surprise, and no other high emotion, the mind will have the feeling of wit. Why is it not witty to find

a gold watch and seals hanging upon a hedge? Because it is a mere relation of facts discovered without any effort of mind, and not (as I have said in my definition) a relation of ideas. Why is it not witty to discover the relation between the moon and the tides? Because it raises other notions than those of mere surprise. Why are not all the extravagant relations in "Gargantua" witty? Because they are merely odd and extravagant; and mere oddity and extravagance is too easy to excite surprise. Why is it witty, in one of Addison's plays, where the undertaker reproves one of his mourners for laughing at a funeral, and says to him, "You rascal, you! I have been raising your wages for these two years past, upon condition that you should appear more sorrowful, and the higher wages you receive the happier you look!" Here is a relation between ideas, the discovery of which implies superior intelligence, and excites no other emotion than surprise.

It is imagined that wit is a sort of inexplicable visitation, that it comes and goes with the rapidity of lightning, and that it is quite as unattainable as beauty or just proportion. I am so much of a contrary way of thinking that I am convinced a man might sit down as systematically and as successfully to the study of wit, as he might to the study of mathematics: and I would answer for it that, by giving up only six hours a day to being witty, he should come on prodigiously before midsummer, so that his friends should hardly know him again. For what is there to hinder the mind from gradually acquiring a habit of attending to the lighter relations of ideas in which wit consists? Punning grows upon everybody, and punning is the wit of words. I do not mean to say that it is so easy to acquire a habit of discovering new relations in *ideas* as in *words*, but the difficulty is not so much greater as to render it insuperable to habit. One man is unquestionably much better calculated for it by nature than another: but association, which gradually makes a bad speaker a good one, might give a man wit who had it not, if any man chose to be so absurd as to sit down to acquire it.

I have mentioned puns. They are, I believe, what I have denominated them — the wit of words. They are exactly the same to words which wit is to ideas, and consist in the sudden discovery of relations in language. A pun, to be perfect in its

kind, should contain two distinct meanings: the one common and obvious, the other more remote; and in the notice which the mind takes of the relation between these two sets of words, and in the surprise which that relation excites, the pleasure of a pun consists. Miss Hamilton, in her book on Education, mentions the instance of a boy so very neglectful that he could never be brought to read the word *patriarchs;* but whenever he met with it he always pronounced it *partridges.* A friend of the writer observed to her that it could hardly be considered as a mere piece of negligence, for it appeared to him that the boy, in calling them partridges, was *making game* of the patriarchs. Now here are two distinct meanings contained in the same phrase; . . . and the whole pleasure derived from this pun consists in the sudden discovery that two such different meanings are referable to one form of expression. I have very little to say about puns; they are in very bad repute, and so they *ought* to be. The wit of language is so miserably inferior to the wit of ideas, that it is very deservedly driven out of good company. Sometimes, indeed, a pun makes its appearance which seems for a moment to redeem its species; but we must not be deceived by them: it is a radically bad race of wit. By unremitting persecution, it has been at last got under, and driven into cloisters, — from whence it must never again be suffered to emerge into the light of the world. One invaluable blessing produced by the banishment of punning is, an immediate reduction of the number of wits. It is a wit of so low an order, and in which some sort of progress is so easily made, that the number of those endowed with the gift of wit would be nearly equal to those endowed with the gift of speech. The condition of putting together ideas in order to be witty operates much in the same salutary manner as the condition of finding rhymes in poetry; — it reduces the number of performers to those who have vigor enough to overcome incipient difficulties, and makes a sort of provision that that which need not be done at all should be done *well* whenever it *is* done. For we may observe that mankind are always more fastidious about that which is pleasing, than they are about that which is useful. A commonplace piece of morality is much more easily pardoned than a commonplace piece of poetry or of wit; because it is absolutely necessary for the wellbeing of society that the rules of morality should be frequently repeated and enforced; but as there is no absolute necessity that men should be either wits or

poets, we are less inclined to tolerate their mediocrity in superfluities. If a man have ordinary chairs and tables, no one notices it; but if he stick vulgar gaudy pictures on his walls, which he need not have at all, every one laughs at him for his folly.

THE RESCUE OF PICCIOLA.

By X. B. SAINTINE.

[Xavier Boniface Saintine, a French novelist and dramatist, was born in Paris, July 10, 1798. A little romantic masterpiece, "Picciola" (1838), gained him celebrity the moment it appeared. The work ranks as a French classic. Saintine wrote several other romances and over two hundred plays, most of them in collaboration with other authors. He died in Paris, January 21, 1865.]

[Charney, a political prisoner, has fixed his affections on a flower that grew between the stone of his prison and is in danger of withering.]

The intervention of Josephine in Charney's favor had not proved so efficient as might have been supposed. At the conclusion of her mild intercessions in favor of the prisoner and his plant, when she proceeded to place in the hands of Napoleon the handkerchief inscribed with his memorial, the Emperor recalled to mind the singular indifference — so mortifying to his self-love — with which, during the warlike evolutions of the morning at Marengo, Josephine had cast her vacant, careless gaze upon the commemoration of his triumph; and thus predisposed to displeasure, the obnoxious name of Charney served only to aggravate his ill humor.

"Is the man mad?" cried he, "or does he pretend to deceive me by a farce? A Jacobin turned botanist! — about as good a jest as Marat descanting in the tribune on the pleasures of pastoral life, or Couthon presenting himself to the Convention with a rose in his buttonhole."

Josephine vainly attempted to appeal against the name of Jacobin thus lightly bestowed upon the Count; for as she commenced her remonstrance a chamberlain made his appearance, to announce that the general officers, ambassadors, and deputies of Italy were awaiting their Majesties in the audience chamber, — where, having hastily repaired, Napoleon immediately burst forth into a denunciation against visionaries, phi-

losophers, and liberals, mainly inspired by the recent mention of the Count de Charney. In an imperious tone he threatened that all such disturbers of public order should be speedily reduced to submission; but the loud and threatening tone he had assumed, which was supposed to be a spontaneous outbreak of passion, was in fact a premeditated lesson bestowed on the assembly, and more especially on the Prussian ambassador, who was present at the scene. Napoleon seized the opportunity to announce to the representatives of Europe the divorce of the Emperor of the French from the principles of the French Revolution!

By way of homage to the throne, the subordinates of the Emperor hastened to emulate his new profession of faith. The general commandant at Turin more especially, Jacques-Abdallah Menon, forgetting or renouncing his former principles, burst forth into a furious diatribe against the pseudo-Brutuses of the clubs and taverns of Italy and France, — on which signal there arose from the minions of the Empire a unanimous chorus of execrations against all conspirators, revolutionists, and more especially Jacobins, till, overawed by their virulence, Josephine began to tremble at the storm she had been unwittingly the means of exciting. At length drawing near to the ear of Napoleon she took courage to whisper, in a tone of mingled tenderness and irony, "What need, Sire, of all these denunciations? My memorial regards neither a Jacobin nor a conspirator, but simply a poor plant, whose plots against the safety of the Empire should scarcely excite such vast tumults of consternation."

Napoleon shrugged his shoulders. "Can you suppose me the dupe of such absurd pretenses?" he exclaimed. "This Charney is a man of high faculties and the most dangerous principles, — would you pass him upon me for a blockhead? The flower, the pavement, the whole romance, is a mere pretext. The fellow is getting up a plan of escape! It must be looked to. Menon, let a careful eye be kept upon the movements of those imprisoned for political offenses in the citadel of Fenestrella. One Charney has presumed to address to me a memorial. How did he manage to forward his petition otherwise than through the hands of the commandant? Is such the discipline kept up in the state prisons of the Empire?"

Again the Empress ventured to interpose in defense of her protégé.

"Enough, madam, enough of this man!" exclaimed the commander in chief; and discouraged and alarmed by the displeasure expressed in his words and looks, Josephine cast down her eyes, and was silent from confusion.

General Menon, on the other hand, mortified by the public rebuke of the Emperor, was not sparing in the reprimand dispatched to the captain commandant of the citadel of Fenestrella, who in his turn, as we have seen, vented his vexation on the prisoners committed to his charge. Even Girardi, in addition to the cruel sentence of separation from his daughter (who on arriving full of hopes at the gate of the fortress was commanded to appear there no more), had been subjected, like Charney, to a domiciliary visit, by which, however, nothing unsatisfactory was elicited.

But emotions more painful than those resulting from the forfeiture of his manuscripts now awaited the Count. As he traversed the courtyard on his way to the bastion with the commandant and his two acolytes, Captain Morand, who had either passed without notice on his arrival the fences and scaffolding surrounding the plant, or was now stimulated by the arrogant contumacy of Charney to an act of vengeance, paused to point out to Ludovico this glaring breach of prison discipline manifested before his eyes.

"What is the meaning of all this rubbish?" cried he. "Is *such*, sir, the order you maintain in your department?"

"*That*, captain," replied the jailer, in a half-hesitating, half-grumbling tone, drawing his pipe out of his mouth with one hand, and raising the other to his cap in a military salute, — "*that*, under your favor, is the plant I told you of, which is so good for the gout and all sorts of disorders."

Then letting fall his arm by an imperceptible movement, he replaced his pipe in its usual place.

"Death and the devil!" cried the captain, "if these gentlemen were allowed to have their way, all the chambers and courts of the citadel might be made into gardens, menageries, or shops, — like so many stalls at a fair. Away with this weed at once, and everything belonging to it!"

Ludovico turned his eyes alternately toward the captain, the Count, and the flower, and was about to interpose a word or two of expostulation. "Silence!" cried the commandant, — "silence, and do your duty!"

Thus fiercely admonished, Ludovico held his peace. Re-

moving the pipe once more from his mouth, he extinguished it, shook out the dust, and deposited it on the edge of the wall while he proceeded to business. Deliberately laying aside his cap, his waistcoat, and rubbing his hands as if to gain courage for the job, he paused a moment, then suddenly, with a movement of anger as if against himself or his chief, seized the hay bands and matting and dispersed them over the court. Next went the uprights which had supported them, which he tore up one after the other, broke over his knee, and threw the pieces on the pavement. His former tenderness for Picciola seemed suddenly converted into a fit of abhorrence.

Charney, meanwhile, stood motionless and stupefied, his eyes fixed wistfully upon the plant thus exposed to view, as if his looks could still afford protection to its helplessness. The day had been cool, the sky overclouded, and from the stem, which had rallied during the night, sprang several little healthy, verdant shoots. It seemed as though Picciola were collecting all her strength to die!

To die, — Picciola! — his own, his only; the world of his existence and his dreams; the pivot on which revolved his very life, — to be reduced to nothingness! Midway in his aspirations toward a higher sphere, the flight of the poor captive over whose head Heaven has suspended its sentence of expiation is to be suddenly arrested! How will he henceforward fill up the vacant moments of his leisure, — how satisfy the aching void in his own bosom? Picciola, the desert which thou didst people is about to become once more a solitary wilderness! — no more visions, no more hopes, no more reminiscences, no more discoveries to inscribe, no further objects of affection! How narrow will his prison now appear, how oppressive its atmosphere, — the atmosphere of a tomb; the tomb of Picciola! The golden branch, the sibylline divining rod which sufficed to exorcise the evil spirits by which he was beset, will no longer protect him against himself! The skeptic, the disenchanted philosopher, must return to his former mood of incredulity, and bear once more the burden of his bitter thoughts, with no prospect before him but eternal extinction! No! death were a thousand times preferable to such a destiny!

As these thoughts glanced through the mind of Charney, he beheld at the little grated window the shadow of the venerable Girardi. "Alas!" murmured the Count, "I have deprived him of all he had to live for; and he comes to triumph over

my affliction, to curse me, to deride me! And he is right; for what are sorrows such as mine compared with those I have heaped upon his revered head?"

Charney perceived the old man clasping the iron window bars in his trembling hands, but dared not meet his eyes and hazard an appeal to the forgiveness of the only human being of whose esteem he was ambitious. The Count dreaded to find that venerable countenance distorted by the expression of reproach or contempt; and when at length their glances met, he was touched to the soul by the look of tender compassion cast upon him by the unhappy father, forgetful of his own sorrows in beholding those of his companion in misfortune. The only tears that had ever fallen from the eyes of the Count de Charney started at that trying moment; but consolatory as they were, he dried them hurriedly as they fell, in the dread of exposing his weakness to the contempt and misapprehension of the men by whom he was surrounded.

Among the spectators of this singular scene, the two spirri alone remained indifferent to what was passing, — staring vacantly at the prisoner, the old man, the commandant, and the jailer; wondering what reference their emotions might bear to the supposed conspiracy, and nothing doubting that the mysterious plant about to be dislodged would prove to have been a cover to some momentous hiding place.

Meanwhile, the fatal operations proceeded. Under the orders of the commandant, Ludovico was attempting to break up the rustic bench, which had first seemed to resist his feeble efforts.

"A mallet! take a mallet!" cried Captain Morand.

Ludovico obeyed; but the mallet fell from his hands.

"Death and the devil! how much longer am I to be kept waiting?" now vociferated the captain; and the jailer immediately let fall a blow under which the bench gave way in a moment. Mechanically Ludovico bent down towards his goddaughter, which was now alone and undefended in the court; while the Count stood ghastly and overpowered, big drops of agony rising upon his brow.

"Why destroy it, sir, why destroy it? You must perceive that the plant is about to die!" he faltered, descending once more to the abject position of a suppliant. But the captain replied only by a glance of ironical compassion. It was now his turn to remain silent!

"Nay, then," cried Charney, in a sort of frenzy, "since it must needs be sacrificed, it shall die by no hand but mine!"

"I forbid you to touch it!" exclaimed the commandant; and extending his cane before Charney, as if to create a barrier between the prisoner and his idol, he renewed his orders to Ludovico, who, seizing the stem, was about to uproot it from the earth.

The Count, startled into submission, stood like an image of despair.

Near the bottom of the stem, below the lowest branches where the sap had got power to circulate, a single flower, fresh and brilliant, had just expanded! Already all the others were drooping, withered, on their stalks; but this single one retained its beauty, as yet uncrushed by the rude hand of the jailer. Springing in the midst of a little tuft of leaves, whose verdure threw out in contrast the vivid colors of its petals, the flower seemed to turn imploringly towards its master. He even fancied its last perfumes were exhaling towards him; and as the tears arose in his eyes, he seemed to see the beloved object enlarge, disappear, and at last bloom out anew. The human being and the flower so strangely attached to each other were interchanging an eternal farewell!

If at that moment, when so many human passions were called into action by the existence of an humble vegetable, a stranger could have entered unprepared the prison court of Fenestrella, where the sky shed a somber and saddening reflection, the aspect of the officers of justice invested in their tricolored scarfs, of the commandant issuing his ruthless orders in a tone of authority, would naturally have seemed to announce some frightful execution, of which Ludovico was the executioner, and Charney the victim whose sentence of death had just been recited to him. And see! they come! Strangers *are* entering the court, two strangers, the one an aid-de-camp of General Menon; the other, a page of the Empress Josephine. The dust with which their uniforms are covered attests with what speed they have performed their journey to the fortress; yet a minute more, and they had been too late!

At the noise produced by their arrival, Ludovico, raising his head, relaxed his grasp of Picciola, and confronted Charney face to face. Both the jailer and the prisoner were pale as death!

The commandant had now received from the hands of the

aid-de-camp an order, the perusal of which seemed to strike him with astonishment; but after taking a turn or two in the courtyard to compare in his mind the order of to-day with that of the day preceding, he assumed a more courteous demeanor, and approaching the Count de Charney placed in his hands the missive of General Menon. Trembling with emotion, the prisoner read as follows: —

His Majesty the Emperor and King deputes me, sir, to inform you that he grants the petition forwarded to him by the prisoner Charney, now under your custody in the fortress of Fenestrella, relative to a plant growing among the stones of one of its pavements. Such as are likely to be injurious to the flower must be instantly removed; for which purpose you are requested to consult the wishes and convenience of your prisoner.

"Long live the Emperor!" cried Ludovico.

"Long live the Emperor!" murmured another voice, which seemed to issue from the adjoining wall; and while all this was proceeding, the commandant stood leaning on his cane by way of keeping himself in countenance; the two officers of justice, completely puzzled, were trying in vain to connect the new turn of affairs with the plot which their imagination had created; while the aid-de-camp and page secretly wondered what could be the motive of the haste which had been so urgently recommended to them. The latter now addressed Charney to inform him that the letter contained a postscript in the handwriting of the Empress; and the Count turning over the page read aloud as follows: —

I earnestly recommend Monsieur the Count de Charney to the good offices of Captain Morand; to whom I shall feel personally obliged for any acts of kindness by which he may be enabled to alleviate the situation of his prisoner. JOSEPHINE.

"Long live the Empress!" cried Ludovico. Charney said not a word. *His* feelings could not be satisfied with less than raising to his lips the precious signature of his benefactress. The letter, held for some minutes in silence before his eyes, seemed to conceal his face from the curiosity of the spectators.

REMINISCENCES OF NAPOLEON'S WARS.

By BARON DE MARBOT.

[Baron Marcellin de Marbot was born in 1782, at the castle of Larivière, department of Corrèze, France. He became major-general in Napoleon's wars, and served under five of the great marshals, finally as chief of staff; 1815–1818 was in exile; 1829 aide-de-camp to the Duke of Orleans, and in regular service till 1848, taking part in the Algerian campaign. He died in 1854.]

Marshal Augereau.

Most of the generals who became celebrated in the early wars of the Revolution rose from the lower ranks of society; but it is wrong to imagine, as some have done, that they were without education and owed their success to nothing but their brilliant courage. Augereau especially has been much misjudged. People have thought fit to represent him as a kind of rough, noisy, ill-conditioned swashbuckler. This is a mistake; for, although his youth was pretty stormy, and though he fell into sundry errors in politics, he was kind, well-mannered, and affectionate. I can assert that of the five marshals under whom I served he was distinctly the one who did most to alleviate the evils of war, who showed most kindness to non-combatants, and treated his officers the best, living with them like a father among his children. He had an extremely disturbed life, but before judging him one must consider the manners and customs of the period.

Pierre Augereau was born in Paris, 1757. His father did a large business as a fruiterer, and had amassed a sufficient fortune to enable him to educate his children well. His mother was a native of Munich, and she had the good sense always to speak German to her son, so that he spoke it perfectly, which both in his travels and in war was of great use to him. Augereau was a handsome man, tall and well built. He was fond of all physical exercises, and a proficient at them: a good rider, and an excellent swordsman. At the age of seventeen he lost his mother, and her brother, who was one of the secretaries of "Monsieur," obtained his enlistment in the carabineers, of which that prince was proprietary colonel. He passed some years at Saumur, the regular garrison of the carabineers. His attention to duty and his good conduct soon raised him to the rank of non-commissioned officer. Unfortunately, at that time

there was a craze for duelling, and Augereau's reputation as an excellent fencer compelled him to fight often, for among the garrison it was the correct thing to allow no superior. Noblemen, officers, soldiers, used to fight on the most futile grounds. Thus it happened that on one occasion, when Augereau was on a long leave in Paris, the celebrated fencing-master Saint-Georges, seeing him pass, said in the presence of several swordsmen that "there went one of the best blades in France." Thereupon a sergeant of dragoons named Belair, who claimed to be the next best to Saint-Georges, wrote to Augereau that he would like to fight him unless the other would admit his superiority. Augereau answered that he would do nothing of the sort, so they met in the Champs Elysées, and Belair got a thrust right through the body. He recovered, and, having left the service, married and became the father of eight children. In the early days of the Empire, being at a loss how to feed them, it occurred to him to apply to his old adversary, now become a marshal. I knew the man; he was witty and gay in a very original fashion. He called upon Augereau with a fiddle under his arm, and said that, having nothing to give his eight children for dinner, he was going to make them dance to keep up their spirits unless the marshal would kindly give him the means of supplying them with more substantial nourishment. Augereau recognized Belair, asked him to dinner, gave him money, and in a few days obtained him a very good post in the Government Parcels Office, and got two of his sons into a *lycée*. This conduct needs no remark.

All Augereau's duels did not end thus. According to a most absurd usage, ancient feuds existed between certain regiments, the cause of which was often pretty much forgotten, but which were handed down from one generation to another, and gave rise to duels whenever those corps met. Thus the Lunéville gendarmes and the carabineers had been at war for more than half a century, although in all this period they had not seen each other. At last, at the beginning of Louis XVI.'s reign, these two bodies were summoned to the camp at Compiègne; so to show that they were no less brave than their predecessors, carabineers and gendarmes resolved to fight, and the custom was of such ancient date that the chiefs felt bound to wink at it. However, in order to avoid too great bloodshed, they contrived to make a regulation that there should be only one duel. Each corps was to appoint a combatant to

represent it, and after that there should be a truce. As the self-esteem of each side required that the selected champion should be victorious, the carabineers picked out their twelve best swordsmen, Augereau being among them, and it was agreed to choose by lot the one to whom the honor of the regiment should be intrusted. The lot was that day even blinder than usual, for it fell upon a sergeant named Donnadieu, who had five children. Augereau remarked that they ought not to have put among the papers one bearing the name of a father of a family, and demanded to act as his substitute. Donnadieu declared that as the lot had fallen on him he would go out; Augereau insisted. At last the generous contest was terminated by the meeting accepting Augereau's proposal. They soon learnt who was the combatant chosen by the gendarmes, and it only remained to bring the adversaries together, so that a shadow of a quarrel might furnish a pretext for the meeting.

Augereau's adversary was a terrible man, an excellent swordsman, and a professional duellist, who, to keep his hand in while waiting, had on the previous day killed two sergeants of the Garde Française. Augereau, without letting himself be frightened by this bully's reputation, went off to the café, where he knew that he would come, and sat down at a table to wait for him. The gendarme entered, and as soon as the carabineers' champion was pointed out to him he turned up his coat-tails and sat down insolently on the table with his hindquarters a foot from Augereau's face. The latter was at this moment taking a cup of very hot coffee; he gently opened the slit which in those days existed in the waistband of the leather breeches worn by the cavalry, and poured the scalding liquid upon the person of the impertinent gendarme. The man turned round in a fury. The quarrel was started, and they went off to the ground, followed by a crowd of carabineers and gendarmes. On the way the gendarme, by way of a ferocious raillery of his intended victim, asked Augereau in a jeering tone, "Would you rather be buried in the town or in the country?" Augereau replied, "I prefer the country, I have always liked the open air." "Very good," said the gendarme, turning to his second, "you may put him beside the two whom I packed off yesterday and the day before." This was not very encouraging, and might have shaken the nerves of another than Augereau. It was not so with him. Resolved to defend

his life to the best of his power, he played so close and so well that his adversary, enraged at being unable to touch him, lost his temper and blundered. Augereau, always calm, profited by this to run him through, remarking, "You shall be buried in the country."

When the camp was broken up the carabineers returned to Saumur, where Augereau continued to serve quietly until a disastrous event drove him into a life of adventure. A young officer of high birth and very hasty temper, happening to find some fault with the manner in which the horses were groomed, fell foul of Augereau, and in a fit of anger offered to strike him with his whip in presence of the whole squadron. Augereau replied to the insult by sending the imprudent officer's whip flying from his hand. In a rage he drew his sword and attacked Augereau, saying, "Defend yourself!" Augereau at first confined himself to parrying, but, having been wounded, he at length returned a thrust, and the officer fell dead. General Count de Malseigne, who commanded the carabineers as deputy for "Monsieur," was soon informed of this affair; and although the eye-witnesses with one accord testified that Augereau had been most unjustly provoked, and that it was a case of lawful self-defense, the interest which he took in Augereau led him to think it advisable to get him out of the way. He therefore summoned a soldier named Papon, a native of Geneva, whose time expired in a few days, and asked him to let Augereau have his paper of discharge, promising him another shortly. Papon agreed, for which Augereau was always most grateful to him. Having reached Geneva, he learnt that in spite of the evidence a court-martial had condemned him to death for having drawn his sword on an officer.

The Papon family exported watches largely to the East. Augereau resolved to accompany the clerk who was sent in charge of them, and thus visited Greece, the Ionian Islands, Constantinople, and the shores of the Black Sea. When he was in the Crimea a Russian colonel, judging from his fine bearing that he had been a soldier, offered him the rank of sergeant. Augereau accepted, and passed some years in the Russian army, serving under Souvaroff against the Turks, and being wounded at the assault on Ismail. Peace having been made between Russia and the Porte, Augereau's regiment was ordered to Poland; but, not caring to stay longer among the Russians, half-barbarous as they were, he deserted and reached

Prussia. There he took service, at first in Prince Henry's regiment; later on his stature and his pleasing countenance gained him admission into Frederick the Great's celebrated regiment of guards. He was there for two years, and his captain held out hopes of promotion for him, when one day the King, reviewing his guards, stopped in front of Augereau. "There is a fine grenadier: what countryman is he?" said the King. "A Frenchman, sir." "So much the worse," replied Frederick, who had come to hate the French as much as he once liked them; "so much the worse. If he had been a Swiss or a German, we might have made something of him."

After this assurance from the King's mouth that he would never come to anything in Prussia, he decided to leave the country; not an easy thing to do, for every desertion was signaled by a cannon-shot, and the populace at once pursued in order to get the reward, while the deserter when taken was shot. To avoid this misfortune and regain his liberty, Augereau, knowing well that a good third of the guards who were foreigners like himself longed for nothing better than to get out of Prussia, got speech of some sixty of the boldest, and pointed out that if they deserted individually they were lost, as two or three men were quite able to arrest one. The right thing was for them all to go off together with arms and ammunition, so as to be able to defend themselves. They acted accordingly, Augereau taking command. Though attacked on the road by the peasants, and even by a detachment of soldiers, these determined men, with loss of some of their numbers, but with greater loss to their assailants, reached in one night a small place belonging to Saxony, not more than ten leagues from Potsdam. Augereau went on to Dresden, where he gave dancing and fencing lessons until the birth of Louis XVI.'s eldest son. The French government celebrated this event by an amnesty to all deserters, which enabled Augereau not only to return to Paris, but also to reënter the carabineers. His sentence was quashed, and General de Malseigne claimed him back as one of the best sergeants in the regiment. Augereau thus recovered his rank and his position. In 1788 the King of Naples, feeling the necessity of reform in his army, asked the King of France to send him as instructors some officers and non-commissioned officers, promising them an advance in rank. Augereau was among those selected, and on arriving in Naples received the rank of sub-lieutenant. He served there several years, and had

just become lieutenant, when he fell in love with the daughter of a Greek merchant. Her father being unwilling to agree to his proposal, they got secretly married ; then, going on board the first ship that they found starting, they went to Lisbon, where they lived quietly for some time.

An Adventure at Eylau.

I must go back to the autumn of 1805, when the officers of the Grand Army, among their preparations for the battle of Austerlitz, were completing their outfits. I had two good horses ; the third for whom I was looking, my charger, was to be better still. It was a difficult thing to find, for though horses were far less dear than now, their price was pretty high, and I had not much money ; but chance served me admirably. I met a learned German, Herr von Aister, whom I had known when he was a professor at Sorèze. He had become tutor to the children of a rich Swiss banker, M. Schérer, established at Paris in partnership with M. Finguerlin. He informed me that M. Finguerlin, a wealthy man, living in fine style, had a large stud, in the first rank of which figured a lovely mare, called Lisette, easy in her paces, as light as a deer, and so well broken that a child could lead her. But this mare, when she was ridden, had a terrible fault, and fortunately a rare one : she bit like a bulldog, and furiously attacked people whom she disliked, which decided M. Finguerlin to sell her. She was bought for Mme. de Lauriston, whose husband, one of the Emperor's aides-de-camp, had written to her to get his campaigning outfit ready. When selling the mare M. Finguerlin had forgotten to mention her fault, and that very evening a groom was found disemboweled at her feet. Mme. de Lauriston, reasonably alarmed, brought action to cancel the bargain ; not only did she get her verdict, but in order to prevent further disasters, the police ordered that a written statement should be placed in Lisette's stall to inform purchasers of her ferocity, and that any bargain with regard to her should be void unless the purchaser declared in writing that his attention had been called to the notice. You may suppose that with such a character as this the mare was not easy to dispose of, and thus Herr von Aister informed me that her owner had decided to let her go for what any one would give. I offered 1000 francs, and M. Finguerlin delivered Lisette to me, though she had cost

him 5000. This animal gave me a good deal of trouble for some months. It took four or five men to saddle her, and you could only bridle her by covering her eyes, and fastening all four legs ; but once you were on her back, you found her a really incomparable mount.

However, since while in my possession she had already bitten several people, and had not spared me, I was thinking of parting with her. But I had meanwhile engaged in my service Francis Woirland, a man who was afraid of nothing, and he, before going near Lisette, whose bad character had been mentioned to him, armed himself with a good hot roast leg of mutton. When the animal flew at him to bite him, he held out the mutton ; she seized it in her teeth, and burning her gums, palate, and tongue, gave a scream, let the mutton drop, and from that moment was perfectly submissive to Woirland, and did not venture to attack him again. I employed the same method with a like result. Lisette became as docile as a dog, and allowed me and my servant to approach her freely. She even became a little more tractable towards the stablemen of the staff, whom she saw every day, but woe to the strangers who passed near her ! I could quote twenty instances of her ferocity, but I will confine myself to one. While Marshal Augereau was staying at the château of Bellevue, near Berlin, the servants of the staff, having observed that when they went to dinner some one stole the sacks of corn that were left in the stable, got Woirland to unfasten Lisette and leave her near the door. The thief arrived, slipped into the stable, and was in the act of carrying off a sack, when the mare seized him by the nape of the neck, dragged him into the middle of the yard, and trampled on him till she broke two of his ribs. At the shrieks of the thief, people ran up, but Lisette would not let him go till my servant and I compelled her, for in her fury she would have flown at any one else. She had become still more vicious ever since the Saxon hussar officer, of whom I have told you, had treacherously laid open her shoulder with a sabre-cut on the battlefield of Jena.

Such was the mare which I was riding at Eylau at the moment when the fragments of Augereau's army corps, shattered by a hail of musketry and cannon-balls, were trying to rally near the great cemetery. The 14th of the line had remained alone on a hillock, which it could not quit except by the Emperor's order. The snow had ceased for the moment; we

could see how the intrepid regiment, surrounded by the enemy, was waving its eagle in the air to show that it still held its ground and asked for support. The Emperor, touched by the grand devotion of these brave men, resolved to try to save them, and ordered Augereau to send an officer to them with orders to leave the hillock, form a small square, and make their way towards us, while a brigade of cavalry should march in their direction and assist their efforts. This was before Murat's great charge. It was almost impossible to carry out the Emperor's wishes, because a swarm of Cossacks was between us and the 14th, and it was clear that any officer who was sent towards the unfortunate regiment would be killed or captured before he could get to it. But the order was positive, and the marshal had to comply.

It was customary in the Imperial army for the aides-de-camp to place themselves in file a few paces from their general, and for the one who was in front to go on duty first; then, when he had performed his mission, to return and place himself last, in order that each might carry orders in his turn, and dangers might be shared equally. A brave captain of engineers, named Froissard, who, though not an aide-de-camp, was on the marshal's staff, happened to be nearest to him, and was bidden to carry the order to the 14th. M. Froissard galloped off; we lost sight of him in the midst of the Cossacks, and never saw him again nor heard what had become of him. The marshal, seeing that the 14th did not move, sent an officer named David; he had the same fate as Froissard: we never heard of him again. Probably both were killed and stripped, and could not be recognized among the many corpses which covered the ground. For the third time the marshal called, "The officer for duty." It was my turn.

Seeing the son of his old friend, and I venture to say his favorite aide-de-camp, come up, the kind marshal's face changed, and his eyes filled with tears, for he could not hide from himself that he was sending me to almost certain death. But the Emperor must be obeyed. I was a soldier; it was impossible to make one of my comrades go in my place, nor would I have allowed it; it would have been disgracing me. So I dashed off. But though ready to sacrifice my life I felt bound to take all necessary precautions to save it. I had observed that the two officers who went before me had gone with swords drawn, which led me to think that they had purposed to defend them-

selves against any Cossacks who might attack them on the way. Such defense, I thought, was ill-considered, since it must have compelled them to halt in order to fight a multitude of enemies, who would overwhelm them in the end. So I went otherwise to work, and leaving my sword in the scabbard, I regarded myself as a horseman who is trying to win a steeplechase, and goes as quickly as possible and by the shortest line towards the appointed goal, without troubling himself with what is to right or left of his path. Now, as my goal was the hillock occupied by the 14th, I resolved to get there without taking any notice of the Cossacks, whom in thought I abolished. This plan answered perfectly. Lisette, lighter than a swallow and flying rather than running, devoured the intervening space, leaping the piles of dead men and horses, the ditches, the broken gun-carriages, the half-extinguished bivouac fires. Thousands of Cossacks swarmed over the plain. The first who saw me acted like sportsmen who, when beating, start a hare, and announce its presence to each other by shouts of "Your side! Your side!" but none of the Cossacks tried to stop me, first on account of the extreme rapidity of my pace, and also probably because, their numbers being so great, each thought that I could not avoid his comrades farther on; so that I escaped them all, and reached the 14th regiment without either myself or my excellent mare having received the slightest scratch.

I found the 14th formed in square on the top of the hillock, but as the slope was very slight the enemy's cavalry had been able to deliver several charges. These had been vigorously repulsed, and the French regiment was surrounded by a circle of dead horses and dragoons, which formed a kind of rampart, making the position by this time almost inaccessible to cavalry; as I found, for in spite of the aid of our men, I had much difficulty in passing over this horrible entrenchment. At last I was in the square. Since Colonel Savary's death at the passage of the Wkra, the 14th had been commanded by a major. While I imparted to this officer, under a hail of balls, the order to quit his position and try to rejoin his corps, he pointed out to me that the enemy's artillery had been firing on the 14th for an hour, and had caused it such loss that the handful of soldiers which remained would inevitably be exterminated if they went down into the plain, and that, moreover, there would not be time to prepare to execute such a movement, since a Russian column was marching on him, and was not more than a hun-

dred paces away. "I see no means of saving the regiment," said the major; "return to the Emperor, bid him farewell from the 14th of the line, which has faithfully executed his orders, and bear to him the eagle which he gave us, and which we can defend no longer; it would add too much to the pain of death to see it fall into the hands of the enemy." Then the major handed me his eagle. Saluted for the last time by the glorious fragment of the intrepid regiment with cries of "Vive l'Empéreur!" they were going to die for him. It was the *Cæsar morituri te salutant* of Tacitus [Suetonius], but in this case the cry was uttered by heroes.

The infantry eagles were very heavy, and their weight was increased by a stout oak pole on the top of which they were fixed. The length of the pole embarrassed me much, and as the stick without the eagle could not constitute a trophy for the enemy, I resolved with the major's consent to break it and only carry off the eagle. But at the moment when I was leaning forward from my saddle in order to get a better purchase to separate the eagle from the pole, one of the numerous cannon-balls which the Russians were sending at us went through the hinder peak of my hat, less than an inch from my head. The shock was all the more terrible since my hat, being fastened on by a strong leather strap under the chin, offered more resistance to the blow. I seemed to be blotted out of existence, but I did not fall from my horse; blood flowed from my nose, my ears, and even my eyes; nevertheless I could still hear and see, and I preserved all my intellectual faculties, although my limbs were paralyzed to such an extent that I could not move a single finger.

Meanwhile the column of Russian infantry which we had just perceived was mounting the hill; they were grenadiers wearing miter-shaped caps with metal ornaments. Soaked with spirits, and in vastly superior numbers, these men hurled themselves furiously on the feeble remains of the unfortunate 14th, whose soldiers had for several days been living only on potatoes and melted snow; that day they had not had time to prepare even this wretched meal. Still our brave Frenchmen made a valiant defense with their bayonets, and when the square had been broken, they held together in groups and sustained the unequal fight for a long time.

During this terrible struggle several of our men, in order not to be struck from behind, set their backs against my mare's

flanks, she, contrary to her practice, remaining perfectly quiet. If I had been able to move I should have urged her forward to get away from this field of slaughter. But it was absolutely impossible for me to press my legs so as to make the animal I rode understand my wish. My position was the more frightful since, as I have said, I retained the power of sight and thought. Not only were they fighting all round me, which exposed me to bayonet-thrusts, but a Russian officer with a hideous countenance kept making efforts to run me through. As the crowd of combatants prevented him from reaching me, he pointed me out to the soldiers around him, and they, taking me for the commander of the French, as I was the only mounted man, kept firing at me over their comrades' heads, so that bullets were constantly whistling past my ear. One of them would certainly have taken away the small amount of life that was still in me had not a terrible incident led to my escape from the mêlée.

Among the Frenchmen who had got their flanks against my mare's near flank was a quartermaster-sergeant, whom I knew from having frequently seen him at the marshal's, making copies for him of the "morning states." This man, having been attacked and wounded by several of the enemy, fell under Lisette's belly, and was seizing my leg to pull himself up, when a Russian grenadier, too drunk to stand steady, wishing to finish him by a thrust in the breast, lost his balance, and the point of his bayonet went astray into my cloak, which at that moment was puffed out by the wind. Seeing that I did not fall, the Russian left the sergeant and aimed a great number of blows at me. These were at first fruitless, but one at last reached me, piercing my left arm, and I felt with a kind of horrible pleasure my blood flowing hot. The Russian grenadier with redoubled fury made another thrust at me, but, stumbling with the force which he put into it, drove his bayonet into my mare's thigh. Her ferocious instincts being restored by the pain, she sprang at the Russian, and at one mouthful tore off his nose, lips, eyebrows, and all the skin of his face, making of him a living death's-head, dripping with blood. Then hurling herself with fury among the combatants, kicking and biting, Lisette upset everything that she met on her road. The officer who had made so many attempts to strike me tried to hold her by the bridle; she seized him by his belly, and carrying him off with ease, she bore him out of the crush to the foot of the hil-

lock, where, having torn out his entrails and mashed his body under her feet, she left him dying on the snow. Then, taking the road by which she had come, she made her way at full gallop towards the cemetery of Eylau. Thanks to the hussar's saddle on which I was sitting I kept my seat. But a new danger awaited me. The snow had begun to fall again, and great flakes obscured the daylight when, having arrived close to Eylau, I found myself in front of a battalion of the Old Guard, who, unable to see clearly at a distance, took me for an enemy's officer leading a charge of cavalry. The whole battalion at once opened fire on me; my cloak and my saddle were riddled, but I was not wounded nor was my mare. She continued her rapid course, and went through the three ranks of the battalion as easily as a snake through a hedge. But this last spurt had exhausted Lisette's strength; she had lost much blood, for one of the large veins in her thigh had been divided, and the poor animal collapsed suddenly and fell on one side, rolling me over on the other.

Stretched on the snow among the piles of dead and dying, unable to move in any way, I gradually and without pain lost consciousness. I felt as if I was being gently rocked to sleep. At last I fainted quite away, without being revived by the mighty clatter which Murat's ninety squadrons advancing to the charge must have made in passing close to me and perhaps over me.

I judge that my swoon lasted four hours, and when I came to my senses I found myself in this horrible position. I was completely naked, having nothing on but my hat and my right boot. A man of the transport corps, thinking me dead, had stripped me in the usual fashion, and wishing to pull off the only boot that remained, was dragging me by one leg with his foot against my body. The jerks which the man gave me had no doubt restored me to my senses. I succeeded in sitting up and spitting out the clots of blood from my throat. The shock caused by the wind of the ball had produced such an extravasation of blood, that my face, shoulders, and chest were black, while the rest of my body was stained red by the blood from my wound. My hat and my hair were full of bloodstained snow, and as I rolled my haggard eyes I must have been horrible to see. Anyhow, the transport man looked the other way, and went off with my property without my being able to say a single word to him, so utterly prostrate was I. But I

had recovered my mental faculties, and my thoughts turned towards God and my mother.

[He was recognized and saved by one of Augereau's valets whom he had befriended.]

Marshal Saint-Cyr.

On August 15 [1812], the Emperor's *fête* day, the 2d army corps arrived, in very low spirits, at Polotsk, where we found the 6th corps, formed by two fine Bavarian divisions, under General Wrede, and commanded in chief by a French general, Gouvion Saint-Cyr. The Emperor had sent this reenforcement of 8000 to 10,000 men to Marshal Oudinot, who would have received it with more satisfaction if he had not dreaded the influence of its leader. Saint-Cyr was, indeed, one of the most able soldiers in Europe; a contemporary and rival of Moreau, Hoche, Kleber, and Desaix, he had commanded successfully a wing of the Army of the Rhine at a time when Oudinot was colonel, or at most major-general. I never knew any one handle troops in battle better than Saint-Cyr. He was a son of a small landowner at Toul, and had studied for a civil engineer; but, disliking this profession, he became an actor in Paris, and it was he who created the famous part of Robert, the brigand chief, at the *Théâtre de la Cité*. The revolution of 1789 found him in this position; he entered a volunteer battalion, showed talent and much courage, and very quickly rose to the rank of lieutenant-general, and distinguished himself by many successes. He was of tall stature, but looked more like a professor than a soldier, which may perhaps be ascribed to the habit which, like the other generals of the Army of the Rhine, he had acquired of wearing neither uniform nor epaulettes, but a plain blue overcoat. It was impossible to find a calmer man; the greatest danger, disappointments, successes, defeats, were alike unable to move him. In presence of every sort of contingency he was like ice. It may be easily understood of what advantage such a character, backed by a taste for study and meditation, was to a general officer.

But Saint-Cyr had serious faults as well: he was jealous of his colleagues, and was often seen to keep his troops inactive when other divisions were being shattered close to him. Then he would advance, and, profiting by the enemy's weariness, would beat them, seeming thus to have the sole credit of the victory.

Further, if he was among the commanders who were best able to handle their troops on the field, he was undoubtedly the one who took least thought for their welfare. He never inquired if his soldiers had food, clothing, or boots, or if their arms were in good condition. He never held a review, never visited the hospitals, did not even ask if there were any. His view was that the colonels ought to see to all that. In a word, he expected that his regiments should be brought into the field all ready to fight, without troubling himself about the means to keep them in good condition. This method of procedure had done Saint-Cyr much harm, and wherever he had served, his troops, while doing justice to his military talents, had disliked him. His colleagues all dreaded having to act with him, and the different successive governments of France had only employed him from necessity. It was the same with the Emperor; and such was his antipathy for Saint-Cyr that he did not include him in his first creation of marshals, although he had a better record and much greater talent than the majority of those to whom Napoleon gave the baton. Such was the man who had just been placed under Oudinot's command, much to his regret, for he knew that he would be put in the shade by Saint-Cyr's superior ability.

On August 16, the day on which my eldest son Alfred was born, the Russian army, more than 60,000 strong, attacked Oudinot, who, with Saint-Cyr's Bavarians, had 52,000 men at his disposal. In an ordinary war an engagement in which 112,000 men took part would have been called a battle, and its decision would have had important results; but in 1812, amid belligerent forces amounting to 600,000 or 700,000 men, the meeting of 100,000 only reckoned as a combat. At any rate this is the name given to the affair between Oudinot and the Russians under the walls of Polotsk. This town, which stands on the left bank of the Dwina, is surrounded with ancient earthworks. Before the principal front of the place, the fields in which vegetables are grown are cut up by an infinite number of little watercourses; obstacles which, though not exactly impassable for guns and cavalry, hamper their march a good deal. These market-gardens extended to some half a league before the town; but to their left, along the bank of the Dwina, is a vast stretch of meadow, level as a carpet. That was the side by which the Russian general should have attacked Polotsk. He would thus have become master of the single

weak bridge of boats affording us our only communication with the left bank, whence we drew our supplies of ammunition and provisions. But Wittgenstein preferred to take the bull by the horns, and directed his main body towards the gardens, hoping to be able from thence to carry the place by escalade; the ramparts being, in fact, nothing but slopes easy to ascend, though commanding a distant view. The attack was smartly delivered; but our infantry defended the gardens bravely, while from the top of the ramparts our artillery, including the fourteen guns captured at Sivoshina, did terrible execution in the enemy's ranks. The Russians retired in disorder to reform in the plain; and Oudinot, instead of maintaining his good position, pursued them, and was in his turn repulsed. Thus a great part of the day passed; the Russians returning incessantly to the attack and the French always driving them back beyond the gardens. While the slaughter thus swayed to and fro Saint-Cyr followed Oudinot in silence; and whenever his opinion was asked he merely bowed and said: "My lord marshal!" as though he would say: "As they have made you a marshal, you must know more about the matter than a mere general like me; get out of it as best you can." . . .

The fighting slackened, and for the last hour of the day degenerated into sharpshooting. But Marshal Oudinot could not hide from himself that he would have to begin again next day. Full of thought over a state of things of which he could not see the issue, and brought up at every turn by Saint-Cyr's obstinate refusal to speak, he was riding along at a walk, followed by a single aide-de-camp, among his infantry skirmishers, when the enemy's marksmen, noticing the horseman with white plumes, made him their target, and sent a bullet into his arm.

The marshal at once sent word to Saint-Cyr that he was wounded, and handed the command over to him. Leaving to him the task of getting things straight, he left the field, crossed the bridge, and, leaving the army, retired to Lithuania, to get his hurt tended. It was two months before we saw him again.

Saint-Cyr seized the reins of command with a firm and capable hand, and in a few hours the aspect of things changed entirely — so great is the influence of an able man who knows how to inspire confidence. Marshal Oudinot had left the army in a most alarming situation — part of the troops with the river at their backs, others scattered about beyond the gardens, and

keeping up a disorderly fire; the ramparts badly furnished with guns; the streets of the town blocked with caissons, baggage wagons, and wounded, heaped together pell-mell; lastly, the troops had in case of defeat no other way of retreat than by the bridge of boats, which was very narrow, and six inches deep in water. Night was coming on, and the regiments of the different nations were so out of hand that it was quite possible for the sharpshooting to bring on a general action, which might be fatal to us.

General Saint-Cyr's first act was to call in the skirmishers. He was certain that the tired enemy would follow his example as soon as they were no longer attacked; and in fact the fire soon ceased on both sides. The troops could concentrate and take some rest, and business seemed to be put off until the next day. So that he might be in a position to engage with best chances of success, Saint-Cyr took advantage of the night to make his arrangements for repulsing the enemy, or securing his retreat in the event of a reverse. To this end he assembled the regimental commanders, and after having explained the dangers of the situation, the most serious of which was the crowded state of the town and of the approaches to the bridge, he gave orders that the colonels, with other officers and patrols, should go through the streets directing all the uninjured soldiers of their regiments to the bivouacs, and sending the sick and wounded and all led horses and wagons across the bridge. He added that at break of day he would go round the town and suspend any colonel who had not carried out his orders. No excuse would be accepted. The orders were quickly carried out, and all that was not required for the fight — all the impedimenta of the army, in short — was collected on the left bank. Soon the ramparts and streets, as well as the bridge, were completely clear. The bridge was strengthened, the cavalry and artillery brought back to the right bank and established in the suburb furthest from the enemy. Finally, to facilitate his means of retreat the prudent commander-in-chief had a second bridge, to be used only by infantry, constructed out of empty barrels and planks. All these preparations were finished before daylight, and the army awaited the enemy with confidence.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

By Charles Wolfe.

[1791–1823.]

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow;

Lightly they talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory.

UNDINE.

By LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.

[Baron Friedrich de la Motte Fouqué, German romance-writer, was born at Brandenburg in 1777. Grandson of a distinguished Prussian officer, he became one himself in 1792 and 1813; the rest of the time, till his death in 1843, he spent mostly in Paris, and on his country estate, feasting on the old legends of France, Spain, and the North, and shaping them into fantastic cloudland forms of prose and verse. Unreal as dreams, and full of quaint conceits and affectations, they are full also of pretty and elevated sentiment, and one of them, "Undine" (1811), rises into a symbolic beauty and pathos worthy of Goethe. "Sintram and his Companions" ranks next in popular memory; "Aslauga's Knight" and "The Companions" may be mentioned of stories filling several volumes. He wrote also dramas and epics.]

How the Knight found Undine.

[Sir Huldbrand of Ringstetten, exploring a haunted forest to keep the favor of a court beauty, Bertalda, the foster-daughter of a great nobleman, is forced by a supernatural storm to take refuge in the hut.]

During the conversation, the stranger had already occasionally heard a splash against the little low window, as if some one were sprinkling water against it. Every time the noise occurred, the old man knit his brow with displeasure; but when at last a whole shower was dashed against the panes, and bubbled into the room through the decayed casement, he rose angrily, and called threateningly from the window, "Undine! will you for once leave off these childish tricks? and to-day, besides, there is a stranger knight with us in the cottage." All was silent without, only a suppressed laugh was audible, and the fisherman said as he returned: "You must pardon it in her, my honored guest, and perhaps many a naughty trick besides; but she means no harm by it. It is our foster-child, Undine, and she will not wean herself from this childishness, although she has already entered her eighteenth year. But, as I said, at heart she is thoroughly good." . . .

Just then the door flew open, and a beautiful, fair girl glided into the room, and said, "You have only been jesting, father, for where is your guest?"

At the same moment, however, she perceived the knight, and stood fixed with astonishment before the handsome youth. Huldbrand was struck with her charming appearance, and dwelt

the more earnestly on her lovely features, as he imagined it was only her surprise that gave him this brief enjoyment, and that she would presently turn from his gaze with increased bashfulness. It was, however, quite otherwise; for after having looked at him for some time, she drew near him confidingly, knelt down before him, and said, as she played with a gold medal which he wore on his breast, suspended from a rich chain: "Why, you handsome, kind guest, how have you come to our poor cottage at last? Have you been obliged then to wander through the world for years, before you could find your way to us? Do you come out of that wild forest, my beautiful knight?" The old woman's reproof allowed him no time for reply. She admonished the girl to stand up and behave herself and to go to her work. Undine, however, without making any answer, drew a little footstool close to Huldbrand's chair, sat down upon it with her spinning, and said pleasantly, "I will work here." The old man did as parents are wont to do with spoiled children. He affected to observe nothing of Undine's naughtiness and was beginning to talk of something else. But this the girl would not let him do; she said, "I have asked our charming guest whence he comes, and he has not yet answered me."

"I come from the forest, you beautiful little vision," returned Huldbrand; and she went on to say: —

"Then you must tell me how you came there, for it is usually so feared, and what marvelous adventures you met with in it, for it is impossible to escape without something of the sort."

Huldbrand felt a slight shudder at this remembrance, and looked involuntarily toward the window, for it seemed to him as if one of the strange figures he had encountered in the forest were grinning in there; but he saw nothing but the deep dark night, which had now shrouded everything without. Upon this he composed himself and was on the point of beginning his little history, when the old man interrupted him by saying, "Not so, Sir Knight! this is no fit hour for such things." Undine, however, sprang angrily from her little stool, and standing straight before the fisherman with her fair arms fixed in her sides, she exclaimed: "He shall not tell his story, father? He shall not? But it is my will. He shall! He shall in spite of you!" And thus saying, she stamped her pretty little foot vehemently on the floor, but she did it all with such a comically

graceful air that Huldbrand now felt his gaze almost more riveted upon her in her anger than before in her gentleness.

The restrained wrath of the old man, on the contrary, burst forth violently. He severely reproved Undine's disobedience and unbecoming behavior to the stranger, and his good old wife joined with him heartily. Undine quickly retorted, "If you want to chide me, and won't do what I wish, then sleep alone in your old smoky hut!" and swift as an arrow she flew from the room, and fled into the dark night.

[The fisherman restrains the knight from going in search of her, and tells her story: that fifteen years before, their baby girl had leapt from her mother's arms into the lake while out in a boat, and was never found; that the same evening, a richly dressed little girl, three or four years old, dripping with water, came to their door, and they adopted her, and had her baptized by the name she herself insisted on — Undine.]

The knight interrupted the fisherman to draw his attention to a noise, as of a rushing flood of waters, which had caught his ear during the old man's talk, and which now burst against the cottage window with redoubled fury. Both sprang to the door. There they saw, by the light of the now risen moon, the brook which issued from the wood, widely overflowing its banks, and whirling away stones and branches of trees in its sweeping course. The storm, as if awakened by the tumult, burst forth from the mighty clouds which passed rapidly across the moon; the lake roared under the furious lashing of the wind; the trees of the little peninsula groaned from root to topmost bough, and bent, as if reeling, over the surging waters. "Undine! for Heaven's sake, Undine!" cried the two men in alarm. No answer was returned, and regardless of every other consideration, they ran out of the cottage, one in this direction, and the other in that, searching and calling.

The longer Huldbrand sought Undine beneath the shades of night, and failed to find her, the more anxious and confused did he become. The idea that Undine had been only a mere apparition of the forest, again gained ascendency over him; indeed, amid the howling of the waves and the tempest, the cracking of the trees, and the complete transformation of a scene lately so calmly beautiful, he could almost have considered the whole peninsula with its cottage and its inhabitants as a mocking illusive vision; but from afar he still ever heard

through the tumult the fisherman's anxious call for Undine and the loud praying and singing of his aged wife. At length he came close to the brink of the swollen stream, and saw in the moonlight how it had taken its wild course directly in front of the haunted forest, so as to change the peninsula into an island. "Oh God!" he thought to himself, "if Undine has ventured a step into that fearful forest, perhaps in her charming willfulness, just because I was not allowed to tell her about it; and now the stream may be rolling between us, and she may be weeping on the other side alone among phantoms and specters!" A cry of horror escaped him, and he clambered down some rocks and overthrown pine stems, in order to reach the rushing stream, and by wading or swimming to seek the fugitive on the other side. He remembered all the awful and wonderful things which he had encountered, even by day, under the now rustling and roaring branches of the forest. Above all it seemed to him as if a tall man in white, whom he knew but too well, was grinning and nodding on the opposite shore; but it was just these monstrous forms which forcibly impelled him to cross the flood, as the thought seized him that Undine might be among them in the agonies of death and alone.

He had already grasped the strong branch of a pine, and was standing supported by it, in the whirling current, against which he could with difficulty maintain himself; though with a courageous spirit he advanced deeper into it. Just then a gentle voice exclaimed near him, "Venture not, venture not, the old man the stream is full of tricks!" He knew the sweet tones; he stood as if entranced beneath the shadows that duskily shrouded the moon, and his head swam with the swelling of the waves, which he now saw rapidly rising to his waist. Still he would not desist.

"If thou art not really there, if thou art only floating about me like a mist, then may I too cease to live and become a shadow like thee, dear, dear Undine!" Thus exclaiming aloud, he again stepped deeper into the stream. "Look round thee, oh! look round thee, beautiful but infatuated youth!" cried a voice again close beside him, and looking aside, he saw by the momentarily unveiled moon, a little island formed by the flood, on which he perceived, under the interweaved branches of the overhanging trees, Undine smiling and happy, nestling in the flowery grass. . . .

The young knight took the beautiful girl in his arms, and bore her over the narrow passage which the stream had forced between her little island and the shore.

The old man fell upon Undine's neck and could not satisfy the exuberance of his joy; his good wife also came up and caressed the newly found in the heartiest manner. Not a word of reproach passed their lips; nor was it thought of, for Undine, forgetting all her waywardness, almost overwhelmed her foster parents with affection and fond expressions.

The Evening of the Wedding.

[The knight having engaged himself to Undine, her uncle the brook-spirit drives a journeying priest out of his way to the cottage, and he marries them.]

Both before and during the ceremony, Undine had shown herself gentle and quiet; but it now seemed as if all the wayward humors which rioted within her, burst forth all the more boldly and unrestrainedly. . . . At length the priest said in a serious and kind tone, "My fair young maiden, no one indeed can look at you without delight; but remember so to attune your soul betimes, that it may ever harmonize with that of your wedded husband."

"Soul!" said Undine laughing; "that sounds pretty enough, and may be a very edifying and useful caution for most people. But when one hasn't a soul at all, I beg you, what is there to attune then? and that is my case." The priest was silent and deeply wounded, and with holy displeasure he turned his face from the girl. She however went up to him caressingly, and said, "No! listen to me first, before you look angry, for your look of anger gives me pain, and you must not give pain to any creature who has done you no wrong — only have patience with me, and I will tell you properly what I mean."

It was evident that she was preparing herself to explain something in detail, but suddenly she hesitated, as if seized with an inward shuddering, and burst out into a flood of tears. Then none of them knew what to make of this ebullition, and filled with various apprehensions they gazed at her in silence. At length, wiping away her tears, and looking earnestly at the reverend man, she said: "There must be something beautiful, but at the same time extremely awful, about a soul. Tell me,

holy sir, were it not better that we never shared such a gift?" She was silent again as if waiting for an answer, and her tears had ceased to flow. All in the cottage had risen from their seats and had stepped back from her with horror. She, however, seemed to have eyes for no one but the holy man; her features wore an expression of fearful curiosity, which appeared terrible to those who saw her. "The soul must be a heavy burden," she continued, as no one answered her, "very heavy! for even its approaching image overshadows me with anxiety and sadness. And, ah! I was so light-hearted and so merry till now!" And she burst into a fresh flood of tears, and covered her face with the drapery she wore. . . .

[She and Huldbrand are left alone.]

Undine had sunk on her knees; she unveiled her face and said, looking timidly round on Huldbrand, "Alas! you will surely now not keep me as your own; and yet I have done no evil, poor child that I am!" As she said this, she looked so exquisitely graceful and touching, that her bridegroom forgot all the horror he had felt, and all the mystery that clung to her, and hastening to her, he raised her in his arms. She smiled through her tears; it was a smile like the morning light playing on a little stream. "You cannot leave me," she whispered, with confident security, stroking the knight's cheek with her tender hand. Huldbrand tried to dismiss the fearful thoughts that still lurked in the background of his mind, persuading him that he was married to a fairy or to some malicious and mischievous being of the spirit world, only the single question half unawares escaped his lips, "My little Undine, tell me this one thing, what was it you said of spirits of the earth and of Kühleborn, when the priest knocked at the door?"

"It was nothing but fairy tales! — children's fairy tales!" said Undine, with all her wonted gayety; "I frightened you at first with them, and then you frightened me, that's the end of our story and of our nuptial evening."

"Nay! that it isn't," said the knight, intoxicated with love; and extinguishing the tapers, he bore his beautiful beloved to the bridal chamber by the light of the moon which shone brightly through the windows.

The Day after the Wedding.

The fresh light of the morning awoke the young married pair. Wonderful and horrible dreams had disturbed Huldbrand's rest; he had been haunted by specters, who, grinning at him by stealth, had tried to disguise themselves as beautiful women, and from beautiful women they all at once assumed the faces of dragons, and when he started up from these hideous visions, the moonlight shone pale and cold into the room; terrified he looked at Undine, who still lay in unaltered beauty and grace. Then he would press a light kiss upon her rosy lips, and would fall asleep again only to be awakened by new terrors. After he had reflected on all this, now that he was fully awake, he reproached himself for any doubt that could have led him into error with regard to his beautiful wife. He begged her to forgive him for the injustice he had done her, but she only held out to him her fair hand, sighed deeply, and remained silent. But a glance of exquisite fervor beamed from her eyes such as he had never seen before, carrying with it the full assurance that Undine bore him no ill will. He then rose cheerfully and left her, to join his friends in the common apartment.

He found the three sitting round the hearth, with an air of anxiety about them, as if they dared not venture to speak aloud. The priest seemed to be praying in his inmost spirit that all evil might be averted. When, however, they saw the young husband come forth so cheerfully, the careworn expression of their faces vanished.

The old fisherman even began to jest with the knight so pleasantly that the aged wife smiled good-humoredly as she listened to them. Undine at length made her appearance. All rose to meet her, and all stood still with surprise, for the young wife seemed so strange to them and yet the same. The priest was the first to advance toward her, with paternal affection beaming in his face, and, as he raised his hand to bless her, the beautiful woman sank reverently on her knees before him. With a few humble and gracious words she begged him to forgive her for any foolish things she might have said the evening before, and entreated him in an agitated tone to pray for the welfare of her soul. She then rose, kissed her foster-parents, and thanking them for all the goodness they had shown her, she exclaimed, "Oh! I now feel in my innermost heart,

The Silence Broken

how much, how infinitely much, you have done for me, dear, kind people!" She could not at first desist from her caresses, but scarcely had she perceived that the old woman was busy in preparing breakfast, than she went to the hearth, cooked and arranged the meal, and would not suffer the good old mother to take the least trouble.

She continued thus throughout the whole day, quiet, kind, and attentive — at once a little matron and a tender, bashful girl. The three who had known her longest, expected every moment to see some whimsical vagary of her capricious spirit burst forth. But they waited in vain for it. Undine remained as mild and gentle as an angel. The holy father could not take his eyes from her, and he said repeatedly to the bridegroom, "The goodness of heaven, sir, has intrusted a treasure to you yesterday through me, unworthy as I am; cherish it as you ought, and it will promote your temporal and eternal welfare."

Toward evening Undine was hanging on the knight's arm with humble tenderness, and drew him gently out of the door, where the declining sun was shining pleasantly on the fresh grass, and upon the tall, slender stems of the trees. The eyes of the young wife were moist, as with the dew of sadness and love, and a tender and fearful secret seemed hovering on her lips, which, however, was only disclosed by scarcely audible sighs. She led her husband onward and onward in silence; when he spoke, she only answered him with looks, in which, it is true, there lay no direct reply to his inquiries, but a whole heaven of love and timid devotion. Thus they reached the edge of the swollen forest stream, and the knight was astonished to see it rippling along in gentle waves, without a trace of its former wildness and swell. "By the morning it will be quite dry," said the beautiful wife, in a regretful tone, "and you can then travel away wherever you will, without anything to hinder you."

"Not without you, my little Undine," replied the knight, laughing; "remember, even if I wished to desert you, the church, and the spiritual powers, and the emperor, and the empire would interpose and bring the fugitive back again."

"All depends upon you, all depends upon you," whispered his wife, half weeping and half smiling. "I think, however, nevertheless, that you will keep me with you. I love you so heartily. Now carry me across to that little island that lies before us. The matter shall be decided there. I could easily

indeed glide through the rippling waves, but it is so restful in your arms, and if you were to cast me off, I shall have sweetly rested in them once more for the last time."

Huldbrand, full as he was of strange fear and emotion, knew not what to reply. He took her in his arms and carried her across, remembering now for the first time that this was the same little island from which he had borne her back to the old fisherman on that first night. On the further side he put her down on the soft grass, and was on the point of placing himself lovingly near his beautiful burden, when she said: "No, there, opposite to me! I will read my sentence in your eyes, before your lips speak; now, listen attentively to what I will relate to you." And she began: —

"You must know, my loved one, that there are beings in the elements which almost appear like mortals, and which rarely allow themselves to become visible to your race. Wonderful salamanders glitter and sport in the flames; lean and malicious gnomes dwell deep within the earth; spirits, belonging to the air, wander through the forests, and a vast family of water spirits live in the lakes, and streams, and brooks. In resounding domes of crystal, through which the sky looks in with its sun and stars, these latter spirits find their beautiful abode; lofty trees of coral with blue and crimson fruits gleam in their gardens; they wander over the pure sand of the sea, and among lovely variegated shells, and amid all exquisite treasures of the old world, which the present is no longer worthy to enjoy; all these the floods have covered with their secret veils of silver, and the noble monuments sparkle below, stately and solemn, and bedewed by the loving waters which allure from them many a beautiful moss-flower and entwining cluster of sea grass. Those, however, who dwell there are very fair and lovely to behold, and for the most part are more beautiful than human beings. Many a fisherman has been so fortunate as to surprise some tender mermaid as she rose above the waters and sang. He would tell afar of her beauty, and such wonderful beings have been given the name of Undines. You, however, are now actually beholding an Undine."

The knight tried to persuade himself that his beautiful wife was under the spell of one of her strange humors, and that she was taking pleasure in teasing him with one of her extravagant inventions. But repeatedly as he said this to himself, he could

not believe it for a moment; a strange shudder passed through him; unable to utter a word, he stared at the beautiful narrator with an immovable gaze. Undine shook her head sorrowfully, drew a deep sigh, and then proceeded as follows: —

"Our condition would be far superior to that of other human beings — for human beings we call ourselves, being similar to them in form and culture — but there is one evil peculiar to us. We and our like in the other elements vanish into dust and pass away, body and spirit, so that not a vestige of us remains behind; and when you mortals hereafter awake to a purer life, we remain with the sand and the sparks and the wind and the waves. Hence we have also no souls; the element moves us, and is often obedient to us while we live, though it scatters us to dust when we die; and we are merry, without having aught to grieve us — merry as the nightingales and the little gold-fishes and other pretty children of nature. But all things aspire to be higher than they are. Thus, my father, who is a powerful water prince in the Mediterranean Sea, desired that his only daughter should become possessed of a soul, even though she must then endure many of the sufferings of those thus endowed. Such as we are, however, can only obtain a soul by the closest union of affection with one of your human race. I am now possessed of a soul, and my soul thanks you, my inexpressibly beloved one, and it will ever thank you, if you do not make my whole life miserable. For what is to become of me, if you avoid and reject me? Still, I would not retain you by deceit. And if you mean to reject me, do so now, and return alone to the shore. I will dive into this brook, which is my uncle; and here in the forest, far removed from other friends, he passes his strange and solitary life. He is, however, powerful, and is esteemed and beloved by many great streams; and as he brought me hither to the fisherman, a light-hearted, laughing child, he will take me back again to my parents, a loving, suffering, and soul-endowed woman."

She was about to say still more, but Huldbrand embraced her with the most heartfelt emotion and love, and bore her back again to the shore. It was not till he reached it that he swore amid tears and kisses never to forsake his sweet wife, calling himself more happy than the Greek Pygmalion, whose beautiful statue received life from Venus and became his loved one. In endearing confidence, Undine walked back to the

cottage, leaning on his arm; feeling now for the first time, with all her heart, how little she ought to regret the forsaken crystal palaces of her mysterious father.

The Fatal Voyage.

[Undine becomes deeply attached to Bertalda on meeting her at Ratisbon, and takes her to live with them at Ringstetten, where Huldbrand's heart turns from his half-unearthly bride to the coarse and worldly but wholly mortal Bertalda. The river spirit Kühleborn is enraged at this, and Undine has the castle fountain covered with a stone to prevent his exit there, for vengeance on her rival and her husband; to Bertalda's anger, as she thinks the fountain water good for her complexion. Finally Bertalda suggests a journey down the Danube to Vienna; and Undine only stipulates that her husband shall not show ill-will to her and favor to her rival there, to rouse the spirits' anger.]

During the first few days of their voyage down the Danube they were extremely happy. Everything grew more and more beautiful as they sailed further and further down the proudly flowing stream. But in a region, otherwise so pleasant, and in the enjoyment of which they had promised themselves the purest delight, the ungovernable Kühleborn began, undisguisedly, to exhibit his power of interference. This was indeed manifested in mere teasing tricks, for Undine often rebuked the agitated waves or the contrary winds, and then the violence of the enemy would be immediately humbled; but again the attacks would be renewed, and again Undine's reproofs would become necessary, so that the pleasure of the little party was completely destroyed. The boatmen, too, were continually whispering to each other in dismay, and looking with distrust at the three strangers, whose servants even began more and more to forbode something uncomfortable, and to watch their superiors with suspicious glances. Huldbrand often said to himself, "This comes from like not being linked with like, from a man uniting himself with a mermaid!" Excusing himself, as we all love to do, he would often think indeed as he said this, "I did not really know that she was a sea-maiden; mine is the misfortune, that every step I take is disturbed and haunted by the wild caprices of her race, but mine is not the fault." By thoughts such as these, he felt himself in some measure strengthened, but on the other hand he felt increasing ill humor and almost animosity toward Undine. He would look at her with an expression of anger, the meaning of which the poor wife understood well. Wearied with this exhibition of displeasure, and ex-

hausted by the constant effort to frustrate Kühleborn's artifices, she sank one evening into a deep slumber, rocked soothingly by the softly gliding bark.

Scarcely, however, had she closed her eyes, than every one in the vessel imagined he saw, in whatever direction he turned, a most horrible human head; it rose out of the waves, not like that of a person swimming, but perfectly perpendicular, as if invisibly supported upright on the watery surface, and floating along in the same course with the bark. Each wanted to point out to the other the cause of his alarm, but each found the same expression of horror depicted on the face of his neighbor, only that his hands and eyes were directed to a different point where the monster, half-laughing and half-threatening, rose before him. When, however, they all wished to make each other understand what each saw, and all were crying out: "Look there! No, there!" the horrible heads all at one and the same time appeared to their view, and the whole river around the vessel swarmed with the most hideous apparitions. The universal cry raised at the sight awoke Undine. As she opened her eyes, the wild crowd of distorted visages disappeared. But Huldbrand was indignant at such unsightly jugglery. He would have burst forth in uncontrolled imprecations had not Undine said to him with a humble manner and a softly imploring tone, "For God's sake, my husband, we are on the water, do not be angry with me now."

The knight was silent, and sat down absorbed in reverie. Undine whispered in his ear, "Would it not be better, my love, if we gave up this foolish journey, and returned to castle Ringstetten in peace?"

But Huldbrand murmured moodily: "So I must be a prisoner in my own castle, and only be able to breathe so long as the fountain is closed! I would your mad kindred—" Undine lovingly pressed her fair hand upon his lips. He paused, pondering in silence over much that Undine had before said to him.

Bertalda had meanwhile given herself up to a variety of strange thoughts. She knew a good deal of Undine's origin, and yet not the whole, and the fearful Kühleborn especially had remained to her a terrible but wholly unrevealed mystery. She had indeed never even heard his name. Musing on these strange things, she unclasped, scarcely conscious of the act, a gold necklace, which Huldbrand had lately purchased for her

of a traveling trader; half dreamingly she drew it along the surface of the water, enjoying the light glimmer it cast upon the evening-tinted stream. Suddenly a huge hand was stretched out of the Danube; it seized the necklace and vanished with it beneath the waters. Bertalda screamed aloud, and a scornful laugh resounded from the depths of the stream. The knight could now restrain his anger no longer. Starting up, he inveighed against the river; he cursed all who ventured to interfere with his family and his life, and challenged them, be they spirits or sirens, to show themselves before his avenging sword.

Bertalda wept meanwhile for her lost ornament, which was so precious to her, and her tears added fuel to the flame of the knight's anger, while Undine held her hand over the side of the vessel, dipping it into the water, softly murmuring to herself, and only now and then interrupting her strange mysterious whisper, as she entreated her husband: "My dearly loved one, do not scold me here: reprove others if you will, but not me here. You know why!" And indeed, he restrained the words of anger that were trembling on his tongue. Presently in her wet hand which she had been holding under the waves, she brought up a beautiful coral necklace of so much brilliancy that the eyes of all were dazzled by it.

"Take this," said she, holding it out kindly to Bertalda; "I have ordered this to be brought for you as a compensation, and don't be grieved any more, my poor child."

But the knight sprang between them. He tore the beautiful ornament from Undine's hand, hurled it again into the river, exclaiming in passionate rage: "Have you then still a connection with them? In the name of all the witches, remain among them with your presents, and leave us mortals in peace, you sorceress!"

Poor Undine gazed at him with fixed but tearful eyes, her hand still stretched out, as when she had offered her beautiful present so lovingly to Bertalda. She then began to weep more and more violently, like a dear innocent child bitterly afflicted. At last, wearied out she said: "Alas, sweet friend, alas! They shall do you no harm; only remain true, so that I may be able to keep them from you. I must, alas! go away; I must go hence at this early stage of life. Oh, woe, woe! what have you done! Oh, woe, woe!"

She vanished over the side of the vessel. Whether she plunged into the stream, or flowed away with it, they knew

not; her disappearance was like both and neither. Soon, however, she was completely lost sight of in the Danube; only a few little waves kept whispering, as if sobbing, round the boat, and they almost seemed to be saying: "Oh, woe, woe! oh, remain true! oh, woe!"

Huldbrand lay on the deck of the vessel, bathed in hot tears, and a deep swoon soon cast its veil of forgetfulness over the unhappy man.

Undine Reclaims her Own.

[Huldbrand marries Bertalda, who finds freckles on her neck and allows a maid to order the fountain uncovered.]

The men raised the enormous stone with an effort; now and then indeed one of their number would sigh, as he remembered that they were destroying the work of their former beloved mistress. But the labor was far lighter than they had imagined. It seemed as if a power within the spring itself was aiding them in raising the stone.

"It is just," said the workmen to each other in astonishment, "as if the water within had become a springing fountain." And the stone rose higher and higher, and, almost without the assistance of the workmen, it rolled slowly down upon the pavement with a hollow sound. But from the opening of the fountain there rose solemnly a white column of water; at first they imagined it had really become a springing fountain, till they perceived that the rising form was a pale female figure veiled in white. She was weeping bitterly, raising her hands wailingly above her head and wringing them, as she walked with a slow and serious step to the castle building. The servants fled from the spring: the bride, pale and stiff with horror, stood at the window with her attendants. When the figure had now come close beneath her room, it looked moaningly up to her, and Bertalda thought she could recognize beneath the veil the pale features of Undine. But the sorrowing form passed on, sad, reluctant, and faltering, as if passing to execution.

Bertalda screamed out that the knight must be called, but none of her maids ventured from the spot; and even the bride herself became mute, as if trembling at her own voice.

While they were still standing fearfully at the window, motionless as statues, the strange wanderer had reached the

castle, passed up the well-known stairs, and through the well-known halls, ever in silent tears. Alas! how differently had she once wandered through them!

The knight, partly undressed, had already dismissed his attendants, and was standing in a mood of deep dejection before a large mirror; a taper was burning dimly beside him. There was a gentle tap at his door. Undine used to tap thus when she wanted playfully to tease him. "It is all fancy," said he to himself. "I must seek my nuptial bed."

"So you must, but it must be a cold one!" he heard a tearful voice say from without, and then he saw in the mirror his door opening slowly — slowly — and the white figure entered, carefully closing it behind her. "They have opened the spring," said she softly, "and now I am here, and you must die."

He felt in his paralyzed heart that it could not be otherwise, but covering his eyes with his hands, he said: "Do not make me mad with terror in my hour of death. If you wear a hideous face behind that veil, do not raise it, but take my life, and let me see you not."

"Alas!" replied the figure, "will you then not look upon me once more? I am as fair as when you wooed me on the promontory."

"Oh, if it were so!" sighed Huldbrand, "and if I might die in your fond embrace!"

"Most gladly, my loved one," said she; and throwing her veil back, her lovely face smiled forth divinely beautiful. Trembling with love and with the approach of death, she kissed him with a holy kiss; but not relaxing her hold she pressed him fervently to her, and as if she would weep away her soul. Tears rushed into the knight's eyes, and seemed to surge through his heaving breast, till at length his breathing ceased, and he fell softly back from the beautiful arms of Undine, upon the pillows of his couch — a corpse.

"I have wept him to death," said she to some servants who met her in the antechamber; and, passing through the affrighted group, she went slowly out toward the fountain.

The knight was to be interred in the village churchyard, which was filled with the graves of his ancestors. And this church had been endowed with rich privileges and gifts both by these ancestors and by himself. His shield and helmet lay

already on the coffin, to be lowered with it into the grave, for Sir Huldbrand of Ringstetten had died the last of his race; the mourners began their sorrowful march, singing requiems under the bright, calm canopy of heaven; Father Heilmann walked in advance, bearing a high crucifix, and the inconsolable Bertalda followed, supported by her aged father. Suddenly, in the midst of the black-robed attendants in the widow's train, a snow-white figure was seen closely veiled, and wringing her hands with fervent sorrow. Those near whom she moved felt a secret dread, and retreated either backward or to the side, increasing by their movements the alarm of the others near to whom the white stranger was now advancing, and thus a confusion in the funeral train was well-nigh beginning. Some of the military escort were so daring as to address the figure, and to attempt to remove it from the procession; but she seemed to vanish from under their hands, and yet was immediately seen advancing again amid the dismal cortège with slow and solemn step. At length, in consequence of the continued shrinking of the attendants to the right and to the left, she came close behind Bertalda. The figure now moved so slowly that the widow did not perceive it, and it walked meekly and humbly behind her undisturbed.

This lasted till they came to the churchyard, where the procession formed a circle round the open grave. Then Bertalda saw her unbidden companion, and starting up half in anger and half in terror, she commanded her to leave the knight's last resting place. The veiled figure, however, gently shook her head in refusal, and raised her hands as if in humble supplication to Bertalda, deeply agitating her by the action, and recalling to her with tears how Undine had so kindly wished to give her that coral necklace on the Danube. Father Heilmann motioned with his hand and commanded silence, as they were to pray in mute devotion over the body, which they were now covering with the earth. Bertalda knelt silently, and all knelt, even the grave-diggers among the rest, when they had finished their task. But when they rose again, the white stranger had vanished; on the spot where she had knelt there gushed out of the turf a little silver spring, which rippled and murmured away till it had almost entirely encircled the knight's grave; then it ran further and emptied itself into a lake which lay by the side of the burial place. Even to this

day the inhabitants of the village show the spring and cherish the belief that it is the poor rejected Undine, who in this manner still embraces her husband in her loving arms.

REJECTED ADDRESSES.

By JAMES and HORACE SMITH.

[JAMES and HORACE SMITH were Londoners, sons of a prominent lawyer, and born in 1775 and 1779 respectively. James became a lawyer, Horace a stockbroker; both were accomplished and popular bachelor wits and diners-out. The Drury Lane Theater having burned, a new one was completed in 1812, and the management offered a prize for the best address to be spoken at the opening, October 10. Those submitted were trashy, Byron finally writing one on request; and the two Smiths had the inspiration of concocting travesties in the style of well-known writers, and publishing them as part of the addresses sent in for the competition. These are still livingly familiar and classic. James was content with this success, and wrote little more except highly successful texts for Charles Matthews' parlor entertainments, and topical songs like the exquisite "Taking of Sebastopol" for his own rendering as an entertainer; but Horace wrote novels now forgotten and poems of which the "Address to a Mummy" is well known. James died in 1839, Horace in 1849.]

LOYAL EFFUSION.

By WILLIAM THOMAS FITZGERALD.

HAIL, glorious edifice, stupendous work!
God bless the Regent and the Duke of York!
Ye Muses! by whose aid I cried down Fox,
Grant me in Drury Lane a private box,
Where I may loll, cry Bravo! and profess
The boundless powers of England's glorious press;
While Afric's sons exclaim, from shore to shore,
"Quashee ma boo!" — the slave-trade is no more!
In fair Arabia (happy once, now stony,
Since ruined by that arch apostate Bony),
A Phœnix late was caught: the Arab host
Long pondered — part would boil it, part would roast.
But while they ponder, up the potlid flies;
Fledged, beaked, and clawed alive they see him rise
To heaven, and caw defiance in the skies.
So Drury, first in roasting flames consumed,
Then by old renters to hot water doomed,
By Wyatt's trowel patted, plump and sleek,
Soars without wings, and caws without a beak.

Gallia's stern despot shall in vain advance
From Paris, the metropolis of France;
By this day month, the monster shall not gain
A foot of land in Portugal or Spain.
See Wellington in Salamanca's field
Forces his favorite general to yield,
Breaks through his lines, and leaves his boasted Marmont
Expiring on the plain without his arm on;
Madrid he enters at the cannon's mouth,
And then the villages still further south.
Base Buonapartè, filled with deadly ire,
Sets, one by one, our playhouses on fire.
Some years ago he pounced with deadly glee on
The Opera House, then burnt down the Pantheon;
Nay, still unsated, in a coat of flames,
Next at Millbank he crossed the river Thames;
Thy hatch, O Halfpenny, passed in a trice,
Boiled some black pitch, and burnt down Astley's twice;
Then buzzing on through ether with a vile hum,
Turned to the left hand, fronting the Asylum,
And burnt the Royal Circus in a hurry —
('Twas called the Circus then, but now the Surrey).
Who burnt (confound his soul!) the houses twain
Of Covent Garden and of Drury Lane?
Who, while the British squadron lay off Cork
(God bless the Regent and the Duke of York!)
With a foul earthquake ravaged the Caraccas,
And raised the price of dry goods and tobaccos?
Who makes the quartern loaf and Luddites rise?
Who fills the butchers' shops with large blue flies?
Who thought in flames St. James's court to pinch?
Who burnt the wardrobe of poor Lady Finch? —
Why he, who, forging for this isle a yoke,
Reminds me of a line I lately spoke,
"The tree of freedom is the British oak."
Bless every man possessed of aught to give;
Long may Long Tylney Wellesley Long Pole live;
God bless the Army, bless their coats of scarlet,
God bless the Navy, bless the Princess Charlotte;
God bless the guards, though worsted Gallia scoff,
God bless their pig-tails, though they're now cut off;
And, oh! in Downing Street should Old Nick revel,
England's prime minister, then bless the devil!

The Baby's Debut.

By William Wordsworth.

[*Spoken in the character of* Nancy Lake, *a girl eight years of age, who is drawn upon the stage in a child's chaise by* Samuel Hughes, *her uncle's porter.*]

My brother Jack was nine in May,
And I was eight on New-year's-day;[1]
So in Kate Wilson's shop
Papa (he's my papa and Jack's)
Bought me last week a doll of wax,
And brother Jack a top.

Jack's in the pouts, and this it is,—
He thinks mine came to more than his;
So to my drawer he goes,
Takes out the doll, and, O my stars!
He pokes her head between the bars,
And melts off half her nose!

Quite cross, a bit of string I beg,
And tie it to his peg-top's peg,
And bang, with might and main,
Its head against the parlor door:
Off flies the head, and hits the floor,
And breaks a window-pane.

This made him cry with rage and spite:
Well, let him cry, it serves him right.
A pretty thing, forsooth!
If he's to melt, all scalding hot,
Half my doll's nose, and I am not
To draw his peg-top's tooth!

Aunt Hannah heard the window break,
And cried, "O naughty Nancy Lake,
Thus to distress your aunt:
No Drury Lane for you today!"
And while papa said, "Pooh, she may!"
Mamma said, "No, she shan't!"

[1] The brothers apologized for this in a later edition, on the ground that they were then both bachelors, and knew no better.

Well, after many a sad reproach,
They got into a hackney coach,
And trotted down the street.
I saw them go: one horse was blind,
The tails of both hung down behind,
Their shoes were on their feet.

The chaise in which poor brother Bill
Used to be drawn to Pentonville,
Stood in the lumber-room:
I wiped the dust from off the top,
While Molly mopped it with a mop,
And brushed it with a broom.

My uncle's porter, Samuel Hughes,
Came in at six to black the shoes,
(I always talk to Sam:)
So what does he but takes and drags
Me in the chaise along the flags,
And leaves me where I am.

My father's walls are made of brick,
But not so tall and not so thick
As these; and, goodness me,
My father's beams are made of wood,
But never, never half so good
As those that now I see.

What a large floor! 'tis like a town!
The carpet, when they lay it down,
Won't hide it, I'll be bound.
And there's a row of lamps! — my eye!
How they do blaze! I wonder why
They keep them on the ground?

At first I caught hold of the wing,
And kept away; but Mr. Thing-
um bob, the prompter man,
Gave with his hand my chaise a shove,
And said, "Go on, my pretty love;
Speak to 'em, little Nan.

"You've only got to curtsey, whisp-
er, hold your chin up, laugh, and lisp,
And then you're sure to take;

I've known the day when brats, not quite
Thirteen, got fifty pounds a night;
Then why not Nancy Lake?"

But while I'm speaking, where's papa?
And where's my aunt? and where's mamma?
Where's Jack? Oh, there they sit!
They smile, they nod; I'll go my ways,
And order round poor Billy's chaise,
To join them in the pit.

And now, good gentlefolks, I go
To join mamma, and see the show;
So, bidding you adieu,
I curtsey, like a pretty miss,
And if you'll blow to me a kiss,
I'll blow a kiss to you.

[*Blows a kiss and exit.*

Cui Bono?

By Lord Byron.

Sated with home, of wife, of children tired,
The restless soul is driven abroad to roam;
Sated abroad, all seen, yet naught admired,
The restless soul is driven to ramble home;
Sated with both, beneath new Drury's dome
The fiend Ennui awhile consents to pine,
There growls, and curses, like a deadly Gnome,
Scorning to view fantastic Columbine,
Viewing with scorn and hate the nonsense of the Nine.

Ye reckless dupes, who hither wend your way
To gaze on puppets in a painted dome,
Pursuing pastimes glittering to betray,
Like falling stars in life's eternal gloom,
What seek ye here? Joy's evanescent bloom?
Woe's me! the brightest wreaths she ever gave
Are but as flowers that decorate a tomb.
Man's heart, the mournful urn o'er which they wave,
Is sacred to despair, its pedestal the grave.

Has life so little store of real woes,
That here ye wend to taste fictitious grief?

Or is it that from truth such anguish flows,
Ye court the lying drama for relief?
Long shall ye find the pang, the respite brief:
Or if one tolerable page appears
In folly's volume, 'tis the actor's leaf,
Who dries his own by drawing others' tears,
And, raising present mirth, makes glad his future years.

Albeit, how like young Betty doth he flee!
Light as the mote that danceth in the beam,
He liveth only in man's present e'e;
His life a flash, his memory a dream,
Oblivious down he drops in Lethe's stream.
Yet what are they, the learned and the great?
Awhile of longer wonderment the theme!
Who shall presume to prophesy *their* date,
Where naught is certain, save the uncertainty of fate?

* * * * * * *

For what is Hamlet, but a hare in March?
And what is Brutus but a croaking owl?
And what is Rolla? Cupid steeped in starch,
Orlando's helmet in Augustin's cowl.
Shakespeare, how true thine adage, "fair is foul!"
To him whose soul is with fruition fraught,
The song of Braham is an Irish howl,
Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
And naught is everything, and everything is naught.

* * * * * * *

Hence, pedant Nature! with thy Grecian rules!
Centaurs (not fabulous) those rules efface;
Back, sister Muses, to your native schools;
Here booted grooms usurp Apollo's place,
Hoofs shame the boards that Garrick used to grace,
The play of limbs succeeds the play of wit,
Man yields the drama to the Hou'yn'm race,
His prompter spurs, his licenser the bit,
The stage a stable-yard, a jockey-club the pit.

Is it for these ye rear this proud abode?
Is it for these your superstition seeks
To build a temple worthy of a god,
To laud a monkey, or to worship leeks!
Then be the stage, to recompense your freaks,
A motley chaos, jumbling age and ranks,
Where Punch, the lignum-vitæ Roscius, squeaks,

And Wisdom weeps and Folly plays his pranks,
And moody Madness laughs and hugs the chain he clanks.

Hampshire Farmer's Address.

By William Cobbett.

To the Secretary of the Managing Committee of Drury Lane Playhouse.

Sir, — To the gewgaw fetters of *rhyme* (invented by the monks to enslave the people) I have a rooted objection. I have therefore written an address for your Theater in plain, homespun, yeoman's *prose;* in the doing whereof I hope I am swayed by nothing but an *independent* wish to open the eyes of this gulled people, to prevent a repetition of the dramatic *bamboozling* they have hitherto labored under. If you like what I have done, and mean to make use of it, I don't want any such *aristocratic* reward as a piece of plate with two griffins sprawling upon it, or a *dog* and a *jackass* fighting for a ha'p'-worth of *gilt gingerbread*, or any such Bartholomew Fair nonsense. All I ask is that the doorkeepers of your playhouse may take all the *sets of my Register* now on hand, and *force* everybody who enters your doors to buy one, giving afterwards a debtor and creditor account of what they have received, *post-paid*, and in due course remitting me the money and unsold Registers, *carriage-paid.*

I am, etc.,

W. C.

In the Character of a Hampshire Farmer.

Most Thinking People, — When persons address an audience from the stage, it is usual, either in words or gesture, to say, "Ladies and Gentlemen, your servant." If I were base enough, mean enough, paltry enough, and *brute beast* enough, to follow that fashion, I should tell two lies in a breath. In the first place, you are *not* Ladies and Gentlemen, but I hope something better, that is to say, honest men and women; and in the next place, if you were ever so much ladies, and ever so much gentlemen, I am not, *nor ever will be*, your humble servant. You see me here, *most thinking people*, by mere chance. I have not been within the doors of a playhouse before for these ten years; nor, till that abominable custom of taking money at the doors is discontinued, will I ever sanction a

theater with my presence. The stage door is the only gate of *freedom* in the whole edifice, and through that I made my way from Bagshaw's [publisher of Cobbett's Register] in Brydges Street, to accost you. Look about you. Are you not all comfortable? Nay, never slink, mun: speak out, if you are dissatisfied, and tell me so before I leave town. You are now (thanks to *Mr. Whitbread*) got into a large, comfortable house. Not into a *gimcrack palace;* not into a *Solomon's temple;* not into a frost-work of Brobdingnag filigree; but into a plain, honest, homely, industrious, wholesome, *brown brick playhouse.* You have been struggling for independence and elbow room these three years; and who gave it you? Who helped you out of Lilliput? Who routed you from a rat hole, five inches by four, to perch you in a palace? Again and again I answer, *Mr. Whitbread.* You might have sweltered in that place with the Greek name [the Lyceum Theater] till doomsday, and neither *Lord Castlereagh*, *Mr. Canning*, no, nor the *Marquess Wellesley*, would have turned a trowel to help you out! Remember that. Never forget that. Read it to your children, and to your children's children! And now, *most thinking people*, cast your eyes over my head to what the builder (I beg his pardon, the architect) calls the *proscenium.* No motto, no slang, no popish Latin, to keep the people in the dark. No *veluti in speculum.* Nothing in the dead languages, properly so called, for they ought to die, aye, and be *damned* to boot! The Covent Garden manager tried that, and a pretty business he made of it! When a man says *veluti in speculum*, he is called a man of letters. Very well, and is not a man who cries O. P. a man of letters too? You ran your O. P. against his *veluti in speculum*, and pray which beat? I prophesied that, though I never told anybody. I take it for granted that every intelligent man, woman, and child, to whom I address myself, has stood severally and respectively in Little Russell Street, and cast their, his, her, and its eyes on the outside of this building before they paid their money to view the inside. Look at the brickwork, *English Audience!* Look at the brickwork! All plain and smooth like a Quakers' meeting. None of your Egyptian pyramids, to entomb subscribers' capital. No overgrown colonnades of stone, like an alderman's gouty legs in white cotton stockings, fit only to use as rammers for paving Tottenham Court Road. This house is neither after the model of a temple in Athens, no, nor a *temple* in *Moorfields*, but it is

built to act English plays in; and, provided you have good scenery, dresses, and decorations, I daresay you wouldn't break your hearts if the outside were as plain as the pikestaff I used to carry when I was a sergeant. *Apropos*, as the French valets say, who cut their masters' throats [alluding to a recent murder] — *apropos*, a word about dresses. You must, many of you, have seen what I have read a description of, Kemble and Mrs. Siddons in Macbeth, with more gold and silver plastered on their doublets than would have kept an honest family in butchers' meat and flannel from year's end to year's end! I am informed (now mind, I do not vouch for the fact), but I am informed that all such extravagant idleness is to be done away with here. Lady Macbeth is to have a plain quilted petticoat, a cotton gown, and a *mob cap* (as the court parasites call it; — it will be well for them, if, one of these days, they don't wear a mob cap — I mean a *white cap*, with a *mob* to look at them); and Macbeth is to appear in an honest yeoman's drab coat and a pair of black calamanco breeches. Not *Sal*amanca; no, nor *Talavera* neither, my most Noble Marquess; but plain, honest, black calamanco stuff breeches. This is right; this is as it should be. *Most thinking people*, I have heard you much abused. There is not a compound in the language but is strung fifty in a rope, like onions, by the *Morning Post*, and hurled in your teeth. You are called the mob; and when they have made you out to be the mob, you are called the *scum* of the people, and the *dregs* of the people. I should like to know how you can be both. Take a basin of broth — not *cheap soup*, *Mr. Wilberforce* — not soup for the poor, at a penny a quart, as your mixture of horses' legs, brickdust, and old shoes, was denominated — but plain, wholesome, patriotic beef or mutton broth; take this, examine it, and you will find — mind, I don't vouch for the fact, but I am told — you will find the dregs at the bottom, and the scum at the top. I will endeavor to explain this to you: England is a large *earthenware pipkin;* John Bull is the *beef* thrown into it; taxes are the *hot water* he boils in; rotten boroughs are the *fuel* that blazes under this same pipkin; Parliament is the *ladle* that stirs the hodge-podge, and sometimes ——. But, hold! I don't wish to pay *Mr. Newman* [keeper of Newgate] a second visit. I leave you better off than you have been this many a day: you have a good house over your head; you have beat the French in Spain; the harvest has turned out well; the comet [of 1811] keeps its dis-

tance; and red slippers are hawked about in Constantinople for next to nothing; and for all this, *again and again* I tell you, you are indebted to *Mr. Whitbread!!!*

Drury's Dirge.

By Laura Matilda.

[A generalized type of the "Della Crusca" poetasters of the time, satirized into silence by Gifford: one of them really signed "Anna Matilda."]

Balmy Zephyrs, lightly flitting,
Shade me with your azure wing;
On Parnassus' summit sitting,
Aid me, Clio, while I sing.

Softly slept the dome of Drury
O'er the empyreal crest,
When Alecto's sister-fury
Softly slumb'ring sunk to rest.

Lo! from Lemnos limping lamely,
Lags the lowly Lord of Fire,
Cytherea yielding tamely
To the Cyclops dark and dire.

Clouds of amber, dreams of gladness,
Dulcet joys and sports of youth,
Soon must yield to haughty sadness;
Mercy holds the veil to Truth.

See Erostratus the second
Fires again Diana's fane;
By the Fates from Orcus beckoned,
Clouds envelop Drury Lane.

Lurid smoke and frank suspicion
Hand in hand reluctant dance:
While the God fulfils his mission,
Chivalry, resign thy lance.

Hark! the engines blandly thunder,
Fleecy clouds disheveled lie,
And the firemen, mute with wonder,
On the son of Saturn cry.

See the bird of Ammon sailing,
Perches on the engine's peak,

And, the Eagle firemen hailing,
Soothes them with its bickering beak.

Juno saw, and, mad with malice,
Lost the prize that Paris gave:
Jealousy's ensanguined chalice,
Mantling pours the Orient wave.

Pan beheld Patroclus dying,
Nox to Niobe was turned;
From Busiris Bacchus flying,
Saw his Semele inurned.

Thus fell Drury's lofty glory,
Leveled with the shuddering stones;
Mars, with tresses black and gory,
Drinks the dew of pearly groans.

Hark! what soft Eolian numbers
Gem the blushes of the morn!
Break, Amphion, break your slumbers,
Nature's ringlets deck the thorn.

Ha! I hear the strain erratic
Dimly glance from pole to pole;
Raptures sweet and dreams ecstatic
Fire my everlasting soul.

Where is Cupid's crimson motion?
Billowy ecstasy of woe,
Bear me straight, meandering ocean,
Where the stagnant torrents flow.

Blood in every vein is gushing,
Vixen vengeance lulls my heart;
See, the Gorgon gang is rushing!
Never, never let us part!

The Theater.

By George Crabbe.

A Preface of Apologies.

If the following poem should be fortunate enough to be selected for the opening address, a few words of explanation may be deemed necessary, on my part, to avert invidious misrepresentation. The animadversion I have thought it right to

make on the noise created by tuning the orchestra, will, I hope, give no lasting remorse to any of the gentlemen employed in the band. It is to be desired that they would keep their instruments ready tuned, and strike off at once. This would be an accommodation to many well-meaning persons who frequent the theater, who, not being blest with the ear of St. Cecilia, mistake the tuning for the overture, and think the latter concluded before it is begun.

"——— one fiddle will
Give, half-ashamed, a tiny flourish still,"

was originally written "one hautboy will"; but, having providentially been informed, when this poem was on the point of being sent off, that there is but one hautboy in the band, I averted the storm of popular and managerial indignation from the head of its blower: as it now stands, "one fiddle" among many, the faulty individual will, I hope, escape detection. The story of the flying playbill is calculated to expose a practice much too common, of pinning playbills to the cushions insecurely, and frequently, I fear, not pinning them at all. If these lines save one playbill only from the fate I have recorded, I shall not deem my labor ill employed. The concluding episode of Patrick Jennings glances at the boorish fashion of wearing the hat in the one-shilling gallery. Had Jennings thrust his between his feet at the commencement of the play, he might have leaned forward with impunity, and the catastrophe I relate would not have occurred. The line of handkerchiefs formed to enable him to recover his loss is purposely so crossed in texture and materials as to mislead the reader in respect to the real owner of any one of them. For in the statistical view of life and manners which I occasionally present, my clerical profession has taught me how extremely improper it would be by any allusion, however slight, to give any uneasiness, however trivial, to any individual, however foolish or wicked.

G. C.

'Tis sweet to view, from half-past five to six,
Our long wax candles, with short cotton wicks,
Touched by the lamplighter's Promethean art,
Start into light, and make the lighter start;
To see red Phœbus through the gallery pane
Tinge with his beam the beams of Drury Lane:
While gradual parties fill our widened pit,
And gape, and gaze, and wonder, ere they sit.

At first, while vacant seats give choice and ease,
Distant or near, they settle where they please;
But when the multitude contracts the span,
And seats are rare, they settle where they can.

Now the full benches to late-comers doom
No room for standing, miscalled *standing room.*

Hark! the check-taker moody silence breaks,
And bawling "Pit full!" gives the check he takes;
Yet onward still the gathering numbers cram,
Contending crowders shout the frequent damn,
And all is bustle, squeeze, row, jabbering, and jam.

See to their desks Apollo's sons repair —
Swift rides the rosin o'er the horse's hair!
In unison their various tones to tune,
Murmurs the hautboy, growls the hoarse bassoon;
In soft vibration sighs the whispering lute,
Tang goes the harpsichord, too-too the flute,
Brays the loud trumpet, squeaks the fiddle sharp,
Winds the French horn, and twangs the tingling harp;
Till, like great Jove, the leader, figuring in,
Attunes to order the chaotic din.
Now all seems hushed — but no, one fiddle will
Give, half-ashamed, a tiny flourish still.
Foiled in his crash, the leader of the clan
Reproves with frowns the dilatory man:
Then on his candlestick thrice taps his bow,
Nods a new signal, and away they go.

Perchance, while pit and gallery cry, "Hats off!"
And awed Consumption checks his chided cough,
Some giggling daughter of the Queen of Love
Drops, reft of pin, her playbill from above:
Like Icarus, while laughing galleries clap,
Soars, ducks, and dives in air the printed scrap;
But, wiser far than he, combustion fears,
And, as it flies, eludes the chandeliers;
Till, sinking gradual, with repeated twirl,
It settles, curling, on a fiddler's curl;
Who from his powdered pate the intruder strikes,
And, for mere malice, sticks it on the spikes.

Say, why these Babel strains from Babel tongues?
Who's that calls "Silence!" with such leathern lungs?
He who, in quest of quiet, "Silence!" hoots,
Is apt to make the hubbub he imputes.

What various swains our motley walls contain! —
Fashion from Moorfields, honor from Chick Lane;
Bankers from Paper Buildings here resort,
Bankrupts from Golden Square and Riches Court;
From the Haymarket canting rogues in grain,
Gulls from the Poultry, sots from Water Lane;
The lottery-cormorant, the auction-shark,
The full-price master, and the half-price clerk;
Boys who long linger at the gallery door,
With pence twice five — they want but twopence more;
Till some Samaritan the twopence spares,
And sends them jumping up the gallery stairs.

Critics we boast who ne'er their malice balk,
But talk their minds — we wish they'd mind their talk;
Big-worded bullies, who by quarrels live —
Who give the lie, and tell the lie they give;
Jews from St. Mary Axe, for jobs so wary,
That for old clothes they'd even axe St. Mary;
And bucks with pockets empty as their pate,
Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait;
Who oft, when we our house lock up, carouse
With tippling tipstaves in a lock-up house.

Yet here, as elsewhere, Chance can joy bestow,
Where scowling Fortune seemed to threaten woe.

John Richard William Alexander Dwyer
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire;
But when John Dwyer listed in the Blues,
Emanuel Jennings polished Stubbs's shoes.
Emanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy
Up as a corn-cutter — a safe employ;
In Holywell Street, St. Pancras, he was bred
(At number twenty-seven, it is said),
Facing the pump, and near the Granby's Head:
He would have bound him to some shop in town,
But with a premium he could not come down.
Pat was the urchin's name — a red-haired youth,
Fonder of purl and skittle-grounds than truth.

Silence, ye gods! to keep your tongues in awe,
The Muse shall tell an accident she saw.

Pat Jennings in the upper gallery sat,
But, leaning forward, Jennings lost his hat:

Down from the gallery the beaver flew
And spurned the one to settle in the two.
How shall he act? Pay at the gallery door
Two shillings for what cost, when new, but four?
Or till half price, to save his shilling, wait,
And gain his hat again at half-past eight?
Now, while his fears anticipate a thief,
John Mullens whispers, "Take my handkerchief."
"Thank you," cries Pat; "but one won't make a line."
"Take mine," cried Wilson; and cried Stokes, "Take mine."
A motley cable soon Pat Jennings ties,
Where Spitalfields with real India vies.
Like Iris' bow, down darts the painted clew,
Starred, striped, and spotted, yellow, red, and blue,
Old calico, torn silk, and muslin new.
George Green below, with palpitating hand,
Loops the last 'kerchief to the beaver's band —
Upsoars the prize! The youth with joy unfeigned,
Regained the felt, and felt what he regained;
While to the applauding galleries grateful Pat
Made a low bow, and touched the ransomed hat.

THE SHIP DUELS AND THE PRIVATEERS.[1]

By J. B. MacMASTER.

(From "History of the United States.")

[John Bach MacMaster, American historian, was born at Brooklyn, N.Y., June 29, 1852; is professor of American history in the University of Pennsylvania. His chief work is the "History of the People of the United States" (1883–1895), not yet completed. He has also written "Benjamin Franklin" in the "American Men of Letters" series, etc.]

While the army which the republicans had expected would long since have taken Canada was meeting with disaster after disaster on land, the hated and neglected navy was winning victory after victory on the sea. Such was the neglect into which this arm of the service had been suffered to fall, that but five ships were ready for sea on the day war was declared. Two of these, by order of the Secretary, were riding at anchor

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in the lower bay at New York, where, on the 21st of June, the "United States," the "Congress," and the "Argus" came in from the southward and joined them. The arrival of the frigates was most timely; for they had hardly passed the Hook before Commodore John Rodgers, who commanded, received news of the declaration of war, and within an hour the fleet — composed of the "President," the "United States," the "Congress," the "Argus," and the "Hornet" — weighed anchor and stood out to sea. Rodgers had orders to strike any of the British cruisers that had so long been searching merchantmen off Sandy Hook and return to port. But information had been received that the homeward-bound plate fleet had left Jamaica late in May, and he went off in pursuit. For a while he ran southeast, till, falling in with an American brig that had seen the Jamaica fleet of eighty-five vessels, under convoy, in latitude 36° north, longitude 67° west, he set sail in that direction, and at six in the morning of June 23, made out a stranger in the northeast. She proved to be the British thirty-six-gun frigate "Belvidera," Captain Richard Byron, which stood toward the fleet for a few minutes, and then turned and went off to the northeast, with the Americans in hot pursuit. The "President," happening to be the best sailer, came up with her late in the afternoon, fired three shots into her stern, and was about to send a fourth when the gun exploded, killing and wounding sixteen men, and among them Captain Rodgers. Confusion and demoralization followed, the sailing became bad, the shots fell short, and the "Belvidera," cutting away her anchors and throwing her barge, gig, yawl, and jolly-boat into the sea, and starting fourteen tons of water, drew ahead and was soon out of danger. The fleet now went a second time in pursuit of the Jamaica men, and kept up the chase till within a day's run of the English Channel, when they stood to the southward and came back to Boston by way of Madeira, the Western Islands, and the Grand Banks.

While Rodgers was thus searching for the plate fleet, an English squadron was looking for him. Three days after her fight with the "President," the "Belvidera" reached Halifax with the news of war. Vice Admiral Sawyer instantly dispatched Captain Philip Bowes Vere Broke with the "Shannon," the "Africa," the "Æolus," and the "Belvidera," to destroy Rodgers' fleet. Sweeping down the coast, the squadron was joined at Nantucket Island by the "Guerrière," and on July

16 fell in with and took the brig "Nautilus," then one day from port. Luck was with them, and twenty-four hours later the "Constitution," Captain Isaac Hull, ran into their midst.

She had left Annapolis on the 12th of July, and had experienced such light winds and strong currents that on the afternoon of the 17th she had gone no farther than Barnegat, on the coast of New Jersey, when the lookout about two o'clock in the afternoon descried four sails to the northward, and by and by a fifth in the northeast. Five was the number of Rodgers' fleet. But Hull, not feeling sure that the strangers were friends, and finding that he was getting too near the coast, changed his course and went off due east toward the nearest ship, which was the "Guerrière," Captain James Richards Dacres. Captain Dacres had parted from the squadron some time before, and, not expecting to meet it so soon, believed the vessels to be the fleet of Captain Rodgers. He would not join them, therefore, and, on sighting the "Constitution" coming toward him, kept away, so that it was half-past seven before Hull caught up with the Guerrière, and, clearing for action, ran on side by side with her, but not venturing to fire lest she might be a friend.

Captain Broke, meanwhile, seeing the two frigates near together, concluded they were Americans, and carefully abstained from making any signals lest they should be frightened away. The situation at nightfall was thus most complicated: the British fleet supposed the "Guerrière" and the "Constitution" were Americans; the "Guerrière" supposed the British fleet belonged to the United States and was not certain as to the "Constitution," while Captain Hull was not sure as to the character of the "Guerrière." He was not long in doubt, however, for about three in the morning the "Guerrière" fired two guns and a rocket and made off. Daylight showed that the fleet belonged to the enemy, and Hull turned to escape.

And now began the most exciting chase recorded in naval annals. During the night the Englishmen closed in about him, and when the mist and the darkness lifted, the "Shannon" was some five miles astern; two others were to leeward, and the rest of the fleet ten miles astern. The ocean being quite calm and no wind stirring, Hull put out his boats to tow the "Constitution." Broke imitated him, and summoned all the boats of his squadron to tow the "Shannon"; and having furled all sail was gaining steadily on the "Constitution," when a little

breeze swept over the water and sent her a few hundred yards ahead before the "Shannon" could shake out her sails and catch it. But the wind soon died out, and the "Shannon," creeping up, got near enough to throw her shot over the "Constitution." Fearing that this would soon destroy the rigging and so make her a prize to the fleet, Lieutenant Charles Morris suggested kedging. Hull took the suggestion, ordered all the spare rope to be payed down into the cutters, which were sent half a mile ahead, where a kedge was let go. The moment the anchor touched bottom a signal was given, the crew, in the language of the sailors, "clapped on," and the ship was warped ahead. Meantime a second kedge had been carried forward and dropped, so that when the first was tripped the second was ready to be hauled on. This device Broke also imitated, and all that day and till late the next night the "Constitution" and her pursuers kept on towing and kedging and occasionally exchanging harmless shots. A light breeze then sprang up, which freshened toward midnight, and the men were allowed to rest till two in the morning of the 19th, when the wind once more died out and kedging was again resorted to. By noon the breeze became light again, and about half-past six in the evening a squall of rain was seen coming over the ocean. For this, as for everything, Hull was ready, and keeping his sails taut till just before the squall struck, he then, in a moment, furled the light ones and double-reefed the others, and so led the English captains to believe that a gust of unusual violence was near. Without waiting for it to strike them, they at once shortened sail and bore up before the wind, which compelled them to take a course just the opposite of that of the "Constitution." The squall was really very light, and as soon as the rain hid him from his pursuers Hull made all sail, and, though the fleet continued the pursuit till the next morning, he escaped after a chase of three nights and two days, or sixty-six hours. Six days later he entered Boston harbor.

There he stayed till August 2, when he again put to sea. Having no orders, he ran down to the Bay of Fundy, sailed along the coast of Nova Scotia, passed Newfoundland, and took his station off Cape Race, captured some merchantmen, and, sailing southward, spoke a Salem privateer whose captain informed him that a frigate was not far distant. Taking the course indicated, Hull, on the afternoon of August 19, sighted his old enemy the "Guerrière." The order to clear

the decks was instantly given; the boatswain's cry, "All hands clear ship for action!" sounded through the frigate; the fife and drum beat to quarters, and every man hurried to his place and work. Marines and sailors climbed into the tops to be prepared to pick off the enemy if the frigates came to close quarters, or trim the topsails if a sudden maneuver became necessary, while below others stood ready to do the same with the lower sails. The gun crews made haste to unlash the guns and load them; the powder boys ran about the deck piling up ammunition beside the carriages; a blanket soaked with water was hung over the entrance to the magazine; muskets, boarding pikes, and cutlasses were stacked around the masts; buckets of loaded pistols were placed near at hand for the purpose of repelling boarders, and the deck sanded that it might not be made slippery by the blood shed by the killed and wounded. Each welcomed the other; for Dacres, who commanded the "Guerrière," had just spread a challenge on the log of a merchantman and sent it to New York, offering to meet any frigate in the American navy off Sandy Hook, and Hull was most anxious not to return to port without a fight. For an hour the two ships wore and yawed and maneuvered, coming nearer and nearer till within pistol range, when the "Guerrière" bore up and went off with the wind on her quarter, as an indication of her willingness to engage in a yardarm and yardarm encounter. The "Constitution" immediately made sail, got alongside, and the two ran on together. As the battle must be at close quarters, Hull ordered all firing to stop, had his guns reloaded with round shot and grape, and quietly waited. Again and again Lieutenant Morris came to the quarter-deck and asked for orders to fire; but not till the frigates were at short pistol range was the command given, and a broadside delivered with unerring aim. For ten minutes the battle raged furiously. The mizzenmast of the "Guerrière" was then shot away, and falling into the sea brought her up to the wind and so caused the "Constitution" to forge ahead. Fearing that he might be raked, Hull crossed the bows of the enemy, came about, raked her, and attempted to lay her on board. In doing so the "Guerrière" thrust her bowsprit diagonally across the "Constitution's" lee quarter. This afforded Dacres so fine a chance to board that Lieutenant Morris sprang upon the taffrail to get a view of the enemy's deck, and beheld the men gathering on the forecastle and heard the officers instruct-

ing them how to board. Jumping down, he reported this to Captain Hull, and in a minute the marines and seamen of the "Constitution," armed with muskets and pistols, boarding pikes and cutlasses, were mustered on the quarter-deck waiting for the enemy to come over the bulwarks. None came, and a terrible musketry fight began. Lieutenant Morris, who, seizing a rope that dangled from the bowsprit of the "Guerrière," had climbed up and was about to lash the frigates together, was laid on the deck by a bullet. Lieutenant Bush, of the marines, standing on the taffrail crying out, "Shall I board?" was killed outright. Master Alwyn, who stood near by, was shot in the shoulder. On the "Guerrière" almost every man on the forecastle was picked off. Finding the sea too rough to board, the sails were filled and the two frigates drew apart. As they did so the foremast of the "Guerrière" fell, dragging the mainmast with it, and in a few minutes she struck. It was time she did, for every mast had gone by the board; her hull had been pierced by thirty shot; seventy-nine of her crew were dead or wounded, and she lay a helpless wreck, rolling her deck guns in the sea. As it was not possible to save her, Hull transferred his prisoners to the "Constitution," gave his prize to the flames, and, turning homeward, reached Boston on August 30, entered the lower harbor, and dropped anchor off the lighthouse. The day being Sunday, he did not go up to the city. But the news did, and when the people learned that the "Constitution" with Dacres and his crew was below they could not restrain their joy, though the day was the Sabbath. As Federalists they could not forget that it was a Federalist Congress and a Federalist President that established the navy; that Federalists had always been its steady friends and stanch defenders; that it had long been their boast that in the hour of trial the "wooden walls of Columbia" would prove the bulwark of the nation; and now, when the hour of trial had come and a frigate built by Yankee shipwrights in a Boston shipyard and commanded by a Yankee captain had more than made that boast good, they could not find expression for their gratitude. The delight felt by every true American all over the country was intensified by local pride, and was made extravagant when on Wednesday morning the newspapers announced, side by side, the capture of the "Guerrière" and the surrender of Detroit. On Monday, when Hull brought the "Constitution" up the bay, he was given a reception the like of

which Boston had not yet accorded to any man. Every ship was gay with bunting. The whole population of the city stood on the wharves and crowded the windows and house tops overlooking the bay, and as Hull stepped ashore greeted him with a salute from the artillery and with deafening cheers and escorted him through the bunting-dressed streets to the Coffeehouse, where he was received in "true Republican style." But now that the victory on the sea was made greater by contrast with defeat on land, men of both parties united to give Hull a naval dinner, to which Rodgers and the officers of his squadron, who had just returned, were invited. The old toast, "The Wooden Walls of Columbia," came again into use, and limners and engravers at once set to work to produce those representations of the great sea fight which, after hanging for a generation on the walls of our ancestors' houses and being copied by the makers of bad schoolbooks, were consigned to the garrets by a less patriotic generation, and are now rarely to be met with.

As the handbills spread the news southward the pleasure of the people was expressed in innumerable ways. At New York money was raised to buy swords to be presented to Hull and his officers. At Philadelphia subscriptions were asked for a fund to purchase two fine pieces of plate for Hull and Lieutenant Morris. When the news reached Baltimore salutes were fired and every ship in the harbor ran up its flags. That same day, September 7, the frigate "Essex" entered the Delaware and took part in the demonstrations of joy going on in every town along the river bank.

Her cruise had been short and generally uneventful. As Captain Porter was not ready to sail with Rodgers' fleet, he finished his preparations, and, passing Sandy Hook on July 3, began a cruise to the southward in search of the frigate "Thetis," from South America with specie. After taking a few prizes of no great value, and failing to meet the "Thetis," he turned northward, and on the night of July 10 sighted a convoy of British merchantmen. There was a moon, but clouds so obscured it that Porter determined to go close in, speak one of the ships, find out the strength of the escort, and, if possible, take her. To conceal his character the guns of the "Essex" were run in, the ports were closed, the topgallant masts were housed, the sails trimmed in a slovenly manner, the men hidden, and everything done to give her the appearance of a merchant ship. Then, about three in the morning, the "Essex"

drew cautiously in and spoke the sternmost vessel, and learned from her master that the fleet was carrying about a thousand soldiers from Barbadoes to Brock's army at Quebec, and that the escort was the thirty-two-gun frigate "Minerva."

The success which so far attended his venture encouraged Porter to go in yet farther and speak a second. But her master was so alarmed by the appearance of the "Essex," that he made ready to signal the presence of a stranger, when the ports were thrown open, the muzzles of twenty guns thrust out, and the transport ordered to follow in the frigate's wake or be blown to pieces. Taking his prize off a short distance, Porter found her to be a brig with one hundred and ninety-seven soldiers on board. Going in a second time, he was about to attempt to capture another transport, when dawn broke and the enemy discovered him. Whereupon, clearing for action, he offered battle to the "Minerva." This offer was declined, and the "Essex" and her prize went off to the southward, meeting with nothing till August 13, when a sail was seen which proved to be the sixteen-gun ship-sloop "Alert," Captain Thomas Lamb Paulden Laughharne. Drags were at once put astern, the reefs shaken out, all sail made, and everything possible was done to persuade the enemy that the "Essex" was most anxious to escape. Completely deceived, the "Alert" ran down, and, with three cheers from her crew, opened fire. In eight minutes she was a prize, with seven feet of water in her hold.

This new lot of prisoners raised the number of Englishmen on board the frigate to five hundred. As they outnumbered the crew two to one, it was not long before a plan was laid by the coxswain of the "Alert's" gig to capture the "Essex" and take her to Halifax. By good fortune, however, on the night the attempt was to be made, the coxswain, pistol in hand, approached the hammock of Midshipman David Glasgow Farragut to see if he was asleep, and was discovered. Pretending to be asleep, Farragut lay quiet till the coxswain was gone, and then crept into the cabin and informed Captain Porter. Rushing into the berth deck, Porter shouted "Fire!" The crew promptly went to the main hatch, where they were armed, and the attempt was frustrated. But the warning was not unheeded; and that he might be rid of his dangerous prisoners he now transferred them to the "Alert," threw over her guns, and sent the Englishmen to Nova Scotia on parole. After a further cruise, during which he was chased by the "Shannon"

and another ship, Captain Porter was forced to put in for water and stores. With her return every ship in the navy was in port, and, taking advantage of this, the Secretary formed such as were on the Atlantic seaboard into three squadrons. To the first, commanded by Rodgers, were assigned the "President," the "Congress," and the "Wasp." The second, under Bainbridge, was composed of the "Constitution," the "Essex," and the "Hornet." To Decatur were intrusted the "United States," and the "Argus."

The orders of the three commanders bore date October 2, bade them sail without delay, and left to their judgment where to go and what to do. Thus instructed, Rodgers and Decatur sailed from Boston on October 8 with such ships as were ready, but parted company when four days out. Again ill luck attended Rodgers, who, after chasing the British frigates "Nymph" and "Galatea," and cruising far and wide, from the Grand Banks to 17° north latitude, returned to Boston on the last day of the year with nine small prizes. But one, the Jamaica packet "Swallow," was of any value, and on her were two hundred thousand dollars in specie. To the "Wasp," the third ship of Rodgers' squadron, fate was both kind and cruel. Master Commandant Jacob Jones, her commander, having received orders to join Rodgers at sea, set sail from the Delaware on October 13, and ran off southward to get in the track of vessels passing from Halifax to Bermuda; and about eleven o'clock on the clear, moonlight night of Saturday, October 17, he suddenly found himself near five strange sail steering eastward. They were part of a convoy of fourteen merchantmen on their way from Honduras to England under the protection of the eighteen-gun brig "Frolic," Captain Thomas Whinyates. They had been scattered by a cyclone the day before, and had but just begun to rejoin their convoy. But some of them seeming in the moonlight to be ships of war, the "Wasp" drew to windward and followed them through the night. At daybreak on Sunday, Master Commandant Jones, perceiving that none but the "Frolic" was armed, bore down to attack her. She then showed Spanish colors. But the "Wasp," undeceived, came on till within sixty yards and hailed, when the "Frolic" ran up the British ensign and opened with cannon and musketry. The sea, lashed into fury by a two days' cyclone, was running mountain high. Wave after wave swept the deck and drenched the sailors. The two ships

rolled till the muzzles of their guns dipped in the water. But the crews cheered loudly and the firing became incessant. The Americans discharged their guns as the "Wasp" went down the wave, so that the shot fell either on the deck or hull of the "Frolic." The Englishmen fired as their ship went up the wave, and their shots struck the rigging of the "Wasp" or were wasted. The result was soon apparent. The slaughter on the "Frolic" became something terrible. The topmasts and rigging of the "Wasp" were so cut to pieces that when the last brace was carried away Master Commandant Jones, fearing the masts would fall and the "Frolic" escape, determined to board her and end the battle. Wearing ship for this purpose, he ran down and struck her. As the side of the "Wasp" rubbed across the bow of the "Frolic" her jibboom came in between the main and mizzen rigging, and passed over the heads of Master Commandant Jones and Lieutenant Biddle. She now lay so fair for raking, that orders were given for another broadside. While loading, two of the guns of the "Wasp" went through the bow ports of the "Frolic," and when discharged swept the deck.

At this moment a seaman named John Lang leaped upon a gun, cutlass in hand, and was about to board when he was called down; but he would not come, and climbing on the bowsprit of the "Frolic," was instantly followed by Lieutenant Biddle and the crew. Passing Lang and another sailor on the forecastle, Lieutenant Biddle was amazed to see that, save the man at the wheel and three officers who, as he came forward, threw down their swords at his feet, not a living soul was on the deck. The crew had gone below to avoid the terrible fire of the "Wasp." As no one present was able to lower the flag, Lieutenant Biddle leaped into the rigging and hauled the ensign down. The sight which then met him was dreadful. The gun deck was strewn with bodies, and at every roll of the sloop water mingled with blood swept over it, splashing the dead and swirling about the feet of the victors. The berth deck was crowded with dead, wounded, and dying, for of a crew of one hundred and ten men, but twenty were unhurt. On the "Wasp" the loss was five killed and five wounded.

Master Commandant Jones now ordered Lieutenant Biddle to take the prize into Charleston. But while he was busy attending the wounded, burying the dead, clearing away the

wreck, and preparing the "Frolic" for the voyage, a strange ship under a press of canvas was seen coming toward him. The stranger was the British seventy-four-gun frigate "Poictiers," Captain John Poer Beresford, who, throwing a shot across the "Frolic" as he sped by, ranged up near the "Wasp" and forced her to surrender. The two ships were then taken into Bermuda.

Just one week later another ship duel was fought with the usual result. After parting with the squadron of Rodgers, the "United States," Captain Decatur, cruised off to the southward and eastward, and on Sunday, October 25, when off the Azores, fell in with the British frigate "Macedonian," Captain John Surnam Carden, who instantly made chase. But Decatur had no intention of escaping, and the action, like its predecessors, was short and decisive. In ninety minutes the "United States" had shot away the mizzenmast of the "Macedonian," had dismounted two of her main-deck guns and all but two of the carronades of her engaged side, had killed forty-three and wounded sixty-one of the crew, had put one hundred shot in her hull, and made her a prize. On the "United States" twelve men were killed or wounded. It was the old story of bulldog courage, stubborn resistance, and frightful slaughter on the part of the British; and of splendid gunnery and perfect discipline and seamanship on the part of the Americans.

Placing his lieutenant on board the "Macedonian" as prize master, Decatur ended his cruise, convoyed her home and set her in Newport, while he passed on to New London, which he reached December 4. Lieutenant Hamilton, a son of the Secretary of the Navy, was then sent to Washington with letters and the captured flag. Reaching the capital on the evening of December 8, he learned that a great naval ball in honor of the capture of the "Guerrière" and the "Alert" was in progress at Tomlinson's Hotel, that the flags of these two vessels were hanging on the wall of the ballroom, and that the President, the Secretaries, and a most distinguished company were there assembled. Hastening to the hotel, he announced himself, and in a few minutes was surrounded by every gentleman at the ball and escorted to the room where, with cheers and singing, the flag of the "Macedonian" was hung beside those of the "Guerrière" and the "Alert."

THE GERMAN'S FATHERLAND.

By ERNST MORITZ ARNDT.

[Ernst Moritz Arndt, German poet and patriot, was born in the Isle of Rügen, December 29, 1769; died at Bonn, January 29, 1860. He wrote in 1806 the first series of the "Spirit of the Times," which procured his exile; later he was editor of *The Watchman* at Cologne. In 1848 he advocated the formation of the German Empire. He was a professor and miscellaneous writer, but his fame rests on his lyrics of the Napoleonic period, to inspire his countrymen.]

Where is the German's fatherland?
The Prussians' land? The Swabians' land?
Is't where the grape glows on the Rhine?
Where sea gulls skim the Baltic's brine?
O no! more grand
Must be the German's fatherland!

Where is the German's fatherland?
Bavaria, or the Styrians' land?
Is't where the Marsers' cattle graze?
Is it the Mark where forges blaze?
O no! more grand
Must be the German's fatherland!

Where is the German's fatherland?
Westphalia? Pomerania's strand?
Where sand dunes drift along the shores,
Or where the brawling Danube roars?
O no! more grand
Must be the German's fatherland.

Where is the German's fatherland?
Now name for me that mighty land!
Is't Tyrol? Where the Switzers dwell?
That land and folk would please me well.
O no! more grand
Must be the German's fatherland!

Where is the German's fatherland?
Now name for me that mighty land!
Ah! Austria surely it must be,
In honors rich and victory,
O no! more grand
Must be the German's fatherland!

Where is the German's fatherland?
Now name for me that mighty land!
Is it the gem which princely guile
Tore from the German crown erewhile?
O no! more grand
Must be the German's fatherland!

Where is the German's fatherland?
Name me at length that mighty land!
"Where'er resounds the German tongue,
Where'er its hymns to God are sung!"
Be this the land,
Brave German, this thy fatherland!

There is the German's fatherland,
Where oaths are sworn by clasp of hand,
Where faith and truth beam in the eyes,
And in the heart affection lies.
Be this the land,
Brave German, this thy fatherland!

There is the German's fatherland,
Where wrath the southron's guile doth brand,
Where all are foes whose deeds offend,
Where every noble soul's a friend.
Be this the land,
All Germany shall be that land!

All Germany that land shall be:
Watch o'er it, God, and grant that we,
With German hearts, in deed and thought,
May love it truly as we ought.
Be this the land,
All Germany shall be that land!

BATTLE HYMN.

By KARL THEODOR KÖRNER.

[Karl Theodor Körner, noted German lyrist, was born in Dresden in 1791; wrote dramas, opera librettos, short poems, etc., some of the latter still ranking high. In the Prussian War of Liberation, 1813, he joined the patriot forces, and was killed near Mecklenburg-Schwerin, August 26.]

Father, I call on thee!
Clouds from the thunder-voiced cannon enveil me,
Lightnings are flashing, death's thick darts assail me,
Ruler of battles, I call on thee!
Father, oh, lead thou me!

Father, oh, lead thou me!
Lead me to victory, or to death lead me;
With joy I accept what thou hast decreed me.
God, as thou wilt, so lead thou me!
God, I acknowledge thee!

God, I acknowledge thee!
Where, in still autumn, the sere leaf is falling,
Where peals the battle, its thunder appalling:
Fount of all grace, I acknowledge thee!
Father, oh, bless thou me!

Father, oh, bless thou me!
Into thy hand my soul I resign, Lord;
Deal as thou wilt with the life that is thine, Lord.
Living or dying, oh, bless thou me!
Father, I praise thy name!

Father, I praise thy name!
Not for Earth's wealth or dominion contend we;
The holiest rights of the freeman defend we.
Victor or vanquished, praise I thee!
God, in thy name I trust!

God, in thy name I trust!
When in loud thunder my death-note is knelling,
When from my veins the red blood is welling,
God in thy holy name I trust!
Father, I call on thee!

POEMS OF JAMES HOGG.

The Fate of Macgregor.

(From "The Queen's Wake.")

[James Hogg, "the Ettrick Shepherd," was born in 1770; grew up a cowherd and shepherd, almost without schooling, but reading all the books he could get hold of. After some stray pieces, he published "Scots Pastorals" in 1807. Brought under Scott's notice, Scott pushed his interests, and wrote a prefatory notice to "The Mountain Bard" (1807). Embarking its proceeds and those of a "Treatise on the Diseases of Sheep," in a farm, he sunk his money in three years, and went to Edinburgh to live by letters; published a collection of songs, a weekly paper, *The Spy* (1810–11), and in 1813 his masterpiece, "The Queen's Wake."]

"Macgregor, Macgregor, remember our foemen:
The moon rises broad from the brow of Ben-Lomond;
The clans are impatient, and chide thy delay:
Arise! let us bound to Glen-Lyon away."

Stern scowled the Macgregor, then silent and sullen,
He turned his red eye to the braes of Strathfillan:
"Go, Malcolm, to sleep, let the clans be dismissed;
The Campbells this night for Macgregor must rest."

"Macgregor, Macgregor, our scouts have been flying,
Three days, round the hills of M'Nab and Glen-Lyon;
Of riding and running such tidings they bear,
We must meet them at home, else they'll quickly be here."

"The Campbell may come, as his promises bind him,
And haughty M'Nab, with his giants behind him:
This night I am bound to relinquish the fray,
And do what it freezes my vitals to say.
Forgive me, dear brother, this horror of mind;
Thou know'st in the strife I was never behind,
Nor ever receded a foot from the van,
Or blenched at the ire or the prowess of man:
But I've sworn by the cross, by my God, and my all,
An oath which I cannot and dare not recall, —
Ere the shadows of midnight fall east from the pile,
To meet with a spirit this night in Glen-Gyle.

"Last night, in my chamber, all thoughtful and lone,
I called to remembrance some deeds I had done,

When entered a lady, with visage so wan,
And looks, such as never were fastened on Man.
I knew her, O brother! I knew her too well!
Of that once fair dame such a tale I could tell
As would thrill thy bold heart; but how long she remained,
So racked was my spirit, my bosom so pained,
I knew not — but ages seemed short to the while.
Though proffer the Highlands, nay, all the green isle,
With length of existence no man can enjoy,
The same to endure, the dread proffer I'd fly!
The thrice-threatened pangs of last night to forego,
Macgregor would dive to the mansions below.
Despairing and mad, to futurity blind,
The present to shun, and some respite to find,
I swore, ere the shadow fell east from the pile,
To meet her alone by the brook of Glen-Gyle.

"She told me, and turned my chilled heart to a stone,
The glory and name of Macgregor were gone;
That the pine, which for ages had shed a bright halo
Afar on the mountains of Highland Glen-Falo,
Should wither and fall ere the turn of yon moon,
Smit through by the canker of hated Colquhoun;
That a feast on Macgregors each day should be common,
For years, to the eagles of Lennox and Lomond.

"A parting embrace, in one moment, she gave:
Her breath was a furnace, her bosom the grave!
Then flitting elusive, she said, with a frown,
'The mighty Macgregor shall yet be my own!'"

"Macgregor, thy fancies are wild as the wind;
The dreams of the night have disordered thy mind.
Come, buckle thy panoply — march to the field —
See, brother, how hacked are thy helmet and shield!
Aye, that was M'Nab, in the height of his pride,
When the lions of Dochart stood firm by his side.
This night the proud chief his presumption shall rue:
Rise, brother, these chinks in his heart-blood we'll glue;
Thy fantasies frightful shall flit on the wing,
When loud with thy bugle Glen-Lyon shall ring."

Like glimpse of the moon through the storm of the night,
Macgregor's red eye shed one sparkle of light:
It faded — it darkened — he shuddered — he sighed —
"No! not for the universe!" low he replied.

Away went Macgregor, but went not alone:
To watch the dread rendezvous, Malcolm has gone.
They oared the broad Lomond, so still and serene,
And deep in her bosom, how awful the scene!
O'er mountains inverted the blue waters curled,
And rocked them on skies of a far nether world.

All silent they went, for the time was approaching;
The moon the blue zenith already was touching;
No foot was abroad on the forest or hill,
No sound but the lullaby sung by the rill:
Young Malcolm at distance couched, trembling the while—
Macgregor stood lone by the brook of Glen-Gyle.

Few minutes had passed, ere they spied on the stream
A skiff sailing light, where a lady did seem;
Her sail was the web of the gossamer's loom,
The glowworm her wakelight, the rainbow her boom;
A dim rayless beam was her prow and her mast,
Like woldfire, at midnight that glares on the waste.
Though rough was the river with rock and cascade,
No torrent, no rock, her velocity staid;
She wimpled the water to weather and lee,
And heaved as if borne on the waves of the sea.
Mute Nature was roused in the bounds of the glen;
The wild deer of Gairtney abandoned his den,
Fled panting away, over river and isle,
Nor once turned his eye to the brook of Glen-Gyle.
The fox fled in terror; the eagle awoke
As slumbering he dozed on the shelves of the rock;
Astonished, to hide in the moonbeam he flew,
And screwed the night-heaven till lost in the blue.

Young Malcolm beheld the pale lady approach,
The chieftain salute her, and shrink from her touch.
He saw the Macgregor kneel down on the plain,
As begging for something he could not obtain;
She raised him indignant, derided his stay,
Then bore him on board, set her sail, and away.

Though fast the red bark down the river did glide,
Yet faster ran Malcolm adown by its side;
"Macgregor! Macgregor!" he bitterly cried;
"Macgregor! Macgregor!" the echoes replied.

He struck at the lady, but strange though it seem,
His sword only fell on the rocks and the stream;
But the groans from the boat, that ascended amain,
Were groans from a bosom in horror and pain.
They reached the dark lake, and bore lightly away —
Macgregor is vanished for ever and aye!

When the Kye Comes Hame.

[In the title and chorus of this favorite pastoral song, I choose rather to violate a rule in grammar, than a Scottish phrase so common that when it is altered into the proper way, every shepherd and shepherd's sweetheart account it nonsense. I was once singing it at a wedding with great glee the latter way ("when the kye come hame") when a tailor, scratching his head, said, "It was a terrible affectit way that!" I stood corrected, and have never sung it so again. — Hogg.]

Come all ye jolly shepherds
That whistle through the glen,
I'll tell ye of a secret
That courtiers dinna ken:
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name?
'Tis to woo a bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.

Chorus. — When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloaming and the mirk,
When the kye comes hame.

'Tis not beneath the coronet,
Nor canopy of state,
'Tis not on couch of velvet,
Nor arbor of the great,
'Tis beneath the spreading birk,
In the glen without the name,
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,
When the kye comes hame.

Chorus.

There the blackbird bigs his nest
For the mate he lo'es to see,
And on the topmost bough,
Oh, a happy bird is he;
Where he pours his melting ditty,
And love is a' the theme,

And he'll woo his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.

Chorus.

When the blewart bears a pearl,
And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonny lucken gowan
Has fauldit up her ee,
Then the laverock frae the blue lift
Drops down, an' thinks nae shame
To woo his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.

Chorus.

See yonder pawkie shepherd,
That lingers on the hill,
His ewes are in the fauld,
An' his lambs are lying still;
Yet he downa gang to bed,
For his heart is in a flame
To meet his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.

Chorus.

When the little wee bit heart
Rises high in the breast,
An' the little wee bit starn
Rises red in the east,
Oh, there's a joy sae dear
That the heart can hardly frame,
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,
When the kye comes hame!

Chorus.

Then since all nature joins
In this love without alloy,
Oh, wha wad prove a traitor
To Nature's dearest joy?
Or wha wad choose a crown,
Wi' its perils and its fame,
And *miss* his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame?

When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloaming and the mirk
When the kye comes hame!

The Village of Balmaquhapple.

D'ye ken the big village of Balmaquhapple,
The great muckle village of Balmaquhapple?
'Tis steeped in iniquity up to the thrapple,
An' what's to become o' poor Balmaquhapple?
Fling a' aff your bannets, an' kneel for your life, fo'ks,
And pray to St. Andrew, the god o' the Fife fo'ks;
Gar a' the hills yout wi' sheer vociferation,
And thus you may cry on sic needfu' occasion:

"Oh, blessed St. Andrew, if e'er ye could pity fo'k,
Men fo'k or women fo'k, country or city fo'k,
Come for this aince wi' the auld thief to grapple,
An' save the great village of Balmaquhapple
Fra drinking an' leeing, an' flyting an' swearing,
An' sins that ye wad be affrontit at hearing,
An' cheating an' stealing; oh, grant them redemption,
All save an' except the few after to mention:

"There's Johnny the elder, wha hopes ne'er to need ye,
Sae pawkie, sae holy, sae gruff, an' sae greedy;
Wha prays every hour as the wayfarer passes,
But aye at a hole where he watches the lasses;
He's cheated a thousand, an' e'en to this day yet
Can cheat a young lass, or they're leears that say it.
Then gie him his gate: he's sae slee an' sae civil,
Perhaps in the end he may wheedle the devil.

"There's Cappie the cobbler, an' Tammie the tinman,
An' Dickie the brewer, an' Peter the skinman,
An' Geordie our deacon, for want of a better,
An' Bess, wha delights in the sins that beset her.
Oh, worthy St. Andrew, we canna compel ye,
But ye ken as weel as a body can tell ye,
If these gang to heaven, we'll a' be sae shockit,
Your garret o' blue will but thinly be stockit.

"But for a' the rest, for the women's sake save them —
Their bodies at least, an' their sauls if they have them;
But it puzzles Jock Lesly, an' sma' it avails,
If they dwell in their stommacks, their heads, or their tails.
An' save, without word of confession auricular,
The clerk's bonny daughters, an' Bell in particular;
For ye ken that their beauty's the pride an' the staple
Of the great wicked village of Balmaquhapple!"

THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON.

By J. R. WYSS.

[Johann Rudolf Wyss, the distinguished Swiss writer, was born at Bern in 1781, and held a professorship in his native town from 1806. His best-known work is the popular "Swiss Family Robinson" (1813), which has been translated into several languages. Wyss died at Bern in 1830.]

[A Swiss pastor, ruined by the revolution of 1798, resolved to emigrate to a newly discovered land in the Southern Pacific Ocean, since named Australia. He managed to save from the wreck of his property enough to purchase some cattle, seeds, and implements to carry with him. After a prosperous voyage till near the end, a long and violent storm drove the vessel from its course, and finally wrecked it on a desert island near the coast of New Guinea. The "Swiss Family Robinson" is his diary of the events that followed.]

For many days we had been tempest-tossed. Six times had the darkness closed over a wild and terrific scene, and returning light as often brought but renewed distress, for the raging storm increased in fury until on the seventh day all hope was lost.

We were driven completely out of our course; no conjecture could be formed as to our whereabouts. The crew had lost heart, and were utterly exhausted by incessant labor.

The riven masts had gone by the board, leaks had been sprung in every direction, and the water, which rushed in, gained upon us rapidly.

Instead of reckless oaths, the seamen now uttered frantic cries to God for mercy, mingled with strange and often ludicrous vows, to be performed should deliverance be granted.

Every man on board alternately commended his soul to his Creator, and strove to bethink himself of some means of saving his life.

My heart sank as I looked round upon my family in the midst of these horrors. Our four young sons were overpowered by terror. "Dear children," said I, "if the Lord will, he can save us even from this fearful peril; if not, let us calmly yield our lives into his hand, and think of the joy and blessedness of finding ourselves forever and ever united in that happy home above."

At these words my weeping wife looked bravely up, and, as the boys clustered round her, she began to cheer and encourage them with calm and loving words. I rejoiced to see her forti-

tude, though my heart was ready to break as I gazed on my dear ones.

We knelt down together, one after another praying with deep earnestness and emotion. Fritz, in particular, besought help and deliverance for his dear parents and brothers, as though quite forgetting himself.

Our hearts were soothed by the never-failing comfort of childlike, confiding prayer, and the horror of our situation seemed less overwhelming. "Ah," thought I, "the Lord will hear our prayer! He will help us."

Amid the roar of the thundering waves I suddenly heard the cry of "Land, land!" while at the same instant the ship struck with a frightful shock, which threw every one to the deck, and seemed to threaten her immediate destruction.

Dreadful sounds betokened the breaking up of the ship, and the roaring waters poured in on all sides.

Then the voice of the captain was heard above the tumult, shouting, "Lower away the boats! We are lost!"

"Lost!" I exclaimed, and the word went like a dagger to my heart; but seeing my children's terror renewed, I composed myself, calling out cheerfully, "Take courage, my boys! we are all above water yet. There is the land not far off; let us do our best to reach it. You know God helps those that help themselves!" With that, I left them and went on deck. What was my horror when through the foam and spray I beheld the only remaining boat leave the ship, the last of the seamen spring into her and push off, regardless of my cries and entreaties that we might be allowed to share their slender chance of preserving their lives. My voice was drowned in the howling of the blast; and even had the crew wished it, the return of the boat was impossible.

Casting my eyes despairingly around, I became gradually aware that our position was by no means hopeless, inasmuch as the stern of the ship containing our cabin was jammed between two high rocks, and was partly raised from among the breakers which dashed the fore part to pieces. As the clouds of mist and rain drove past, I could make out, through rents in the vaporous curtain, a line of rocky coast, and rugged as it was, my heart bounded toward it as a sign of help in the hour of need. Yet the sense of our lonely and forsaken condition weighed heavily upon me as I returned to my family, constraining myself to say with a smile, "Courage, dear ones! Although our good ship

will never sail more, she is so placed that our cabin will remain above water, and to-morrow, if the wind and waves abate, I see no reason why we should not be able to get ashore."

These few words had an immediate effect on the spirits of my children, who at once regarded our problematical chance of escaping as a happy certainty, and began to enjoy the relief from the violent pitching and rolling of the vessel.

My wife, however, perceived my distress and anxiety, in spite of my forced composure, and I made her comprehend our real situation, greatly fearing the effect of the intelligence on her nerves. Not for a moment did her courage and trust in Providence forsake her, and on seeing this, my fortitude revived.

"We must find some food, and take a good supper," said she; "it will never do to grow faint by fasting too long. We shall require our utmost strength to-morrow."

Night drew on apace, the storm was as fierce as ever, and at intervals we were startled by crashes announcing further damage to our unfortunate ship.

"God will help us soon now, won't he, father?" said my youngest child.

"You silly little thing," said Fritz, my eldest son, sharply, "don't you know that we must not settle what God is to do for us? We must have patience and wait his time."

"Very well said, had it been said kindly, Fritz, my boy. You too often speak harshly to your brothers, although you may not mean to do so."

A good meal being now ready, my youngsters ate heartily, and, retiring to rest, were speedily fast asleep. Fritz, who was of an age to be aware of the real danger we were in, kept watch with us. After a long silence, "Father," said he, "don't you think we might contrive swimming belts for mother and the boys? With those we might all escape to land, for you and I can swim."

"Your idea is so good," answered I, "that I shall arrange something at once, in case of an accident during the night."

We immediately searched about for what would answer the purpose, and fortunately got hold of a number of empty flasks and tin canisters, which we connected two and two together so as to form floats sufficiently buoyant to support a person in the water, and my wife and young sons each willingly put one on. I then provided myself with matches,

knives, cord, and other portable articles, trusting that, should the vessel go to pieces before daylight, we might gain the shore not wholly destitute.

Fritz, as well as his brothers, now slept soundly. Throughout the night my wife and I maintained our prayerful watch, dreading at every fresh sound some fatal change in the position of the wreck.

At length the faint dawn of day appeared, the long, weary night was over, and with thankful hearts we perceived that the gale had begun to moderate; blue sky was seen above us, and the lovely hues of sunrise adorned the eastern horizon.

I aroused the boys, and we assembled on the remaining portion of the deck, when they, to their surprise, discovered that no one else was on board.

"Hallo, papa! what has become of everybody? Are the sailors gone? Have they taken away the boats? Oh, papa! why did they leave us behind? What can we do by ourselves?"

"My good children," I replied, "we must not despair, although we seem deserted. See how those on whose skill and good faith we depended have left us cruelly to our fate in the hour of danger. God will never do so. He has not forsaken us, and we will trust him still. Only let us bestir ourselves, and each cheerily do his best. Who has anything to propose?"

"The sea will soon be calm enough for swimming," said Fritz.

"And that would be all very fine for you," exclaimed Ernest, "but think of mother and the rest of us! Why not build a raft and all get on shore together?"

"We should find it difficult, I think, to make a raft that would carry us safe to shore. However, we must contrive something, and first let each try to procure what will be of most use to us."

Away we all went to see what was to be found, I myself proceeding to examine, as of great consequence, the supplies of provisions and fresh water within our reach.

My wife took her youngest son, Franz, to help her to feed the unfortunate animals on board, who were in a pitiful plight, having been neglected for several days.

Fritz hastened to the arm chest, Ernest to look for tools; and Jack went toward the captain's cabin, the door of which he

no sooner opened than out sprang two splendid large dogs, who testified their extreme delight and gratitude by such tremendous bounds that they knocked their little deliverer completely head over heels, frightening him nearly out of his wits. Jack did not long yield either to fear or anger; he presently recovered himself; the dogs seemed to ask pardon by vehemently licking his face and hands, and so, seizing the larger by the ears, he jumped on his back, and, to my great amusement, coolly rode to meet me as I came up the hatchway.

When we reassembled in the cabin, we all displayed our treasures.

Fritz brought a couple of guns, shot belt, powder flasks, and plenty of bullets.

Ernest produced a cap full of nails, an ax, and a hammer, while pincers, chisels, and augers stuck out of all his pockets.

Little Franz carried a box, and eagerly began to show us the "nice sharp little hooks" it contained. "Well done, Franz!" cried I; "these fishhooks, which you, the youngest, have found, may contribute more than anything else in the ship to save our lives by procuring food for us. Fritz and Ernest, you have chosen well."

"Will you praise me too?" said my dear wife. "I have nothing to show, but I can give you good news. Some useful animals are still alive: a cow, a donkey, two goats, six sheep, a ram, and a fine sow. I was but just in time to save their lives by taking food to them."

"All these things are excellent indeed," said I; "but my friend Jack here has presented me with a couple of huge, hungry, useless dogs, who will eat more than any of us."

"Oh, papa! they will be of use! Why, they will help us to hunt when we get on shore!"

"No doubt they will, if ever we do get on shore, Jack; but I must say I don't know how it is to be done."

"Can't we each get into a big tub, and float there?" returned he. "I have often sailed splendidly like that, round the pond at home."

"My child, you have hit on a capital idea," cried I. "Now, Ernest, let me have your tools, hammers, nails, saws, augers, and all; and then make haste to collect any tubs you can find!"

We very soon found four large casks, made of sound wood, and strongly bound with iron hoops; they were floating with

many other things in the water in the hold, but we managed to fish them out, and drag them to a suitable place for launching them. They were exactly what I wanted, and I succeeded in sawing them across the middle. Hard work it was, and we were glad enough to stop and refresh ourselves with wine and biscuits.

My eight tubs now stood ranged in a row near the water's edge, and I looked at them with great satisfaction ; to my surprise, my wife did not seem to share my pleasure !

"I shall never," said she, "muster courage to get into one of these ! "

"Do not be too sure of that, dear wife ; when you see my contrivance completed, you will perhaps prefer it to this immovable wreck."

I next procured a long, thin plank, on which my tubs could be fixed, and the two ends of this I bent upward so as to form a keel. Other two planks were nailed along the sides of the tubs ; they also being flexible, were brought to a point at each end, and all firmly secured and nailed together. I felt satisfied that in smooth water this craft would be perfectly trustworthy. But when we thought all was ready for the launch, we found, to our dismay, that the grand contrivance was so heavy and clumsy, that even our united efforts could not move it an inch.

"I must have a lever," cried I. "Run and fetch the capstan bar ! "

Fritz quickly brought one, and, having formed rollers by cutting up a long spar, I raised the fore part of my boat with the bar, and my sons placed a roller under it.

"How is it, father," inquired Ernest, "that with that thing you alone can do more than all of us together ? "

I explained, as well as I could in a hurry, the principle of the lever ; and promised to have a long talk on the subject of Mechanics, should we have a future opportunity.

I now made fast a long rope to the stern of our boat, attaching the other end to a beam; then placing a second and third roller under it, we once more began to push, this time with success, and soon our gallant craft was safely launched : so swiftly indeed did she glide into the water that, but for the rope, she would have passed beyond our reach. The boys wished to jump in directly ; but, alas, she leaned so much on one side that they could not venture to do so.

Some heavy things being thrown in, however, the boat

righted itself by degrees, and the boys were so delighted that they struggled which should first leap in to have the fun of sitting down in the tubs. But it was plain to me at once that something more was required to make her perfectly safe, so I contrived outriggers to preserve the balance, by nailing long poles across at the stem and stern, and fixing at the ends of each empty brandy casks. Then the boat appearing steady, I got in ; and turning it toward the most open side of the wreck, I cut and cleared away obstructions, so as to leave a free passage for our departure, and the boys brought oars to be ready for the voyage. This important undertaking we were forced to postpone until the next day, as it was by this time far too late to attempt it. It was not pleasant to have to spend another night in so precarious a situation ; but yielding to necessity, we sat down to enjoy a comfortable supper, for during our exciting and incessant work all day we had taken nothing but an occasional biscuit and a little wine.

We prepared for rest in a much happier frame of mind than on the preceding day, but I did not forget the possibility of a renewed storm, and therefore made every one put on the belts as before.

I persuaded my wife (not without considerable difficulty) to put on a sailor's dress, assuring her she would find it much more comfortable and convenient for all she would have to go through. She at last consented to do this, and left us for a short time, reappearing with much embarrassment and many blushes, in a most becoming suit, which she had found in a midshipman's chest. We all admired her costume, and any awkwardness she felt soon began to pass off ; then retiring to our berths, peaceful sleep prepared us all for the exertions of the coming day.

We rose up betimes, for sleep weighs lightly on the hopeful, as well as on the anxious. After kneeling together in prayer, "Now, my beloved ones," said I, "with God's help we are about to effect our escape. Let the poor animals we must leave behind be well fed, and put plenty of fodder within their reach : in a few days we may be able to return, and save them likewise. After that, collect everything you can think of which may be of use to us."

The boys joyfully obeyed me, and I selected from the large quantity of stores they got together, canvas to make a tent, a chest of carpenter's tools, guns, pistols, powder, shot, and

bullets, rods and fishing tackle, an iron pot, a case of portable soup, and another of biscuit. These useful articles, of course, took the place of the ballast I had hastily thrown in the day before.

With a hearty prayer for God's blessing, we now began to take our seats, each in his tub. Just then we heard the cocks begin to crow, as though to reproach us for deserting them. "Why should not the fowls go with us!" exclaimed I. "If we find no food for *them*, they can be food for *us!*" Ten hens and a couple of cocks were accordingly placed in one of the tubs, and secured with some wire netting over them.

The ducks and geese were set at liberty, and took to the water at once, while the pigeons, rejoicing to find themselves on the wing, swiftly made for the shore. My wife, who managed all this for me, kept us waiting for her some little time, and came at last with a bag as big as a pillow in her arms. "This is *my* contribution," said she, throwing the bag to little Franz, to be, as I thought, a cushion for him to sit upon.

All being ready, we cast off, and moved away from the wreck. My good, brave wife sat in the first compartment of the boat; next her was Franz, a pretty little boy, nearly eight years old. Then came Fritz, a handsome, spirited young fellow of fifteen; the two center tubs contained the valuable cargo; then came our bold, thoughtless Jack; next him Ernest, my second son, intelligent, well-formed, and rather indolent. I myself, the anxious, loving father, stood in the stern, endeavoring to guide the raft with its precious burden to a safe landing place.

The elder boys took the oars; every one wore a float belt, and had something useful close to him in case of being thrown into the water.

The tide was flowing, which was a great help to the young oarsmen. We emerged from the wreck and glided into the open sea. All eyes were strained to get a full view of the land, and the boys pulled with a will; but for some time we made no progress, as the boat kept turning round and round, until I hit upon the right way to steer it, after which we merrily made for the shore.

We had left two dogs, Turk and Juno, on the wreck, — as, being both large mastiffs, we did not care to have their additional weight on board our craft; but when they saw us apparently deserting them, they set up a piteous howl, and sprang

into the sea. I was sorry to see this, for the distance to the land was so great that I scarcely expected them to be able to accomplish it. They followed us, however, and, occasionally resting their fore paws on the outriggers, kept up with us well. Jack was inclined to deny them this, their only chance of safety. "Stop," said I, "that would be unkind as well as foolish; remember, the merciful man regardeth the life of his beast."

Our passage, though tedious, was safe; but the nearer we approached the shore the less inviting it appeared; the barren rocks seemed to threaten us with misery and want.

Many casks, boxes, and bales of goods floated on the water around us. Fritz and I managed to secure a couple of hogsheads, so as to tow them alongside. With the prospect of famine before us, it was desirable to lay hold of anything likely to contain provisions.

By and by we began to perceive that, between and beyond the cliffs, green grass and trees were discernible. Fritz could distinguish many tall palms, and Ernest hoped they would prove to be cocoanut trees, and enjoyed the thoughts of drinking the refreshing milk.

"I am very sorry I never thought of bringing away the captain's telescope," said I.

"Oh, look here, father!" cried Jack, drawing a little spy-glass joyfully out of his pocket.

By means of this glass, I made out that at some distance to the left the coast was much more inviting; a strong current, however, carried us directly toward the frowning rocks, but I presently observed an opening, where a stream flowed into the sea, and saw that our geese and ducks were swimming toward this place. I steered after them into the creek, and we found ourselves in a small bay or inlet where the water was perfectly smooth and of moderate depth. The ground sloped gently upward from the low banks to the cliffs, which here retired inland, leaving a small plain, on which it was easy for us to land. Every one sprang gladly out of the boat but little Franz, who, lying packed in his tub like a potted shrimp, had to be lifted out by his mother.

The dogs had scrambled on shore before us; they received us with loud barking and the wildest demonstrations of delight. The geese and ducks kept up an incessant din, added to which was the screaming and croaking of flamingoes and penguins,

whose dominion we were invading. The noise was deafening, but far from unwelcome to me, as I thought of the good dinners the birds might furnish.

As soon as we could gather our children around us on dry land, we knelt to offer thanks and praise for our merciful escape, and with full hearts we commended ourselves to God's good keeping for the time to come.

All hands then briskly fell to the work of unloading, and oh, how rich we felt ourselves as we did so! The poultry we left at liberty to forage for themselves, and set about finding a suitable place to erect a tent in which to pass the night. This we speedily did; thrusting a long spar into a hole in the rock, and supporting the other end by a pole firmly planted in the ground, we formed a framework over which we stretched the sailcloth we had brought; besides fastening this down with pegs, we placed our heavy chest and boxes on the border of the canvas, and arranged hooks so as to be able to close up the entrance during the night.

When this was accomplished, the boys ran to collect moss and grass, to spread in the tent for our beds, while I arranged a fireplace with some large flat stones, near the brook which flowed close by. Dry twigs and seaweed were soon in a blaze on the hearth; I filled the iron pot with water, and giving my wife several cakes of the portable soup, she established herself as our cook, with little Franz to help her.

He, thinking his mother was melting some glue for carpentering, was eager to know "what papa was going to make next?"

"This is to be soup for your dinner, my child. Do you think these cakes look like glue?"

"Yes, indeed I do!" replied Franz, "and I should not much like to taste glue soup! don't you want some beef or mutton, mamma?"

"Where can I get it, dear?" said she; "we are a long way from a butcher's shop! but these cakes are made of the juice of good meat, boiled till it becomes a strong, stiff jelly — people take them when they go to sea, because on a long voyage they can only have salt meat, which will not make nice soup."

Fritz, meanwhile, leaving a loaded gun with me, took another himself, and went along the rough coast to see what lay beyond the stream; this fatiguing sort of walk not suiting Ernest's fancy, he sauntered down to the beach, and Jack scrambled among the rocks, searching for shellfish.

I was anxious to land the two casks which were floating alongside our boat, but on attempting to do so, I found that I could not get them up the bank on which we had landed, and was therefore obliged to look for a more convenient spot. As I did so, I was startled by hearing Jack shouting for help, as though in great danger. He was at some distance, and I hurried toward him with a hatchet in my hand. The little fellow stood screaming in a deep pool, and as I approached, I saw that a huge lobster had caught his leg in its powerful claw. Poor Jack was in a terrible fright ; kick as he would, his enemy still clung on. I waded into the water, and seizing the lobster firmly by the back, managed to make it loosen its hold, and we brought it safe to land. Jack, having speedily recovered his spirits, and anxious to take such a prize to his mother, caught the lobster in both hands, but instantly received such a severe blow from its tail that he flung it down, and passionately hit the creature with a large stone. This display of temper vexed me. "You are acting in a very childish way, my son," said I ; "never strike an enemy in a revengeful spirit." Once more lifting the lobster, Jack ran triumphantly toward the tent.

"Mother, mother ! a lobster, Ernest ! look here, Franz ! mind, he'll bite you ! Where's Fritz ?" All came crowding round Jack and his prize, wondering at its unusual size ; and Ernest wanted his mother to make lobster soup directly, by adding it to what she was now boiling.

She, however, begged to decline making any such experiment, and said she preferred cooking one dish at a time. Having remarked that the scene of Jack's adventure afforded a convenient place for getting my casks on shore, I returned thither and succeeded in drawing them up on the beach, where I set them on end, and for the present left them.

On my return I resumed the subject of Jack's lobster, and told him he should have the offending claw all to himself, when it was ready to be eaten, congratulating him on being the first to discover anything useful.

"As to that," said Ernest, "I found something very good to eat, as well as Jack, only I could not get at them without wetting my feet."

"Pooh !" cried Jack, "I know what he saw — nothing but some nasty mussels ; I saw them too. Who wants to eat trash like that ! Lobster for me !"

"I believe them to be oysters, not mussels," returned Ernest, calmly.

"Be good enough, my philosophical young friend, to fetch a few specimens of these oysters in time for our next meal," said I; "we must all exert ourselves, Ernest, for the common good, and pray never let me hear you object to wetting your feet. See how quickly the sun has dried Jack and me."

"I can bring some salt at the same time," said Ernest. "I remarked a good deal lying in the crevices of the rocks; it tasted very pure and good, and I concluded it was produced by the evaporation of sea water in the sun."

"Extremely probable, learned sir," cried I; "but if you had brought a bagful of this good salt instead of merely speculating so profoundly on the subject, it would have been more to the purpose. Run and fetch some directly."

It proved to be salt sure enough, although so impure that it seemed useless, till my wife dissolved and strained it, when it became fit to put in the soup.

"Why not use the sea water itself?" asked Jack.

"Because," said Ernest, "it is not only salt, but bitter too. Just try it."

"Now," said my wife, tasting the soup with the stick with which she had been stirring it, "dinner is ready; but where can Fritz be?" she continued, a little anxiously.

"How are we to eat our soup when he does come?" I asked; "we have neither plates nor spoons, and we can scarcely lift the boiling pot to our mouths. We are in as uncomfortable a position as was the fox to whom the stork served up a dinner in a jug with a long neck."

"Oh, for a few cocoanut shells!" sighed Ernest.

"Oh, for half a dozen plates and as many silver spoons!" rejoined I, smiling.

"Really, though, oyster shells would do," said he, after a moment's thought.

"True, that is an idea worth having! Off with you, my boys; get the oysters and clean out a few shells. What though our spoons have no handles, and we do burn our fingers a little in baling the soup out."

Jack was away and up to his knees in the water, in a moment, detaching the oysters. Ernest followed more leisurely, and still unwilling to wet his feet, stood by the margin of the pool and gathered in his handkerchief the oysters his

brother threw him; as he thus stood he picked up and pocketed a large mussel shell for his own use. As they returned with a good supply we heard a shout from Fritz in the distance; we returned it joyfully, and he presently appeared before us, his hands behind his back, and a look of disappointment upon his countenance.

"Unsuccessful!" said he.

"Really!" I replied; "never mind, my boy, better luck next time."

"Oh, Fritz!" exclaimed his brothers, who had looked behind him, "a sucking pig, a little sucking pig. Where did you get it? How did you shoot it? Do let us see it!"

Fritz then with sparkling eyes exhibited his prize.

"I am glad to see the result of your prowess, my boy," said I; "but I cannot approve of deceit, even as a joke; stick to the truth in jest and earnest."

Fritz then told us how he had been to the other side of the stream. "So different from this," he said; "it is really a beautiful country, and the shore, which runs down to the sea in a gentle slope, is covered with all sorts of useful things from the wreck. Do let us go and collect them. And, father, why should we not return to the wreck and bring off some of the animals? Just think of what value the cow would be to us, and what a pity it would be to lose her! Let us get her on shore, and we will move over the stream, where she will have good pasturage, and we shall be in the shade instead of on this desert, and father, I do wish ——"

"Stop, stop, my boy!" cried I. "All will be done in good time. To-morrow and the day after will bring work of their own. And tell me, did you see no traces of our shipmates?"

"Not a sign of them, either on land or sea, living or dead," he replied.

"But the sucking pig," said Jack; "where did you get it?"

"It was one of several," said Fritz, "which I found on the shore; most curious animals they are; they hopped rather than walked, and every now and then would squat down on their legs and rub their snouts with their fore paws. Had not I been afraid of losing them all, I would have tried to catch one alive, they seemed so tame."

Meanwhile Ernest had been carefully examining the animal in question.

"This is no pig," he said; "and except for its bristly skin,

does not look like one. See, its teeth are not like those of a pig, but rather those of a squirrel. In fact," he continued, looking at Fritz, "your sucking pig is an agouti."

"Dear me," said Fritz; "listen to the great professor lecturing! He is going to prove that a pig is not a pig!"

"You need not be so quick to laugh at your brother," said I, in my turn; "he is quite right. I, too, know the agouti by descriptions and pictures, and there is little doubt that this is a specimen. The little animal is a native of North America, where it makes its nest under the roots of trees, and lives upon fruit. But, Ernest, the agouti not only looks something like a pig, but most decidedly grunts like a porker."

While we were thus talking, Jack had been vainly endeavoring to open an oyster with his large knife. "Here is a simpler way," said I, placing an oyster on the fire; it immediately opened. "Now," I continued, "who will try this delicacy?" All at first hesitated to partake of them, so unattractive did they appear. Jack, however, tightly closing his eyes and making a face as though about to take medicine, gulped one down. We followed his example, one after the other, each doing so rather to provide himself with a spoon than with any hope of cultivating a taste for oysters.

Our spoons were now ready, and gathering round the pot we dipped them in, not, however, without sundry scalded fingers. Ernest then drew from his pocket the large shell he had procured for his own use, and scooping up a good quantity of soup he put it down to cool, smiling at his own foresight.

"Prudence should be exercised for others," I remarked; "your cool soup will do capitally for the dogs, my boy; take it to them, and then come and eat like the rest of us."

Ernest winced at this, but silently taking up his shell he placed it on the ground before the hungry dogs, who lapped up its contents in a moment; he then returned, and we all went merrily on with our dinner. While we were thus busily employed, we suddenly discovered that our dogs, not satisfied with their mouthful of soup, had espied the agouti, and were rapidly devouring it. Fritz, seizing his gun, flew to rescue it from their hungry jaws, and before I could prevent him, struck one of them with such force that his gun was bent. The poor beasts ran off howling, followed by a shower of stones from Fritz, who shouted and yelled at them so fiercely that his mother was actually terrified. I followed him, and as soon as he would

listen to me, represented to him how despicable, as well as wicked, was such an outbreak of temper: "for," said I, "you have hurt, if not actually wounded, the dogs; you have distressed and terrified your mother, and spoiled your gun."

Though Fritz's passion was easily aroused, it never lasted long, and speedily recovering himself, immediately he entreated his mother's pardon, and expressed his sorrow for his fault.

By this time the sun was sinking beneath the horizon, and the poultry, which had been straying to some little distance, gathered round us, and began to pick up the crumbs of biscuit which had fallen during our repast. My wife hereupon drew from her mysterious bag some handfuls of oats, peas, and other grain, and with them began to feed the poultry. She at the same time showed me several other seeds of various vegetables. "That was indeed thoughtful," said I; "but pray be careful of what will be of such value to us; we can bring plenty of damaged biscuits from the wreck, which, though of no use as food for us, will suit the fowls very well indeed."

The pigeons now flew up to crevices in the rocks, the fowls perched themselves on our tent pole, and the ducks and geese waddled off, cackling and quacking, to the marshy margin of the river. We, too, were ready for repose, and having loaded our guns, and offered up our prayers to God, thanking him for his many mercies to us, we commended ourselves to his protecting care, and as the last ray of light departed, closed our tent and lay down to rest.

The children remarked the suddenness of nightfall, for indeed there had been little or no twilight. This convinced me that we must be not far from the equator, for twilight results from the refraction of the sun's rays: the more obliquely these rays fall, the farther does the partial light extend; while the more perpendicularly they strike the earth, the longer do they continue their undiminished force, until, when the sun sinks, they totally disappear, thus producing sudden darkness.

We should have been badly off without the shelter of our tent, for the night proved as cold as the day had been hot, but we managed to sleep comfortably, every one being thoroughly fatigued by the labors of the day. The voice of our vigilant cock, which, as he loudly saluted the rising moon, was the last sound I heard at night, roused me at daybreak, and I then awoke my wife, that in the quiet interval while yet our children slept, we might take counsel together on our situation and

prospects. It was plain to both of us that, in the first place, we should ascertain if possible the fate of our late companions, and then examine into the nature and resources of the country on which we were stranded.

We therefore came to the resolution that, as soon as we had breakfasted, Fritz and I should start on an expedition with these objects in view, while my wife remained near our landing place with the three younger boys.

"Rouse up, rouse up, my boys," cried I, awakening the children cheerfully. "Come and help your mother to get breakfast ready."

"As to that," said she, smiling, "we can but set on the pot, and boil some more soup!"

"Why, you forget Jack's fine lobster!" replied I. "What has become of it, Jack?"

"It has been safe in this hole in the rock all night, father. You see, I thought, as the dogs seem to like good things, they might take a fancy to that, as well as to the agouti."

"A very sensible precaution," remarked I. "I believe even my heedless Jack will learn wisdom in time. It is well the lobster is so large, for we shall want to take part with us on our excursion to-day."

At the mention of an excursion, the four children were wild with delight, and capering around me, clapped their hands for joy.

"Steady there, steady!" said I, "you cannot expect all to go. Such an expedition as this would be too dangerous and fatiguing for you younger ones. Fritz and I will go alone this time, with one of the dogs, leaving the other to defend you."

We then armed ourselves, each taking a gun and a game bag, Fritz in addition sticking a pair of pistols in his belt, and I a small hatchet in mine; breakfast being over, we stowed away the remainder of the lobster and some biscuits, with a flask of water, and were ready for a start.

"Stop!" I exclaimed, "we have still left something very important undone."

"Surely not," said Fritz.

"Yes," said I, "we have not yet joined in morning prayer. We are only too ready, amid the cares and pleasures of this life, to forget the God to whom we owe all things." Then having commended ourselves to his protecting care, I took leave of my wife and children, and bidding them not wander

far from the boat and tent, we parted not without some anxiety on either side, for we knew not what might assail us in this unknown region.

We now found that the banks of the stream were on both sides so rocky that we could get down to the water by only one narrow passage, and there was no corresponding path on the other side. I was glad to see this, however, for I now knew that my wife and children were on a comparatively inaccessible spot, the other side of the tent being protected by steep and precipitous cliffs. Fritz and I pursued our way up the stream until we reached a point where the waters fell from a considerable height in a cascade, and where several large rocks lay half covered by the water; by means of these we succeeded in crossing the stream in safety. We thus had the sea on our left, and a long line of rocky heights, here and there adorned with clumps of trees, stretching away inland to the right. We had forced our way scarcely fifty yards through the long rank grass, which was here partly withered by the sun and much tangled, when we heard behind us a rustling, and on looking round saw the grass waving to and fro, as if some animal were passing through it. Fritz instantly turned and brought his gun to his shoulder, ready to fire the moment the beast should appear. I was much pleased with my son's coolness and presence of mind, for it showed me that I might thoroughly rely upon him on any future occasion when real danger might occur; this time, however, no savage beast rushed out, but our trusty dog Turk, whom in our anxiety at parting we had forgotten, and who had been sent after us, doubtless, by my thoughtful wife.

From this little incident, however, we saw how dangerous was our position, and how difficult escape would be should any fierce beast steal upon us unawares: we therefore hastened to make our way to the open seashore. Here the scene which presented itself was indeed delightful. A background of hills, the green waving grass, the pleasant groups of trees stretching here and there to the very water's edge, formed a lovely prospect. On the smooth sand we searched carefully for any trace of our hapless companions, but not the mark of a footstep could we find.

"Shall I fire a shot or two?" said Fritz; "that would bring our companions, if they are within hearing."

"It would indeed," I replied, "or any savages that may be here. No, no; let us search diligently, but as quietly as possible."

"But why, father, should we trouble ourselves about them at all? They left us to shift for ourselves, and I for one don't care to set eyes on them again."

"You are wrong, my boy," said I. "In the first place, we should not return evil for evil; then, again, they might be of great assistance to us in building a house of some sort; and lastly, you must remember that they took nothing with them from the vessel, and may be perishing of hunger."

Thus talking, we pushed on until we came to a pleasant grove which stretched down to the water's edge; here we halted to rest, seating ourselves under a large tree, by a rivulet which murmured and splashed along its pebbly bed into the great ocean before us. A thousand gayly plumaged birds flew twittering above us, and Fritz and I gazed up at them.

My son suddenly started up.

"A monkey," he exclaimed; "I am nearly sure I saw a monkey."

As he spoke he sprang round to the other side of the tree, and in doing so stumbled over a round substance, which he handed to me, remarking, as he did so, that it was a round bird's nest, of which he had often heard.

"You may have done so," said I, laughing, "but you need not necessarily conclude that every round hairy thing is a bird's nest; this, for instance, is not one, but a cocoanut."

We split open the nut, but, to our disgust, found the kernel dry and uneatable.

"Hullo," cried Fritz, "I always thought a cocoanut was full of delicious sweet liquid, like almond milk."

"So it is," I replied, "when young and fresh, but as it ripens the milk becomes congealed, and in course of time is solidified into a kernel. This kernel then dries as you see here, but when the nut falls on favorable soil, the germ within the kernel swells until it bursts through the shell, and, taking root, springs up a new tree."

"I do not understand," said Fritz, "how the little germ manages to get through this great thick shell, which is not like an almond or hazelnut shell, that is divided down the middle already."

"Nature provides for all things," I answered, taking up the pieces. "Look here, do you see these three round holes near the stalk? It is through them that the germ obtains egress. Now let us find a good nut if we can."

As cocoanuts must be overripe before they fall naturally from the tree, it was not without difficulty that we obtained one in which the kernel was not dried up. When we succeeded, however, we were so refreshed by the fruit that we could defer the repast we called our dinner until later in the day, and so spare our stock of provisions.

Continuing our way through a thicket, and which was so densely overgrown with lianas that we had to clear a passage with our hatchets, we again emerged on the seashore beyond, and found an open view, the forest sweeping inland, while on the space before us stood at intervals single trees of remarkable appearance.

These at once attracted Fritz's observant eye, and he pointed to them, exclaiming : —

" Oh, what absurd-looking trees, father ! See what strange bumps there are on the trunks."

We approached to examine them, and I recognized them as calabash trees, the fruit of which grows in this curious way on the stems, and is a species of gourd, from the hard rind of which bowls, spoons, and bottles can be made. " The savages," I remarked, " are said to form these things most ingeniously, using them to contain liquids : indeed, they actually cook food in them."

" Oh, but that is impossible," returned Fritz. " I am quite sure this rind would be burnt through directly it was set on the fire."

" I did not say it was set on the fire at all. When the gourd has been divided in two, and the shell or rind emptied of its contents, it is filled with water, into which the fish, or whatever is to be cooked, is put ; red-hot stones are added until the water boils ; the food becomes fit to eat, and the gourd rind remains uninjured."

" That is a very clever plan : very simple too. I dare say I should have hit on it, if I had tried," said Fritz.

" The friends of Columbus thought it very easy to make an egg stand upon its end when he had shown them how to do it. But now suppose we prepare some of these calabashes, that they may be ready for use when we take them home."

Fritz instantly took up one of the gourds, and tried to split it equally with his knife, but in vain : the blade slipped, and the calabash was cut jaggedly. " What a nuisance ! " said

Fritz, flinging it down, "the thing is spoiled; and yet it seemed so simple to divide it properly."

"Stay," said I; "you are too impatient, those pieces are not useless. Do you try to fashion from them a spoon or two while I provide a dish."

I then took from my pocket a piece of string, which I tied tightly round a gourd, as near one end of it as I could; then tapping the string with the back of my knife, it penetrated the outer shell. When this was accomplished, I tied the string yet tighter; and drawing the ends with all my might, the gourd fell, divided exactly as I wished.

"That is clever!" cried Fritz. "What in the world put that plan into your head?"

"It is a plan," I replied, "which the negroes adopt, as I have learned from reading books of travel."

"Well, it certainly makes a capital soup tureen, and a soup plate too," said Fritz, examining the gourd. "But supposing you had wanted to make a bottle, how would you have set to work?"

"It would be an easier operation than this, if possible. All that is necessary is to cut a round hole at one end, then to scoop out the interior, and to drop in several shot or stones: when these are shaken, any remaining portions of the fruit are detached, and the gourd is thoroughly cleaned, and the bottle completed."

"That would not make a very convenient bottle, though, father; it would be more like a barrel."

"True, my boy; if you want a more shapely vessel, you must take it in hand when it is younger. To give it a neck, for instance, you must tie a bandage round the young gourd while it is still on the tree, and then all will swell but that part which you have checked."

As I spoke, I filled the gourds with sand, and left them to dry, marking the spot that we might return for them on our way back.

MR. COLLINS' COURTSHIP.

By JANE AUSTEN.

(From "Pride and Prejudice.")

[JANE AUSTEN: An English novelist, daughter of the rector of Steventon, Hampshire; born December 16, 1775. She resided with her family first at Bath, and finally at Winchester, where she died July 18, 1817, and was buried in the cathedral. Her life was uneventful, and it was not until about 1830 that her works received the recognition they deserved. Of her novels the best-known are: "Sense and Sensibility" (1811), "Pride and Prejudice" (written in 1796, but not published until 1813), "Mansfield Park" (1814), "Persuasion" (1818).]

THE next day opened a new scene at Longbourn. Mr. Collins made his declaration in form. Having resolved to do it without loss of time, as his leave of absence extended only to the following Saturday, and having no feelings of diffidence to make it distressing to himself even at the moment, he set about it in a very orderly manner with all the observances which he supposed a regular part of the business. On finding Mrs. Bennet, Elizabeth, and one of the younger girls together, soon after breakfast, he addressed the mother in these words: —

"May I hope, madam, for your interest with your fair daughter Elizabeth, when I solicit for the honor of a private audience with her in the course of this morning?"

Before Elizabeth had time for anything but a blush of surprise, Mrs. Bennet instantly answered: —

"Oh, dear! Yes, certainly. I am sure Lizzy will be very happy — I am sure she can have no objection. Come, Kitty, I want you upstairs." And gathering her work together, she was hastening away, when Elizabeth called out: —

"Dear ma'am, do not go. I beg you will not go. Mr. Collins must excuse me. He can have nothing to say to me that anybody need not hear. I am going away myself."

"No, no; nonsense, Lizzy! I desire you will stay where you are." And upon Elizabeth's seeming really, with vexed and embarrassed looks, about to escape, she added, "Lizzy, I insist upon your staying and hearing Mr. Collins!"

Elizabeth would not oppose such an injunction; and a moment's consideration making her also sensible that it would be wisest to get it over as soon and as quietly as possible, she sat down again, and tried to conceal, by incessant employment,

the feelings which were divided between distress and diversion. Mrs. Bennet and Kitty walked off, and, as soon as they were gone, Mr. Collins began : —

"Believe me, my dear Miss Elizabeth, that your modesty, so far from doing you any disservice, rather adds to your other perfections. You would have been less amiable in my eyes had there not been this little unwillingness ; but allow me to assure you that I have your respected mother's permission for this address. You can hardly doubt the purport of my discourse, however your natural delicacy may lead you to dissemble ; my attentions have been too marked to be mistaken. Almost as soon as I entered the house I singled you out as the companion of my future life. But before I am run away with by my feelings on this subject, perhaps it will be advisable for me to state my reasons for marrying — and, moreover, for coming into Hertfordshire with the design of selecting a wife, as I certainly did."

The idea of Mr. Collins, with all his solemn composure, being run away with by his feelings, made Elizabeth so near laughing that she could not use the short pause he allowed in any attempt to stop him further, and he continued : —

"My reasons for marrying are, first, that I think it a right thing for every clergyman in easy circumstances (like myself) to set the example of matrimony in his parish ; secondly, that I am convinced it will add very greatly to my happiness ; and, thirdly, which perhaps I ought to have mentioned earlier, that it is the particular advice and recommendation of the very noble lady whom I have the honor of calling patroness. Twice has she condescended to give me her opinion (unasked, too !) on this subject ; and it was but the very Saturday night before I left Hunsford — between our pools at quadrille, while Mrs. Jenkinson was arranging Miss De Bourgh's footstool — that she said : 'Mr. Collins, you must marry. A clergyman like you must marry. Choose properly, choose a gentlewoman, for my sake and for your own ; let her be an active, useful sort of person, not brought up high, but able to make a small income go a good way. This is my advice. Find such a woman as soon as you can, bring her to Hunsford, and I will visit her.' Allow me, by the way, to observe, my fair cousin, that I do not reckon the notice and kindnesses of Lady Catherine De Bourgh as among the least of the advantages in my power to offer. You will find her manners beyond anything I can describe ;

and your wit and vivacity, I think, must be acceptable to her, especially when tempered with the silence and respect which her rank will inevitably excite. Thus much for my general intention in favor of matrimony. It remains to be told why my views were directed to Longbourn instead of my own neighborhood, where I assure you there are many amiable young women. But the fact is, that being, as I am, to inherit this estate after the death of your honored father (who, however, may live many years longer), I could not satisfy myself without resolving to choose a wife from among his daughters, that the loss to them might be as little as possible when the melancholy event takes place — which, however, as I have already said, may not be for several years. This has been my motive, my fair cousin, and I flatter myself it will not sink me in your esteem. And now nothing remains for me but to assure you, in the most animated language, of the violence of my affection. To fortune I am perfectly indifferent, and shall make no demand of that nature on your father, since I am well aware that it could not be complied with; and that one thousand pounds in the four per cents, which will not be yours till after your mother's decease, is all that you may ever be entitled to. On that head, therefore, I shall be uniformly silent: and you may assure yourself that no ungenerous reproach shall ever pass my lips when we are married."

It was absolutely necessary to interrupt him now.

"You are too hasty, sir," she cried. "You forget that I have made no answer. Let me do it without further loss of time. Accept my thanks for the compliment you are paying me. I am very sensible of the honor of your proposals, but it is impossible for me to do otherwise than decline them."

"I am not now to learn," replied Mr. Collins, with a formal wave of the hand, "that it is usual with young ladies to reject the addresses of the man whom they secretly mean to accept, when he first applies for their favor; and that sometimes the refusal is repeated a second or even a third time. I am therefore by no means discouraged by what you have just said, and shall hope to lead you to the altar erelong."

"Upon my word, sir," cried Elizabeth, "your hope is rather an extraordinary one after my declaration. I do assure you that I am not one of those young ladies (if such young ladies there are) who are so daring as to risk their happiness on the chance of being asked a second time. I am perfectly serious in my

refusal. You could not make me happy, and I am convinced that I am the last woman in the world who would make you so. Nay, were your friend, Lady Catherine, to know me, I am perfectly persuaded she would find me in every respect ill-qualified for the situation."

"Were it certain that Lady Catherine would think so," said Mr. Collins, very gravely — "but I cannot imagine that her ladyship would at all disapprove of you. And you may be certain that when I have the honor of seeing her again I shall speak in the highest terms of your modesty, economy, and other amiable qualifications."

"Indeed, Mr. Collins, all praise of me will be unnecessary. You must give me leave to judge for myself, and pay me the compliment of believing what I say. I wish you very happy and very rich, and, by refusing your hand, do all in my power to prevent you being otherwise. In making me the offer, you must have satisfied the delicacy of your feelings with regard to my family, and may take possession of Longbourn estate whenever it falls, without any self-reproach. This matter may be considered, therefore, as finally settled." And rising, as she thus spoke, she would have quitted the room had not Mr. Collins thus addressed her: —

"When I do myself the honor of speaking to you next on the subject, I shall hope to receive a more favorable answer than you have now given me; though I am far from accusing you of cruelty at present, because I know it to be the established custom of your sex to reject a man on the first application, and perhaps you have even now said as much to encourage my suit as would be consistent with the true delicacy of the female character."

"Really, Mr. Collins," cried Elizabeth, with some warmth, "you puzzle me exceedingly. If what I have hitherto said can appear to you in the form of encouragement, I know not how to express my refusal in such a way as may convince you of its being one."

"You must give me leave to flatter myself, my dear cousin, that your refusal of my addresses are merely words, of course. My reasons for believing it are briefly these: It does not appear to me that my hand is unworthy your acceptance, or that the establishment I can offer would be any other than highly desirable. My situation in life, my connections with the family of De Bourgh and my relationship to your own, are

circumstances highly in my favor; and you should take it into further consideration that, in spite of your manifold attractions, it is by no means certain that another offer of marriage may ever be made you. Your portion is unhappily so small that it will, in all likelihood, undo the effects of your loveliness and amiable qualifications. As I must, therefore, conclude that you are not serious in your rejection of me, I shall choose to attribute it to your wish of increasing my love by suspense, according to the usual practice of elegant females."

"I do assure you, sir, that I have no pretensions whatever to that kind of elegance which consists in tormenting a respectable man. I would rather be paid the compliment of being believed sincere. I thank you again and again for the honor you have done me in your proposals, but to accept them is absolutely impossible. My feelings in every respect forbid it. Can I speak plainer? Do not consider me now as an elegant female intending to plague you, but as a rational creature speaking the truth from her heart."

"You are uniformly charming!" cried he, with an air of awkward gallantry; "and I am persuaded that, when sanctioned by the express authority of both your excellent parents, my proposals will not fail of being acceptable."

To such perseverance in willful self-deception Elizabeth would make no reply, and immediately and in silence withdrew, determined that, if he persisted in considering her repeated refusals as flattering encouragement, to apply to her father, whose negative might be uttered in such a manner as must be decisive, and whose behavior, at least, could not be mistaken for the affectation and coquetry of an elegant female.

Mr. Collins was not left long to the silent contemplation of his successful love; for Mrs. Bennet, having dawdled about in the vestibule to watch for the end of the conference, no sooner saw Elizabeth open the door and with quick step pass her toward the staircase, than she entered the breakfast room, and congratulated both him and herself in warm terms on the happy prospect of their nearer connection. Mr. Collins received and returned these felicitations with equal pleasure, and then proceeded to relate the particulars of their interview, with the result of which he trusted he had every reason to be satisfied, since the refusal which his cousin had steadfastly given him would naturally flow from her bashful modesty and the genuine delicacy of her character.

This information, however, startled Mrs. Bennet; she would have been glad to be equally satisfied that her daughter had meant to encourage him by protesting against his proposals, but she dared not to believe it, and could not help saying so.

"But depend upon it, Mr. Collins," she added, "that Lizzy shall be brought to reason. I will speak to her about it myself directly. She is a very headstrong, foolish girl, and does not know her own interest; but I will make her know it!"

"Pardon me for interrupting you, madam," cried Mr. Collins; "but if she is really headstrong and foolish, I know not whether she would altogether be a very desirable wife to a man in my situation, who naturally looks for happiness in the marriage state. If, therefore, she actually persists in rejecting my suit, perhaps it were better not to force her into accepting me, because, if liable to such defects of temper, she could not add much to my felicity."

"Sir, you quite misunderstand me," said Mrs. Bennet, alarmed. "Lizzy is only headstrong in such matters as these. In everything else she is as good-natured a girl as ever lived. I will go directly to Mr. Bennet, and we shall very soon settle it with her, I am sure."

She would not give him time to reply, but hurrying instantly to her husband, called out, as she entered the library: —

"Oh, Mr. Bennet, you are wanted immediately; we are all in an uproar! You must come and make Lizzy marry Mr. Collins, for she vows she will not have him; and if you do not make haste he will change his mind and not have her!"

Mr. Bennet raised his eyes from his book as she entered, and fixed them on her face with a calm unconcern, which was not in the least altered by her communication.

"I have not the pleasure of understanding you," said he, when she had finished her speech. "Of what are you talking?"

"Of Mr. Collins and Lizzy. Lizzy declares she will not have Mr. Collins, and Mr. Collins begins to say that he will not have Lizzy."

"And what am I to do on the occasion? It seems a hopeless business."

"Speak to Lizzy about it yourself. Tell her that you insist upon her marrying him."

"Let her be called down. She shall hear my opinion."

Mrs. Bennet rang the bell, and Miss Elizabeth was summoned to the library.

"Come here, child," cried her father, as she appeared. "I have sent for you on an affair of importance. I understand that Mr. Collins has made you an offer of marriage. Is it true?" Elizabeth replied that it was. "Very well — and this offer of marriage you have refused?"

"I have, sir."

"Very well. We now come to the point. Your mother insists upon your accepting it. Is it not so, Mrs. Bennet?"

"Yes, or I will never see her again."

"An unhappy alternative is before you, Elizabeth. From this day you must be a stranger to one of your parents. Your mother will never see you again if you do not marry Mr. Collins, and I will never see you again if you do!"

Elizabeth could not but smile at such a conclusion of such a beginning; but Mrs. Bennet, who had persuaded herself that her husband regarded the affair as she wished, was excessively disappointed.

"What do you mean, Mr. Bennet, by talking in this way? You promised me to insist upon her marrying him."

"My dear," replied her husband, "I have two small favors to request. First, that you will allow me the free use of my understanding on the present occasion; and, secondly, of my room. I shall be glad to have the library to myself as soon as may be."

Not yet, however, in spite of her disappointment in her husband, did Mrs. Bennet give up the point. She talked to Elizabeth again and again; coaxed and threatened her by turns. She endeavored to secure Jane in her interest, but Jane, with all possible mildness, declined interfering; and Elizabeth, sometimes with real earnestness, and sometimes with playful gayety, replied to her attacks. Though her manner varied, however, her determination never did.

Mr. Collins, meanwhile, was meditating in solitude on what had passed. He thought too well of himself to comprehend on what motive his cousin could refuse him; and though his pride was hurt, he suffered in no other way. His regard for her was quite imaginary, and the possibility of her deserving her mother's reproach prevented his feeling any regret.

While the family were in this confusion Charlotte Lucas came to spend the day with them. She was met in the vestibule by Lydia, who, flying to her, cried, in a half whisper, "I

am glad you are come, for there is such fun here! What do you think has happened this morning? Mr. Collins has made an offer to Lizzy, and she will not have him."

Charlotte had hardly time to answer before they were joined by Kitty, who came to tell the same news; and no sooner had they entered the breakfast room where Mrs. Bennet was alone than she likewise began on the subject, calling on Miss Lucas for her compassion, and entreating her to persuade her friend Lizzy to comply with the wishes of all her family. "Pray do, my dear Miss Lucas," she added, in a melancholy tone, "for nobody is on my side, nobody takes part with me; I am cruelly used; nobody feels for my poor nerves."

Charlotte's reply was spared by the entrance of Jane and Elizabeth.

"Ay, there she comes," continued Mrs. Bennet, "looking as unconcerned as may be, and caring no more for us than if we were at York, provided she can have her own way. But I tell you what, Miss Lizzy, if you take it into your head to go on refusing every offer of marriage in this way, you will never get a husband at all; and I am sure I do not know who is to maintain you when your father is dead. *I* shall not be able to keep you — and so I warn you. I have done with you from this very day. I told you in the library, you know, that I should never speak to you again, and you will find me as good as my word. I have no pleasure in talking to undutiful children. Not that I have much pleasure, indeed, in talking to anybody. People who suffer as I do from nervous complaints can have no great inclination for talking. Nobody can tell what I suffer! But it is always so: those who do not complain are never pitied."

Her daughters listened in silence to this effusion, sensible that any attempt to reason with or soothe her would only increase the irritation. She talked on, therefore, without interruption from any of them, till they were joined by Mr. Collins, who entered with an air more stately than usual, and on perceiving whom she said to the girls: —

"Now I do insist upon it that you, all of you, hold your tongues and let Mr. Collins and me have a little conversation together."

Elizabeth passed quietly out of the room, Jane and Kitty followed, but Lydia stood her ground, determined to hear all she could; and Charlotte, detained first by the civility of

Mr. Collins, whose inquiries after herself and all her family were very minute, and then by a little curiosity, satisfied herself with walking to the window and pretending not to hear. In a doleful voice Mrs. Bennet thus began the projected conversation: "Oh, Mr. Collins!"

"My dear madam," replied he, "let us be forever silent on this point. Far be it from me," he presently continued, in a voice that marked his displeasure, "to resent the behavior of your daughter. Resignation to inevitable evils is the duty of us all — the peculiar duty of a young man who has been so fortunate as I have been, in early preferment; and, I trust, I am resigned. Perhaps not the less so from feeling a doubt of my positive happiness had my fair cousin honored me with her hand; for I have often observed that resignation is never so perfect as when the blessing denied begins to lose somewhat of its value in our estimation. You will not, I hope, consider me as showing any disrespect to your family, my dear madam, by thus withdrawing my pretensions to your daughter's favor, without having paid yourself and Mr. Bennet the compliment of requesting you to interpose your authority in my behalf. My conduct may, I fear, be objectionable in having accepted my dismission from your daughter's lips instead of your own; but we are all liable to error. I have certainly meant well through the whole affair. My object has been to secure an amiable companion for myself, with due consideration for the advantage of all your family; and if my manner has been at all reprehensible, I here beg leave to apologize."

ELIZABETH AND LADY CATHERINE.

By JANE AUSTEN.

(From "Pride and Prejudice.")

One morning, about a week after Bingley's engagement with Jane had been formed, as he and the females of the family were sitting together in the dining room, their attention was suddenly drawn to the window by the sound of a carriage, and they perceived a chaise and four driving up the lawn. It was too early in the morning for visitors, and besides, the equipage

did not answer to that of any of their neighbors. The horses were post; and neither the carriage nor the livery of the servant who preceded it were familiar to them. As it was certain, however, that somebody was coming, Bingley instantly prevailed on Miss Bennet to avoid the confinement of such an intrusion, and walk away with him into the shrubbery. They both set off, and the conjectures of the remaining three continued, though with little satisfaction, till the door was thrown open and their visitor entered. It was Lady Catherine De Bourgh.

They were of course all intending to be surprised, but their astonishment was beyond their expectation; and on the part of Mrs. Bennet and Kitty, though she was perfectly unknown to them, even inferior to what Elizabeth felt.

She entered the room with an air more than usually ungracious, made no other reply to Elizabeth's salutation than a slight inclination of the head, and sat down without saying a word. Elizabeth had mentioned her name to her mother on her ladyship's entrance, though no request of introduction had been made.

Mrs. Bennet, all amazement, though flattered by having a guest of such high importance, received her with the utmost politeness. After sitting for a moment in silence she said, very stiffly, to Elizabeth : —

"I hope you are well, Miss Bennet. That lady, I suppose, is your mother?"

Elizabeth replied very concisely that she was.

"And that, I suppose, is one of your sisters?"

"Yes, madam," said Mrs. Bennet, delighted to speak to a Lady Catherine; "she is my youngest girl but one. My youngest of all is lately married, and my eldest is somewhere about the ground, walking with a young man, who, I believe, will soon become a part of the family."

"You have a very small park here," returned Lady Catherine, after a short silence.

"It is nothing in comparison with Rosings, my lady, I dare say; but I assure you it is much larger than Sir William Lucas'."

"This must be a most inconvenient sitting room for the evening in summer; the windows are full west."

Mrs. Bennet assured her that they never sat there after dinner; and then added: —

"May I take the liberty of asking your ladyship whether you left Mr. and Mrs. Collins well?"

"Yes, very well. I saw them the night before last."

Elizabeth now expected that she would produce a letter for her from Charlotte, as it seemed the only probable motive for her calling. But no letter appeared, and she was completely puzzled.

Mrs. Bennet with great civility begged her ladyship to take some refreshment; but Lady Catherine very resolutely, and not very politely, declined eating anything; and then, rising up, said to Elizabeth: —

"Miss Bennet, there seemed to be a prettyish kind of a little wilderness on one side of your lawn. I should be glad to take a turn in it, if you will favor me with your company."

"Go, my dear," cried her mother, "and show her ladyship about the different walks. I think she will be pleased with the hermitage."

Elizabeth obeyed; and, running into her own room for her parasol, attended her noble guest downstairs. As they passed through the hall, Lady Catherine opened the doors into the dining parlor and drawing-room, and pronouncing them, after a short survey, to be decent-looking rooms, walked on.

Her carriage remained at the door, and Elizabeth saw that her waiting woman was in it. They proceeded in silence along the gravel walk that led to the copse; Elizabeth was determined to make no effort for conversation with a woman who was now more than usually insolent and disagreeable.

"How could I ever think her like her nephew?" said she, as she looked in her face.

As soon as they entered the copse, Lady Catherine began in the following manner: —

"You can be at no loss, Miss Bennet, to understand the reason of my journey hither. Your own heart, your own conscience, must tell you why I come."

Elizabeth looked with unaffected astonishment.

"Indeed you are mistaken, madam; I have not been at all able to account for the honor of seeing you here."

"Miss Bennet," replied her ladyship, in an angry tone, "you ought to know that I am not to be trifled with. But however insincere you may choose to be, you shall not find me so. My character has ever been celebrated for its sincerity and frankness; and in a cause of such moment as this I shall

certainly not depart from it. A report of a most alarming nature reached me two days ago. I was told that not only your sister was on the point of being most advantageously married, but that you, that Miss Elizabeth Bennet, would, in all likelihood, be soon united afterward to my nephew, my own nephew, Mr. Darcy. Though I know it must be a scandalous falsehood, though I would not injure him so much as to suppose the truth of it possible, I instantly resolved on setting off for this place that I might make my sentiments known to you."

"If you believed it impossible to be true," said Elizabeth, coloring with astonishment and disdain, "I wonder you took the trouble of coming so far. What could your ladyship propose by it?"

"At once to insist upon having such a report universally contradicted."

"Your coming to Longbourn to see me and my family," said Elizabeth, coolly, "will be rather a confirmation of it,—if, indeed, such a report is in existence."

"If! Do you, then, pretend to be ignorant of it? Has it not been industriously circulated by yourselves? Do you not know that such a report is spread about?"

"I never heard that it was."

"And you can likewise declare that there is no foundation for it?"

"I do not pretend to possess equal frankness with your ladyship. You may ask questions which I shall not choose to answer."

"This is not to be borne! Miss Bennet, I insist on being satisfied. Has he, has my nephew, made you an offer of marriage?"

"Your ladyship has declared it to be impossible."

"It ought to be so; it must be so, while he retains the use of his reason. But your arts and allurements may, in a moment of infatuation, have made him forget what he owes to himself and to all his family. You may have drawn him in."

"If I have, I shall be the last person to confess it."

"Miss Bennet, do you know who I am? I have not been accustomed to such language as this. I am almost the nearest relation he has in the world, and am entitled to know all his dearest concerns."

"But you are not entitled to know mine; nor will such behavior as this ever induce me to be explicit."

"Let me be rightly understood. This match, to which you have the presumption to aspire, can never take place — no, never. Mr. Darcy is engaged to my daughter. Now, what have you to say?"

"Only this — that if he is so, you can have no reason to suppose he will make an offer to me."

Lady Catherine hesitated a moment, and then replied: —

"The engagement between them is of a peculiar kind. From their infancy they have been intended for each other. It was the favorite wish of his mother, as well as of hers. While in their cradles we planned the union; and now, at the moment when the wishes of both sisters would be accomplished in their marriage, to be prevented by a young woman of inferior birth, of no importance in the world, and wholly unallied to the family! Do you pay no regard to the wishes of his friends? to his tacit engagement with Miss De Bourgh? Are you lost to every feeling of propriety and delicacy? Have you not heard me say that from his earliest hours he was destined for his cousin?"

"Yes; and I had heard it before. But what is that to me? If there is no other objection to my marrying your nephew, I shall certainly not be kept from it by knowing that his mother and aunt wished him to marry Miss De Bourgh. You both did as much as you could in planning the marriage; its completion depended on others. If Mr. Darcy is neither by honor nor inclination confined to his cousin, why is not he to make another choice? and if I am that choice, why may not I accept him?"

"Because honor, decorum, prudence, nay interest, forbid it. Yes, Miss Bennet, interest, for do not expect to be noticed by his family or friends, if you willfully act against the inclinations of all. You will be censured, slighted, and despised by every one connected with him. Your alliance will be a disgrace; your name will never even be mentioned by any of us."

"These are heavy misfortunes!" replied Elizabeth. "But the wife of Mr. Darcy must have such extraordinary sources of happiness necessarily attached to her situation that she could, upon the whole, have no cause to repine."

"Obstinate, headstrong girl! I am ashamed of you! Is this your gratitude for my attentions to you last spring? Is nothing due to me on that score? Let us sit down. You are to understand, Miss Bennet, that I came here with the deter-

mined resolution of carrying my purpose; nor will I be dissuaded from it. I have not been used to submit to any person's whims. I have not been in the habit of brooking disappointment."

"That will make your ladyship's situation at present more pitiable; but it will have no effect on me."

"I will not be interrupted. Hear me in silence. My daughter and my nephew are formed for each other. They are descended, on the maternal side, from the same noble line; and, on the father's, from respectable, honorable, and ancient, though untitled, families. Their fortune on both sides is splendid. They are destined for each other by the voice of every member of their respective houses; and what is to divide them? — the upstart pretensions of a young woman without family, connections, or fortune! Is this to be endured? But it must not, shall not be! If you were sensible of your own good, you would not wish to quit the sphere in which you have been brought up."

"In marrying your nephew, I should not consider myself as quitting that sphere. He is a gentleman; I am a gentleman's daughter; so far we are equal."

"True. You are a gentleman's daughter. But what was your mother? Who are your uncles and aunts? Do not imagine me ignorant of their condition."

"Whatever my connections may be," said Elizabeth, "if your nephew does not object to them, they can be nothing to you."

"Tell me, once for all, are you engaged to him?"

Though Elizabeth would not, for the mere purpose of obliging Lady Catherine, have answered this question, she could not but say, after a moment's deliberation: —

"I am not."

Lady Catherine seemed pleased.

"And will you promise me never to enter into such an engagement?"

"I will make no promise of the kind."

"Miss Bennet, I am shocked and astonished! I expected to find a more reasonable young woman. But do not deceive yourself into a belief that I will ever recede. I shall not go away till you have given me the assurance I require."

"And I certainly never shall give it. I am not to be intimidated into anything so wholly unreasonable. Your ladyship wants Mr. Darcy to marry your daughter; but would

my giving you the wished-for promise make their marriage at all more probable? Supposing him to be attached to me, would my refusing to accept his hand make him wish to bestow it on his cousin? Allow me to say, Lady Catherine, that the arguments with which you have supported this extraordinary application have been as frivolous as the application was ill-judged. You have widely mistaken my character, if you think I can be worked on by such persuasions as these. How far your nephew might approve of your interference in his affairs I cannot tell, but you have certainly no right to concern yourself in mine. I must beg, therefore, to be importuned no further on the subject."

"Not so hasty, if you please; I have by no means done. To all the objections I have already urged I have still another to add. I am no stranger to the particulars of your youngest sister's infamous elopement; I know it all — that the young man's marrying her was a patched-up business at the expense of your father and uncle. And is such a girl to be my nephew's sister? Is her husband, who is the son of his late father's steward, to be his brother? Heaven and earth! of what are you thinking? Are the shades of Pemberley to be thus polluted?"

"You can now have nothing further to say," she resentfully answered. "You have insulted me in every possible method. I must beg to return to the house."

And she rose as she spoke. Lady Catherine rose also, and they turned back. Her ladyship was highly incensed.

"You have no regard, then, for the honor and credit of my nephew? Unfeeling, selfish girl! Do you not consider that a connection with you must disgrace him in the eyes of everybody?"

"Lady Catherine, I have nothing further to say. You know my sentiments."

"You are, then, resolved to have him?"

"I have said no such thing. I am only resolved to act in that manner which will, in my own opinion, constitute my happiness, without reference to you, or to any person so wholly unconnected with me."

"It is well. You refuse, then, to oblige me; you refuse to obey the claims of duty, honor, and gratitude. You are determined to ruin him in the opinion of all his friends, and make him the contempt of the world."

"Neither duty, nor honor, nor gratitude," replied Elizabeth, "has any possible claim on me in the present instance. No principle of either would be violated by my marriage with Mr. Darcy. And with regard to the resentment of his family, or the indignation of the world, if the former were excited by his marrying me, it would not give me one moment's concern; and the world in general would have too much sense to join in the scorn."

"And this is your real opinion! This is your final resolve! Very well! I shall now know how to act. Do not imagine, Miss Bennet, that your ambition will ever be gratified. I came to try you. I hoped to find you reasonable, but depend upon it I will carry my point."

In this manner Lady Catherine talked on till they were at the door of the carriage, when, turning hastily round, she added: —

"I take no leave of you, Miss Bennet. I send no compliments to your mother; you deserve no such attention. I am most seriously displeased."

Elizabeth made no answer; and without attempting to persuade her ladyship to return into the house, walked quietly into it herself. She heard the carriage drive away as she proceeded upstairs. Her mother impatiently met her at the door of her dressing room, to ask why Lady Catherine would not come in again and rest herself.

"She did not choose it," said her daughter; "she would go."

"She is a very fine-looking woman, and her calling here was prodigiously civil; for she only came, I suppose, to tell us the Collinses were well. She is on her road somewhere, I dare say; and so, passing through Meryton, thought she might as well call on you. I suppose she had nothing particular to say to you, Lizzy?"

Elizabeth was forced to give in to a little falsehood here; for to acknowledge the substance of their conversation was impossible.

THE SHADOWLESS MAN.

By ADELBERT VON CHAMISSO.

(From "Peter Schlemihl.")

[Adelbert von Chamisso, German author and poet, was born of an old French family at the Château de Boncourt, in Champagne, January, 1781. Driven with his parents from their home by the French Revolution, he was educated in Berlin, where he became a page of the queen, served in the Prussian army till the Peace of Tilsit, and then returned to France. In 1815 he accompanied, as naturalist, the exploring expedition of Count Romanzow in a journey around the world, and was subsequently custodian of the Botanical Garden of Berlin, an office which he held until his death, in 1838. His "Peter Schlemihl," the story of a man who loses his shadow, has been translated into all the principal languages. His poetry comprises popular songs, ballads, and narrative poems, notably "Salas y Gomez," "Matteo Falcone," and "The Retreat."]

After a prosperous, but to me very wearisome, voyage, we came at last into port. Immediately on landing I got together my few effects; and, squeezing myself through the crowd, went into the nearest and humblest inn which first met my gaze. On asking for a room the waiter looked at me from head to foot, and conducted me to one. I asked for some cold water, and for the correct address of Mr. Thomas John, which was described as being "by the north gate the first country house to the right, a large new house of red and white marble, with many pillars." This was enough. As the day was not yet far advanced, I untied my bundle, took out my newly turned black coat, dressed myself in my best clothes, and, with my letter of recommendation, set out for the man who was to assist me in the attainment of my moderate wishes.

After proceeding up the north street, I reached the gate, and saw the marble columns glittering through the trees. Having wiped the dust from my shoes with my pocket handkerchief, and readjusted my cravat, I rang the bell — offering up at the same time a silent prayer. The door flew open, and the porter sent in my name. I had soon the honor to be invited into the park, where Mr. John was walking with a few friends. I recognized him at once by his corpulency and self-complacent air. He received me very well — just as a rich man receives a poor devil; and turning to me, took my letter. "Oh, from my brother! it is a long time since I heard from him: is he well? — Yonder," he went on, — turning to the company, and point-

ing to a distant hill, — "yonder is the site of the new building." He broke the seal without discontinuing the conversation, which turned upon riches. "The man," he said, "who does not possess at least a million is a poor wretch." "Oh, how true!" I exclaimed, in the fullness of my heart. He seemed pleased at this, and replied with a smile, "Stop here, my dear friend; afterwards I shall, perhaps, have time to tell you what I think of this," pointing to the letter, which he then put into his pocket, and turned round to the company, offering his arm to a young lady: his example was followed by the other gentlemen, each politely escorting a lady, and the whole party proceeded towards a little hill thickly planted with blooming roses.

I followed without troubling any one, for none took the least further notice of me. The party was in high spirits — lounging about and jesting — speaking sometimes of trifling matters very seriously, and of serious matters as triflingly — and exercising their wit in particular to great advantage on their absent friends and their affairs. I was too ignorant of what they were talking about to understand much of it, and too anxious and absorbed in my own reflections to occupy myself with the solution of such enigmas as their conversation presented.

By this time we had reached the thicket of roses. The lovely Fanny, who seemed to be the queen of the day, was obstinately bent on plucking a rose branch for herself, and in the attempt pricked her finger with a thorn. The crimson stream, as if flowing from the dark-tinted rose, tinged her fair hand with the purple current. This circumstance set the whole company in commotion; and court-plaster was called for. A quiet, elderly man, tall, and meager-looking, who was one of the company, but whom I had not before observed, immediately put his hand into the tight breast pocket of his old-fashioned coat of gray sarsnet, pulled out a small letter case, opened it, and, with a most respectful bow, presented the lady with the wished-for article. She received it without noticing the giver, or thanking him. The wound was bound up, and the party proceeded along the hill towards the back part, from which they enjoyed an extensive view across the green labyrinth of the park to the wide-spreading ocean. The view was truly a magnificent one. A slight speck was observed on the horizon, between the dark flood and the azure sky. "A telescope!" called out Mr. John; but before any of the servants could answer the summons

the gray man, with a modest bow, drew his hand from his pocket, and presented a beautiful Dollond's telescope to Mr. John, who, on looking through it, informed the company that the speck in the distance was the ship which had sailed yesterday, and which was detained within sight of the haven by contrary winds. The telescope passed from hand to hand, but was not returned to the owner, whom I gazed at with astonishment, and could not conceive how so large an instrument could have proceeded from so small a pocket. This, however, seemed to excite surprise in no one; and the gray man appeared to create as little interest as myself.

Refreshments were now brought forward, consisting of the rarest fruits from all parts of the world, served up in the most costly dishes. Mr. John did the honors with unaffected grace, and addressed me for the second time, saying, "You had better eat; you did not get such things at sea." I acknowledged his politeness with a bow, which, however, he did not perceive, having turned round to speak with some one else.

The party would willingly have stopped some time here on the declivity of the hill, to enjoy the extensive prospect before them, had they not been apprehensive of the dampness of the grass. "How delightful it would be," exclaimed some one, "if we had a Turkey carpet to lay down here!" The wish was scarcely expressed when the man in the gray coat put his hand in his pocket, and, with a modest and even humble air, pulled out a rich Turkey carpet, embroidered in gold. The servant received it as a matter of course, and spread it out on the desired spot; and, without any ceremony, the company seated themselves on it. Confounded by what I saw, I gazed again at the man, his pocket, and the carpet, which was more than twenty feet in length and ten in breadth; and rubbed my eyes, not knowing what to think, particularly as no one saw anything extraordinary in the matter.

I would gladly have made some inquiries respecting the man, and asked who he was, but knew not to whom I should address myself, for I felt almost more afraid of the servants than of their master. At length I took courage, and stepping up to a young man who seemed of less consequence than the others, and who was more frequently standing by himself, I begged of him, in a low tone, to tell me who the obliging gentleman was in the gray cloak. "That man who looks like a piece of thread just escaped from a tailor's needle?" "Yes; he who is stand-

ing alone yonder." "I do not know," was the reply; and to avoid, as it seemed, any further conversation with me, he turned away, and spoke of some commonplace matters with a neighbor.

The sun's rays now being stronger, the ladies complained of feeling oppressed by the heat; and the lovely Fanny, turning carelessly to the gray man, to whom I had not yet observed that any one had addressed the most trifling question, asked him if, perhaps, he had not a tent about him. He replied, with a low bow, as if some unmerited honor had been conferred upon him; and, putting his hand in his pocket, drew from it canvas, poles, cord, iron — in short, everything belonging to the most splendid tent for a party of pleasure. The young gentlemen assisted in pitching it: and it covered the whole carpet: but no one seemed to think that there was anything extraordinary in it.

I had long secretly felt uneasy — indeed, almost horrified; but how was this feeling increased when, at the next wish expressed, I saw him take from his pocket three horses! Yes, Adelbert, three large beautiful steeds, with saddles and bridles, out of the very pocket whence had already issued a letter case, a telescope, a carpet twenty feet broad and ten in length, and a pavilion of the same extent, with all its appurtenances! Did I not assure thee that my own eyes had seen all this, thou wouldst certainly disbelieve it.

This man, although he appeared so humble and embarrassed in his air and manners, and passed so unheeded, had inspired me with such a feeling of horror by the unearthly paleness of his countenance, from which I could not avert my eyes, that I was unable longer to endure it.

I determined, therefore, to steal away from the company, which appeared no difficult matter, from the undistinguished part I acted in it. I resolved to return to the town, and pay another visit to Mr. John the following morning, and, at the same time, make some inquiries of him relative to the extraordinary man in gray, provided I could command sufficient courage. Would to Heaven that such good fortune had awaited me!

I had stolen safely down the hill, through the thicket of roses, and now found myself on an open plain; but fearing lest I should be met out of the proper path, crossing the grass, I cast an inquisitive glance around, and started as I beheld the man in the gray cloak advancing towards me. He took off his

hat, and made me a lower bow than mortal had ever yet favored me with. It was evident that he wished to address me; and I could not avoid encountering him without seeming rude. I returned his salutation, therefore, and stood bareheaded in the sunshine as if rooted to the ground. I gazed at him with the utmost horror, and felt like a bird fascinated by a serpent.

He affected himself to have an air of embarrassment. With his eyes on the ground, he bowed several times, drew nearer, and at last, without looking up, addressed me in a low and hesitating voice, almost in the tone of a suppliant: "Will you, sir, excuse my importunity in venturing to intrude upon you in so unusual a manner? I have a request to make — would you most graciously be pleased to allow me?" "Hold! for Heaven's sake!" I exclaimed; "what can I do for a man who"—— I stopped in some confusion, which he seemed to share. After a moment's pause, he resumed: "During the short time I have had the pleasure to be in your company, I have — permit me, sir, to say — beheld with unspeakable admiration your most beautiful shadow, and remarked the air of noble indifference with which you, at the same time, turn from the glorious picture at your feet, as if disdaining to vouchsafe a glance at it. Excuse the boldness of my proposal; but perhaps you would have no objection to sell me your shadow?" He stopped, while my head turned round like a mill wheel. What was I to think of so extraordinary a proposal? To sell my shadow! "He must be mad," thought I; and assuming a tone more in character with the submissiveness of his own, I replied, "My good friend, are you not content with your own shadow? This would be a bargain of a strange nature indeed!"

"I have in my pocket," he said, "many things which may possess some value in your eyes: for that inestimable shadow I should deem the highest price too little."

A cold shuddering came over me as I recollected the pocket; and I could not conceive what had induced me to style him "*good friend*," which I took care not to repeat, endeavoring to make up for it by a studied politeness.

I now resumed the conversation: "But, sir — excuse your humble servant — I am at a loss to comprehend your meaning, — my shadow? — how can I?"

"Permit me," he exclaimed, interrupting me, "to gather up the noble image as it lies on the ground, and to take it into my possession. As to the manner of accomplishing it, leave

that to me. In return, and as an evidence of my gratitude, I shall leave you to choose among all the treasures I have in my pocket, among which are a variety of enchanting articles, not exactly adapted for you, who, I am sure, would like better to have the wishing cap of Fortunatus, all made new and sound again, and a lucky purse which also belonged to him."

"Fortunatus' purse!" cried I; and, great as was my mental anguish, with that one word he had penetrated the deepest recesses of my soul. A feeling of giddiness came over me, and double ducats glittered before my eyes.

"Be pleased, gracious sir, to examine this purse, and make a trial of its contents." He put his hand in his pocket, and drew forth a large strongly stitched bag of stout Cordovan leather, with a couple of strings to match, and presented it to me. I seized it — took out ten gold pieces, then ten more, and this I repeated again and again. Instantly I held out my hand to him. "Done," said I; "the bargain is made: my shadow for the purse." "Agreed," he answered; and, immediately kneeling down, I beheld him, with extraordinary dexterity, gently loosen my shadow from the grass, lift it up, fold it together, and, at last, put it in his pocket. He then rose, bowed once more to me, and directed his steps towards the rose bushes. I fancied I heard him quietly laughing to himself. However I held the purse fast by the two strings. The earth was basking beneath the brightness of the sun; but I presently lost all consciousness.

On recovering my senses, I hastened to quit a place where I hoped there was nothing further to detain me. I first filled my pockets with gold, then fastened the strings of the purse round my neck, and concealed it in my bosom. I passed unnoticed out of the park, gained the highroad, and took the way to the town. As I was thoughtfully approaching the gate, I heard some one behind me exclaiming, "Young man! young man! you have lost your shadow!" I turned, and perceived an old woman calling after me. "Thank you, my good woman," said I; and throwing her a piece of gold for her well-intended information, I stepped under the trees. At the gate, again, it was my fate to hear the sentry inquiring where the gentleman had left his shadow; and immediately I heard a couple of women exclaiming, "Jesu Maria! the poor man has no shadow." All this began to depress me, and I carefully avoided walking in the sun; but this could not everywhere

be the case: for in the next broad street I had to cross, and, unfortunately for me, at the very hour in which the boys were coming out of school, a humpbacked lout of a fellow — I see him yet — soon made the discovery that I was without a shadow, and communicated the news, with loud outcries, to a knot of young urchins. The whole swarm proceeded immediately to reconnoiter me, and to pelt me with mud. "People," cried they, "are generally accustomed to take their shadows with them when they walk in the sunshine."

In order to drive them away I threw gold by handfuls among them, and sprang into a hackney coach which some compassionate spectators sent to my rescue.

As soon as I found myself alone in the rolling vehicle I began to weep bitterly. I had by this time a misgiving that, in the same degree in which gold in this world prevails over merit and virtue, by so much one's shadow excels gold; and now that I had sacrificed my conscience for riches, and given my shadow in exchange for mere gold, what on earth would become of me?

As the coach stopped at the door of my late inn, I felt much perplexed, and not at all disposed to enter so wretched an abode. I called for my things, and received them with an air of contempt, threw down a few gold pieces, and desired to be conducted to a first-rate hotel. This house had a northern aspect, so that I had nothing to fear from the sun. I dismissed the coachman with gold, asked to be conducted to the best apartment, and locked myself up in it as soon as possible.

Imagine, my friend, what I then set about? O my dear Chamisso! even to thee I blush to mention what follows.

I drew the ill-fated purse from my bosom; and, in a sort of frenzy that raged like a self-fed fire within me, I took out gold — gold — gold — more and more, till I strewed it on the floor, trampled upon it, and feasting on its very sound and brilliancy, added coins to coins, rolling and reveling on the gorgeous bed, until I sank exhausted.

Thus passed away that day and evening, and, as my door remained locked, night found me still lying on the gold, where, at last, sleep overpowered me.

Then I dreamed of thee, and fancied I stood behind the glass door of thy little room, and saw thee seated at thy table between a skeleton and a bunch of dried plants; before thee lay open the works of Haller, Humboldt, and Linnæus; on thy

sofa a volume of Goethe, and the Enchanted Ring. I stood a long time contemplating thee, and everything in thy apartment; and again turning my gaze upon thee, I perceived that thou wast motionless — thou didst not breathe — thou wast dead.

I awoke — it seemed yet early — my watch had stopped. I felt thirsty, faint, and worn out; for since the preceding morning I had not tasted food. I now cast from me, with loathing and disgust, the very gold with which but a short time before I had satiated my foolish heart. Now I knew not where to put it. I dared not leave it lying there. I examined my purse to see if it would hold it. Impossible! Neither of my windows opened on the sea. I had no other resource but, with toil and great fatigue, to drag it to a huge chest which stood in a closet in my room; where I placed it all, with the exception of a handful or two. Then I threw myself, exhausted, into an armchair, till the people of the house should be up and stirring. As soon as possible I sent for some refreshment, and desired to see the landlord.

I entered into some conversation with this man respecting the arrangement of my future establishment. He recommended for my personal attendant one Bendel, whose honest and intelligent countenance immediately prepossessed me in his favor. It is this individual whose persevering attachment has consoled me in all the miseries of my life, and enabled me to bear up under my wretched lot. I was occupied the whole day in my room with servants in want of a situation, and tradesmen of every description. I decided on my future plans, and purchased various articles of virtu and splendid jewels, in order to get rid of some of my gold; but nothing seemed to diminish the inexhaustible heap.

I now reflected on my situation with the utmost uneasiness. I dared not take a single step beyond my own door; and in the evening I had forty wax tapers lighted before I ventured to leave the shade. I reflected with horror on the frightful encounter with the schoolboys; yet I resolved, if I could command sufficient courage, to put the public opinion to a second trial. The nights were now moonlight. Late in the evening I wrapped myself in a large cloak, pulled my hat over my eyes, and, trembling like a criminal, stole out of the house.

I did not venture to leave the friendly shadow of the houses until I had reached a distant part of the town; and then I

emerged into the broad moonlight, fully prepared to hear my fate from the lips of the passers-by.

Spare me, my beloved friend, the painful recital of all that I was doomed to endure. The women often expressed the deepest sympathy for me — a sympathy not less piercing to my soul than the scoffs of the young people, and the proud contempt of the men, particularly of the more corpulent, who threw an ample shadow before them. A fair and beauteous maiden, apparently accompanied by her parents, who gravely kept looking straight before them, chanced to cast a beaming glance on me; but was evidently startled at perceiving that I was without a shadow, and hiding her lovely face in her veil, and holding down her head, passed silently on.

This was past all endurance. Tears streamed from my eyes; and with a heart pierced through and through, I once more took refuge in the shade. I leant on the houses for support, and reached home at a late hour, worn out with fatigue.

I passed a sleepless night. My first care the following morning was to devise some means of discovering the man in the gray cloak. Perhaps I may succeed in finding him; and how fortunate it were if he should be as ill satisfied with his bargain as I am with mine!

I desired Bendel to be sent for, who seemed to possess some tact and ability. I minutely described to him the individual who possessed a treasure without which life itself was rendered a burden to me. I mentioned the time and place at which I had seen him, named all the persons who were present, and concluded with the following directions: He was to inquire for a Dollond's telescope, a Turkey carpet interwoven with gold, a marquee, and, finally, for some black steeds — the history, without entering into particulars, of all these being singularly connected with the mysterious character who seemed to pass unnoticed by every one, but whose appearance had destroyed the peace and happiness of my life.

As I spoke I produced as much gold as I could hold in my two hands, and added jewels and precious stones of still greater value. "Bendel," said I, "this smooths many a path, and renders that easy which seems almost impossible. Be not sparing of it, for I am not so; but go, and rejoice thy master with intelligence on which depend all his hopes."

He departed, and returned late and melancholy. None of

Mr. John's servants, none of his guests (and Bendel had spoken to them all) had the slightest recollection of the man in the gray cloak. The new telescope was still there, but no one knew how it had come; and the tent and Turkey carpet were still stretched out on the hill. The servants boasted of their master's wealth; but no one seemed to know by what means he had become possessed of these newly acquired luxuries. He was gratified; and it gave him no concern to be ignorant how they had come to him. The black coursers which had been mounted on that day were in the stables of the young gentlemen of the party, who admired them as the munificent present of Mr. John.

Such was the information I gained from Bendel's detailed account; but, in spite of this unsatisfactory result, his zeal and prudence deserved and received my commendation. In a gloomy mood, I made him a sign to withdraw.

"I have, sir," he continued, "laid before you all the information in my power relative to the subject of the most importance to you. I have now a message to deliver which I received early this morning from a person at the gate, as I was proceeding to execute the commission in which I have so unfortunately failed. The man's words were precisely these: 'Tell your master, Peter Schlemihl, he will not see me here again. I am going to cross the sea; a favorable wind now calls all the passengers on board; but in a year and a day I shall have the honor of paying him a visit; when, in all probability, I shall have a proposal to make to him of a very agreeable nature. Commend me to him most respectfully, with many thanks.' I inquired his name; but he said you would remember him."

"What sort of a person was he?" cried I, in great emotion; and Bendel described the man in the gray coat feature by feature, word for word; in short, the very individual in search of whom he had been sent. "How unfortunate!" cried I, bitterly; "it was himself." Scales, as it were, fell from Bendel's eyes. "Yes, it was he," cried he, "undoubtedly it was he; and fool, madman, that I was, I did not recognize him — I did not, and have betrayed my master!" He then broke out into a torrent of self-reproach; and his distress really excited my compassion. I endeavored to console him, repeatedly assuring him that I entertained no doubt of his fidelity; and dispatched him immediately to the wharf, to discover, if possible, some trace of the extraordinary being. But on that very morning many ves-

sels which had been detained in port by contrary winds had set sail, all bound to different parts of the globe; and the gray man had disappeared like a shadow.

LORD CASTLEREAGH.

By LORD BROUGHAM.

[Henry Peter Brougham, lawyer, agitator, M.P., lord chancellor, and miscellaneous writer, was grandnephew of Robertson the historian; born at Edinburgh in 1778, and died in 1868. He studied at Edinburgh University. He was one of the founders (in 1802) and a voluminous contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*, and wrote the famous criticism on Byron's "Hours of Idleness," which provoked "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." Always a Liberal, he fought the battles of that party in and out of Parliament with endless zeal and vigor for the long generation of its exclusion from power by the French Revolution; and plead tirelessly for political and legal reform, abolition of slavery, popular education, and the humanization of the laws. He was counsel for Queen Caroline in 1820 against George IV., and was a chief agent in carrying the Reform Bill of 1832. He was lord chancellor 1830–1834. His writings cover almost all possible subjects. The best are his biographical sketches of "Statesmen of the Time of George III.," and "Men of Letters and Science." His speeches were also collected, and he wrote an autobiography.]

Of the "safe and middling men" described jocularly by Mr. Canning as "meaning very little, nor meaning that little well," Lord Castlereagh was, in some respects, the least inconsiderable. His capacity was greatly underrated from the poverty of his discourse; and his ideas passed for much less than they were worth, from the habitual obscurity of his expressions. But he was far above the bulk of his colleagues in abilities; and none of them all, except Lord St. Vincent, with whom he was officially connected only for a short time, exercised so large an influence over the fortunes of their country. Indeed, scarce any man of any party bore a more important place in public affairs, or occupies a larger space in the history of his times.

Few men of more limited capacity or more meager acquirements than Lord Castlereagh possessed, had before his time ever risen to any station of eminence in our free country; fewer still have long retained it in a state where mere court intrigue and princely favor have so little to do with men's advancement. But we have lived to see persons of even more obscure merit than Lord Castlereagh rise to equal station in

this country. Of sober and industrious habits, and become possessed of businesslike talents by long experience, he was a person of the most commonplace abilities. He had a reasonable quickness of apprehension and clearness of understanding, but nothing brilliant or in any way admirable marked either his conceptions or his elocution. Nay, to judge of his intellect by his eloquence, we should certainly have formed a very unfair estimate of its perspicacity. For, though it was hardly possible to underrate its extent or comprehensiveness, it was very far from being confused and perplexed in the proportion of his sentences; and the listener who knew how distinctly the speaker could form his plans, and how clearly his ideas were known to himself, might, comparing small things with great, be reminded of the prodigious contrast between the distinctness of Oliver Cromwell's understanding and the hopeless confusion and obscurity of his speech. No man, besides, ever attained the station of a regular debater in our Parliament with such an entire want of all classical accomplishment, and indeed of all literary provision whatsoever. While he never showed the least symptom of an information extending beyond the more recent volumes of the Parliamentary Debates, or possibly the files of the newspapers only, his diction set all imitation, perhaps all description, at defiance. It was with some an amusement to beguile the tedious hours of their unavoidable attendance upon the poor, tawdry, raveled thread of his sorry discourse, to collect a kind of *ana* from the fragments of mixed, incongruous, and disjointed images that frequently appeared in it. "The features of the clause" — "the ignorant impatience of the relaxation of taxation" — "sets of circumstances coming up and circumstances going down" — "men turning their backs upon themselves" — "the honorable and learned gentleman's wedge getting into the loyal feelings of the manufacturing classes" — "the constitutional principle wound up in the bowels of the monarchical principle" — "the Herculean labor of the honorable and learned member, who will find himself quite disappointed when he has at last brought forth his Hercules" (by a slight confounding of the mother's labor which produced that hero, with his own exploits which gained him immortality) — these are but a few, and not the richest samples, by any means, of a rhetoric which often baffled alike the gravity of the treasury bench and the art of the reporter, and left the wondering audience at a loss to conjecture how any one could

ever exist, endowed with humbler pretensions to the name of orator.

Wherefore, when the Tory party, "having a devil," preferred him to Mr. Canning for their leader, all men naturally expected that he would entirely fail to command even the attendance of the house while he addressed it; and that the benches, empty during his time, would only be replenished when his highly gifted competitor rose. They were greatly deceived; they underrated the effect of place and power; they forgot that the representative of a government speaks "as one having authority, and not as the Scribes." But they also forgot that Lord Castlereagh had some qualities well fitted to conciliate favor, and even to provoke admiration, in the absence of everything like eloquence. He was a bold and fearless man; the very courage with which he exposed himself unabashed to the most critical audience in the world, while incapable of uttering two sentences of anything but the meanest matter, in the most wretched language; the gallantry with which he faced the greatest difficulties of a question; the unflinching perseverance with which he went through a whole subject, leaving untouched not one of its points, whether he could grapple with it or not, and not one of the adverse arguments, however forcibly and felicitously they had been urged, neither daunted by recollecting the impression just made by his antagonist's brilliant display, nor damped by consciousness of the very rags in which he now presented himself — all this made him upon the whole rather a favorite with the audience whose patience he was taxing mercilessly, and whose gravity he ever and anon put to a very severe trial. Nor can any one have forgotten the kind of pride that mantled on the fronts of the Tory phalanx, when, after being overwhelmed with the powerful fire of the Whig opposition, or galled by the fierce denunciations of the Mountain, or harassed by the splendid displays of Mr. Canning, their chosen leader stood forth, and presenting the graces of his eminently patrician figure, flung open his coat, displayed an azure ribbon traversing a snow-white chest, and declared "his high satisfaction that he could now meet the charges against him face to face, and repel with indignation all that his adversaries were bold and rash enough to advance."

Such he was in debate; in council he certainly had far more resources. He possessed a considerable fund of plain sense not to be misled by any refinement of speculation, or

clouded by any fanciful notions. He went straight to his point. He was brave politically as well as personally. Of this, his conduct on the Irish Union had given abundant proof; and nothing could be more just than the rebuke which, as connected with the topic of personal courage, we may recollect his administering to a great man who had passed the limits of parliamentary courtesy. "Every one must be sensible," he said, "that if any personal quarrel were desired, any insulting language used publicly where it could not be met as it deserved, was the way to prevent and not to produce such a rencounter." No one after that treated him with disrespect. The complaints made of his Irish administration were well grounded as regarded the corruption of the Parliament by which he accomplished the Union, though he had certainly no direct hand in the bribery practiced; but they were entirely unfounded as regarded the cruelties practiced during and after the rebellion. Far from partaking in these atrocities, he uniformly and strenuously set his face against them. He was of a cold temperament and determined character, but not of a cruel disposition; and to him, more than perhaps to any one else, was owing the termination of the system stained with blood. It is another topic of high praise that he took a generous part against the faction which, setting themselves against all liberal, all tolerant government, sought to drive from their posts the two most venerable rulers with whom Ireland had ever been blessed, Cornwallis and Abercromby. Nor can it be too often repeated that when his colleagues, acting under Lord Clare, had denounced Mr. Grattan, in the Lords' Report, as implicated in a guilty knowledge of the rebellion, he, and he alone, prevented the Report of the Commons from joining in the same groundless charge against the illustrious patriot. An intimation of this from a common friend (who communicated the remarkable fact to the author of these pages), alone prevented a personal meeting between the two upon a subsequent occasion.

Lord Castlereagh's foreign administration was as destitute of all merit as possible. No enlarged views guided his conduct; no liberal principles claimed his regard; no generous sympathies, no grateful feelings for the people whose sufferings and whose valor had accomplished the restoration of the national independence, prompted his tongue, when he carried forth from the land of liberty that influence which she had a right to exer-

cise — she who made such vast sacrifices, and was never in return to reap any the least selfish advantage. The representative of England among those powers whom her treasure and her arms had done so much to save, he ought to have held the language becoming a free state, and claimed for justice and for liberty the recognition which he had the better right to demand, that we gain nothing for ourselves after all our sufferings, and all our expenditures of blood as well as money. Instead of this, he flung himself at once and forever into the arms of the sovereigns — seemed to take a vulgar pride in being suffered to become their associate — appeared desirous, with the vanity of an upstart elevated unexpectedly into higher circles, of forgetting what he had been, and qualifying himself for the company he now kept, by assuming their habits — and never pronounced any of those words so familiar with the English nation and with English statesmen, in the mother tongue of a limited monarchy, for fear that they might be deemed low-bred, and unsuited to the society of crowned heads, in which he was living, and to which they might prove as distasteful as they were unusual. . . .

As a friend of the Catholic question, it must be admitted that Lord Castlereagh ranks much above Mr. Canning. Indeed, as a statesman he may be regarded as his superior in all but the narrow and illiberal views which guided his conduct, and from which Mr. Canning shook himself free during the last years of his life.

THE DEMORALIZATION AFTER WATERLOO.

By MARIE-HENRI BEYLE.

(From "La Chartreuse de Parme": translated by E. P. Robins.)

[Marie-Henri Beyle, "Stendhal:" A French novelist, biographer, and art critic; born at Grenoble in 1783. A considerable portion of his life was spent in Italy, from which country he was finally banished for political intrigue. He died in Paris in 1842. He wrote the lives of Haydn, Mozart, Napoleon, and Rossini, and his fiction includes "La Chartreuse de Parmé" and "The Red and the Black." He also wrote a "History of Painting in Italy."]

Nothing had power to wake him — neither the sound of the firing that surrounded them on every side nor the trot of

the little horse, to whom the cantinière applied the lash with vigor. The regiment, which, after firmly believing all day that it was participating in a glorious victory, had been suddenly attacked by swarms of Prussian cavalry, was retiring in disorder toward the French frontier.

The lieutenant colonel, a handsome young man, something of a coxcomb, who had succeeded to the command on Macon's death, had been ridden down and sabered in the charge; the old white-headed major who took his place had halted the regiment. "Hell and fury!" he screamed to his men, "in the time of the Republic we waited to retreat until the enemy forced us to it. Stand your ground, defend every inch, as long as there's a man of you left!" he cried, with many an oath. "It's French soil those bloody Prussians will be invading next!"

The little cart came to a sudden stop, and Fabrice awoke. The sun had set; he was surprised to see that it was nearly dark. The soldiers were running to and fro in a confusion at which our hero wondered. They seemed to have lost all their martial air.

"What is it?" he said to the vivandière.

"Nothing — oh, nothing. We are licked, my poor boy; the Prussian cavalry is sabering us — that's all. The old numskull of a general supposed it was ours. Come, lend a hand here; Cocotte's trace is broken; help me to mend it."

There were reports of musketry not far away. Our hero, feeling bright and well after his nap, said to himself, "Come now, I haven't done a stroke of fighting all day long; all I have done was to scour about the fields in the suite of a general. — I must go and fight," he said to the cantinière.

"Don't worry on that score; you'll have fighting — more than you desire! We are dished, I tell you. — Aubry, my lad," she shouted to a passing corporal, "keep an eye to the little cart when you have a chance."

"Are you going to fight?" said Fabrice, addressing Aubry.

"No; I am going to put on my dancing pumps to be ready for the ball."

"I am with you."

"Look out for the little hussar, Aubry!" cried the cantinière; "the young bourgeois is a good one." The Corporal stalked away without answering. Eight or ten soldiers came up on a run; he conducted them behind a great oak surrounded

by an undergrowth of brambles, where he posted them in open order, each man at least ten paces from his neighbor.

"Now, you fellows," said the Corporal — and it was the first time he opened his mouth — "mind that you don't fire without orders; remember you've but three cartridges left."

"I wonder what he is going to do?" Fabrice asked himself. At last, when he and the Corporal were alone together, he said to him: —

"I have no musket."

"Silence! Out yonder in the plain, fifty paces to the front, you will find plenty of our poor lads who fell under the sabers of the enemy. Take from one of them his musket and cartridge box — but first be certain that he is quite dead — and make haste back, so as not to receive the fire of our party." Fabrice departed running, and quickly returned with a musket and cartridge box.

"Now load your musket and take your post behind this tree, and remember that you are not to fire until I give the order. Mother of God!" said the Corporal, interrupting himself, "he doesn't even know enough to load his gun!" He helped Fabrice, meanwhile continuing his admonitions: "If you see a Prussian cavalryman bearing down on you with his saber, keep the tree between you and him, and when he is within three feet let him have the contents of your barrel; you shouldn't fire until you can almost touch him with your bayonet.

"Throw away that great clumsy saber!" cried the Corporal; "*nom de Dieu*, do you want it to trip you up? Oh, the apologies for soldiers they send us nowadays!" And so saying, he took the saber and hurled it wrathfully into the bushes.

"Now wipe off the flint with your handkerchief. But did you ever fire a gun?"

"I am a hunter."

"The Lord be praised for that!" replied the Corporal, with a sigh of relief. "Bear in mind that you are not to fire until you get the word." And away he went.

Fabrice was glad at heart. "At last I am going to fight in earnest," he said to himself; "I am going to shoot to kill! This morning they were peppering away at us, and all I did was to expose my precious person to be shot — which is a one-sided sort of game." He looked about him on every side with great curiosity. Presently he heard seven or eight shots fired quite near him, but as he had received no order, he remained

tranquil behind his tree. The darkness was descending rapidly; he could almost have believed he was ambushed on la Tramezzina Mountain, over Grianta, hunting bears. An expedient occurred to him that he had often employed in his hunting excursions: he took a cartridge from his box and separated the ball from the charge. "If I see him, I mustn't miss him," he said, and rammed the second ball into the barrel of his gun. He heard two more shots, this time close beside his tree; at the same time he saw a cavalryman in blue uniform gallop past his front from right to left. "He is not within three feet," he said to himself, "but at that distance I can't miss him." He kept him covered for an instant and finally pulled the trigger; horse and rider went down together. Our hero imagined he was at the chase; he dashed forward from his concealment to inspect the game he had brought down. He was bending over the man, who seemed to be at his last gasp, when all at once two Prussian dragoons bore down on him at full tilt, brandishing their sabers. Fabrice ran for the wood with all the speed he was capable of; to assist his flight he threw away his musket. The Prussians were close at his heels, when he dodged into a plantation of young oaks, thick as a man's arm, which adjoined the wood. The cavalrymen's pursuit was delayed for a moment, but they pushed their way through the plantation and resumed the chase in a clearing on the other side. Again our hero was in imminent danger of being overtaken, when he took refuge in a clump of trees. At this juncture his hair was almost singed by the fire of half a dozen muskets discharged directly in front of him. He stooped; as he rose he found himself confronted by the Corporal.

"Did you kill your man?" asked Aubry.

"Yes, but I have lost my musket."

"Muskets are plenty enough around here. You are a good b——, for all your simple air; you have earned your day's pay, and these fellows here have just missed the two dragoons who were pursuing you and coming straight for them; I did not see them. It is time for us to be making tracks; the regiment must be half a mile away, and we are liable to be surrounded and cut off."

While speaking thus the Corporal was advancing swiftly at the head of his little party of ten. At a distance of two hundred paces, as they were entering a small field, they met a wounded general, sustained by his aid-de-camp and a servant.

"You will lend me four of your men," said he to the Corporal, "to carry me to the ambulance; my leg is fractured."

"To h—— with you and your broken leg," replied the Corporal, "you and all the other generals! You have betrayed the Emperor to-day among you."

"What!" said the general, in a fury, "do you refuse to obey my orders? I would have you know that I am General B——, commanding your division." He went on in a violent strain. The aid-de-camp drew his sword and threw himself on the soldiers, whereon the Corporal prodded him in the arm with his bayonet and drew off his men at the double-quick.

"May the scoundrels all share his fate and meet with broken legs and arms as well!" shouted the Corporal, seasoning his words with numerous expletives. "A pack of nincompoops! Sold to the Bourbons, body and soul, every mother's son of them, and traitors to the Emperor!"

Fabrice listened with amazement to this frightful accusation.

About ten o'clock at night the little band came up with the regiment at the entrance of a considerable village composed of several narrow streets; but Fabrice noticed that Corporal Aubry seemed to avoid the officers. "We can go no farther," said the Corporal. The streets were blocked with infantry, cavalry, baggage wagons, guns, and caissons. The Corporal presented himself at the issues of three of the streets, but found it impossible to advance more than a dozen paces. Every one was swearing and storming.

"Another traitor in command here!" exclaimed the Corporal. "If the enemy has sense enough to turn the village, we shall all be caught like so many rats in a trap. Follow me, you fellows." Fabrice gave a look; there were but six soldiers remaining with the Corporal. They made their way through a wide gate into a large farmyard; from the farmyard they gained access to a stable, whose back door let them out into a garden. There they were lost for a time, wandering aimlessly from one side to the other; but at last, squeezing through a hedge, they found themselves in a great field of rye. In less than half an hour, guided by the shouts and confused sounds that reached their ears, they were once more on the highroad, beyond the village. The ditches were filled with muskets that had been thrown away; Fabrice was enabled to provide himself with a weapon. But the road, although it was a wide one,

was so crowded with fugitives and vehicles that in a half-hour's time Fabrice and his party had barely advanced five hundred yards. They were told the road led to Charleroi. As eleven was striking from the village clock —

"We'll try it across fields once more," said the Corporal. The band now comprised only Fabrice, the Corporal, and three soldiers. When they had left the road a mile or so behind them —

"I'm knocked up; I can go no farther," said one of the men.

"That's my case, too," said another.

"That's no news — we're all in the same boat," replied the Corporal; "but follow my directions and you'll be all right." He saw five or six trees beside a shallow ditch in the middle of a great field of wheat. "To the trees!" he said to his men. "Lie down there," he added when they had reached them, "and make no noise. But before sleeping, who among you has some bread?"

"I have," said one of the men.

"Give it here," said the Corporal, authoritatively. He divided it in five portions and kept the smallest.

"Before it is daylight," he said, eating his bread the while, "you will have the enemy's cavalry upon you. We mustn't let ourselves be sabered. One man has no show against cavalry in these broad plains, but five can protect themselves. Remain with me, stick close together, don't fire until you can see the white of your man's eyes, and to-morrow night I promise you shall be safe in Charleroi." The Corporal awoke them an hour before dawn and bade them reload their arms. The uproar on the highway went on uninterruptedly; it had lasted all night. It was like the muffled sound of a distant cataract.

"It reminds one of a herd of cattle that has been stampeded," Fabrice innocently remarked to the Corporal.

"Hold your tongue, greenhorn!" the other indignantly replied. And the three soldiers who, together with Fabrice, composed his army looked at the young man angrily, as if he had blasphemed. He had insulted the nation.

"That's queer!" our hero reflected. "I have noticed the same thing at Milan, among the Viceroy's troops; they never run from the enemy, of course not! One is not to speak the truth to these Frenchmen lest he wound their tender suscepti-

bilities. But as for their cross looks, I don't value them a farthing, and I'll let them see I don't." Their route was still parallel to and some five hundred yards distant from the high-road along which the torrent of fugitives was streaming. A league farther the little band came to a path which ran into the main road and was filled with recumbent and sleeping soldiers. Fabrice bought a fairly good horse, for which he paid forty francs, and selected a long, straight, heavy sword from among the piles of weapons with which the ground was strewn. "This will be best," he said to himself, "since I am told to use the point." Thus equipped, he put spurs to his mount and soon rejoined the Corporal, who had pursued his way. He settled himself in his stirrups, laid his hand on the hilt of his good sword, and said to the four Frenchmen : —

"Those fugitives on the highway resemble a herd of cattle — a herd of — stampeded — cattle."

It was in vain that Fabrice emphasized the word "cattle"; his comrades had quite forgotten that the word had proved offensive to them only an hour before. And therein lies one of the contrasts between the French and Italian temperaments: the Frenchman is quick to forget and does not bear malice, and doubtless is the happier for it.

We shall not attempt to deny that Fabrice thought very well of himself after his discussion on *cattle*. The men whiled away the time on the march with light conversation. When they had covered a couple of leagues, the Corporal, astonished to see nothing of the hostile cavalry, said to Fabrice : —

"You are our cavalry corps — ride over to that farmhouse yonder on the hill and ask the farmer if he will sell us something to eat; tell him that we are five. If he hesitates, give him five francs on account from your pocket — but you won't be a loser; we will recover the money after we have breakfasted."

Fabrice looked the Corporal in the face. What he beheld there was an imperturbable gravity and an air of truly moral superiority; he obeyed. Everything occurred as the commander in chief had predicted, only Fabrice would not allow the rustic to be plundered of the five-franc piece that he had given him.

"The money is mine," he said to his comrades. "I am not paying for you; I am paying the man for the oats he fed to my horse."

They had been pressing on in silence for two hours, when

the Corporal, looking over at the highway, joyfully exclaimed, "There is the regiment!" They quickly gained the road; but alas! around the eagle there were not two hundred men. Presently Fabrice caught sight of the vivandière. She was on foot; her eyes were red and swollen, and tears fell from them every now and then. Fabrice looked for Cocotte and the little cart in vain.

"Lost, gone, plundered, stolen!" cried the vivandière, in response to our hero's glance. He, without further words, jumped down from his horse, took him by the bridle, and said to the vivandière, "Get up." He had not to tell her twice.

"Shorten the stirrups," she said. . . .

Our hero turned his eyes upon the highway; but now it was crowded with three or four thousand persons, closely packed as peasants at a religious ceremony. Hardly had the cry "Cossacks!" been raised when it was utterly deserted; the ground was strewn with shakoes, muskets, and swords discarded by the fugitives. Fabrice, greatly puzzled, ascended a slight eminence, thirty or forty feet higher than the surrounding country, to the right of the road; he looked to right and left up and down the highway and across the plain in front, but could see no sign of the Cossacks. "Queer people, these Frenchmen!" he said to himself. "Since I am to retreat by the right, I may as well be moving," he reflected; "those folks may have more reasons for running than I know of." He picked up a musket, looked to see that it was loaded, freshened the priming, cleaned the flint, then selected a well-filled cartridge box, and again cast a searching look about him in every direction. There was not a soul save him in the plain but recently so densely populated. In the extreme distance he saw the last of the fugitives disappearing among the trees, still running as if their lives were at stake. "That is mighty strange!" he said to himself. And remembering the Corporal's maneuver of the day before, he went and seated himself in the middle of a wheat field. He did not go away, because he wished to see his friends the cantinière and the Corporal once more.

There he ascertained that he had only eighteen napoleons instead of thirty, as he had supposed; but he still had some small diamonds that he had hidden in the lining of his hussar boots that morning at B——, in the chamber of the jailer's wife. He stowed away his napoleons in the safest place he could think of, puzzling his brains to account for their sudden shrink-

age. "I wonder if that is a portent of evil?" he asked himself. His chief concern was that he had forgotten to ask Corporal Aubry this question: "Have I witnessed a real battle?" It seemed to him that he had, and could he have but been absolutely certain of it he would have been as happy as a lark.

"However," he said to himself, "I was there under the name of a prisoner, I had that prisoner's papers in my pocket, and, what's worse, his coat upon my back. That looks very bad for my future; what would Abbé Blanès have said of it? And that ill-starred Boulot died in prison! The business bodes no good; I fear me I am fated to know more of jails than I desire." Fabrice would have given a great deal to know whether or not Boulot was really guilty; in recalling the circumstances of the case it seemed to him that the jailer's wife had told him that the hussar had been arrested not only for stealing silver spoons, but also for robbing a peasant of his cow and then beating the poor man within an inch of his life. Fabrice did not doubt that he was to be incarcerated some day for a crime bearing some resemblance to that of the hussar Boulot. He thought of his old friend Curé Blanès; what would he not have given for ten minutes' conversation with him! Then he remembered that he had not written to his aunt since he left Paris. "Poor Gina!" he said to himself. And tears stood in his eyes, when all at once he heard a faint rustling sound quite near him. It was a soldier, who had removed the headstalls from three half-starved horses and was treating them to a feed of wheat. He held them by the halter. Fabrice flew up like a partridge from his form; the soldier was half scared to death. Our hero perceived it and yielded to the temptation of playing the bold hussar.

"One of those horses belongs to me, you ——!" he cried; "but I am willing to pay you five francs for your trouble in bringing him here."

"What are you giving me?" said the man. Fabrice immediately covered him with his musket at a distance of six paces.

"Let go the horse or I'll blow your brains out!"

The soldier's musket was flung across his back; he gave a twist to get it in his hands.

"Stir an inch and you are a dead man!" shouted Fabrice, running in on him.

"Give me the five francs, then, and take one of the horses," the man sulkily replied, after he had cast a wistful look up and

down the deserted road. Fabrice, transferring his weapon to his left hand, with the right threw him three five-franc pieces.

"Now dismount. Put the bridle on the black, and move farther off with the other two. Lift a hand and I'll blow a hole in you."

The soldier reluctantly obeyed. Fabrice walked up to the horse and passed the bridle over his left arm, never taking his eyes off the soldier, who moved slowly away. When he was at a safe distance, Fabrice sprang lightly into the saddle. His new acquisition was a splendid animal, but seemed to be weak from want of food. Our hero returned to the highway, where there was still no one to be seen; he crossed it and directed his course toward a little hollow on his left, where he hoped to find the cantinière; but on reaching the summit of a gentle rise all he could see for more than a league's distance was a few straggling soldiers. "It is written that I am never to see her more," he said with a sigh — "the brave, good woman!" Coming to a farmhouse on the right of the road, without stopping to unsaddle he purchased a feed of oats for his poor steed, who was so famished that he endeavored to devour the manger. An hour later Fabrice was trotting along the highway in the vague hope of meeting with the cantinière, or at all events with Aubry. Thus pressing on continually, and peering into every bush, behind every rock, he came at last to a sullen stream over which was a narrow bridge of wood. Before it and on the right of the road was an isolated house, displaying the sign of the White Horse. "There's where I'll eat my dinner," Fabrice mentally observed. A cavalry officer, with his arm in a sling, stood at the end of the bridge; he was mounted and bore a sorrowful countenance; near him were three dismounted cavalrymen, engaged in filling their pipes.

"There are some folks," said Fabrice to himself, "who look to me as if they would like to buy my horse for even less than he cost me." The wounded officer and the three dismounted men eyed him as he approached, and seemed to be waiting for him. "I ought to keep to the right bank of the stream instead of crossing the bridge; that is what the cantinière advised me to do. Yes, but if I run away to-day I shall be ashamed of myself to-morrow; besides, my horse has good legs, while the officer's probably is tired; if he tries any of his tricks on me, I'll cut and run." Reasoning thus, Fabrice picked up his horse and came forward at as deliberate a pace as possible.

"Advance, hussar!" exclaimed the officer, in a tone of command.

Fabrice went forward a few steps and stopped.

"Are you thinking of relieving me of my horse?" he said.

"We have not the slightest idea of such a thing; advance."

Fabrice looked at the officer; he had white mustaches, and the most honest, straightforward air conceivable. The handkerchief that sustained his arm was stained with blood, and his right hand also was wrapped in a bloody bandage. "It's the footmen, then, who will grab my horse's bridle," Fabrice muttered to himself; but on looking at them more closely he saw that they too were wounded.

"I charge you on your duty as a soldier," said the officer, who wore a colonel's shoulder straps, "to mount guard at this post and tell every mounted man you see, hussars, dragoons, and chasseurs, that Colonel le Baron is within the inn yonder, where he requires all to join him." The old Colonel seemed utterly heartbroken; the first words he spoke had effected the conquest of our hero, who modestly and sensibly replied: —

"I am so young, sir, perhaps they would not listen to me; would it not be better to give me your instructions in writing?"

"He is right," said the Colonel, looking at him attentively. "You have a right hand, la Rose; write out the order."

Without a word la Rose drew from his pocket a small memorandum book, wrote a few lines, tore out the leaf and handed it to Fabrice. The Colonel repeated his instructions, adding that at the end of two hours the sentry should be relieved by one of the three wounded cavalrymen of his party; with which words he entered the inn with his men. Fabrice looked after them as they retired, standing motionless at his post on the bridge, deeply impressed by their dejection and silent sorrow. "They make one think of enchanted genii," he said to himself. At last he opened the folded paper and read the order, conceived in the following terms: —

Colonel le Baron, Sixth Dragoons, commanding the First Brigade of the Second Division of Cavalry of the Fourteenth Corps, hereby directs all mounted men, dragoons, chasseurs, and hussars, not to pass the bridge, and to join him at the Inn of the White Horse, near the bridge, where his headquarters are established.

For and by order of Colonel le Baron, wounded in the right arm.

La Rose, *Sergeant Major.*

Headquarters near the Bridge La Sainte,
July 19, 1815.

Fabrice had occupied his post barely a half-hour when he saw coming toward him nine chasseurs, six mounted and three on foot; he communicated to them the Colonel's instructions. "We will come back again," said four of the mounted men, and away they went across the bridge at a sharp trot. Then Fabrice addressed himself to the two others. Taking advantage of the warm discussion that ensued, the three footmen slipped across the bridge. One of the two mounted chasseurs who remained asked to see the order, and rode off with it, saying: —

"I want to show it to my comrades, who will certainly return; stand fast and wait for them." And off he went at a gallop, his comrade following him. It had all happened in a twinkling.

Fabrice, greatly exasperated, called aloud, and one of the wounded soldiers appeared at a window of the White Horse. The man, who wore a sergeant's chevrons, came down, and as he approached Fabrice, shouted: —

"Draw your sword! you are on sentry." Fabrice obeyed, then said, "They have carried away the order."

"They are sore over the affair of yesterday," the other gloomily replied. "I will give you one of my pistols; if another attempt is made to run the guard, fire it in the air; either the Colonel or I will come to your assistance."

Fabrice had noticed an expression of surprise on the sergeant's face when he told of the theft of the order; he saw that a personal indignity had been offered him, and resolved to submit to no such trifling in the future.

Armed with the sergeant's pistol, Fabrice had proudly resumed his post, when he saw seven mounted hussars bearing down on him. He had placed himself so as to command the entrance of the bridge; he repeated to the new arrivals the Colonel's orders, which did not seem to please them; the most enterprising tried to force a passage. Fabrice, remembering his friend the vivandière's advice to use the point and not the edge, leveled his long, straight sword and made as if he would have transfixed his too impetuous adversary.

"Oh, the villain, he wants to murder us!" cried the hussars. "As if we were not murdered enough yesterday!" All drew and fell in a body on Fabrice; he thought he was a dead man, but he remembered the sergeant's contempt, and resolved not to be the object of it a second time. Falling back slowly upon

the bridge, he kept thrusting with the point. He cut such a queer figure struggling with his long, straight cavalry saber, far too heavy for his strength, that the hussars soon saw the kind of enemy they had to deal with : after that they endeavored not to wound him, but to cut the coat off his back. Thus it happened that Fabrice received three or four trifling cuts upon his arms. He, faithful to the precepts of the cantinière, still kept lunging with the point. As luck would have it, one of these thrusts wounded a hussar in the hand ; infuriated at being touched by such a tyro, the man responded with such vigor that Fabrice received the point of the weapon in the upper thigh. The accident was in part attributable to the martial ardor of our hero's charger, who manifested no caution at all, but insisted on carrying the rider into the thickest of the fray. The assailants, when they saw Fabrice's blood flowing, began to think they had carried their sport too far, and crowding their victim up against the rail of the bridge, rode off at a gallop. As soon as Fabrice was at liberty, he discharged his pistol in the air to attract the attention of the Colonel.

Four mounted and two unmounted hussars, of the same regiment as the others, were approaching the bridge, and were two hundred paces distant from it when the pistol shot was fired. They had been close observers of the events upon the bridge, and supposing that Fabrice had fired at their comrades, the four mounted men swooped down on him at a gallop, yelling and brandishing their swords. It was a realistic representation of a charge. Colonel le Baron, notified by the pistol shot that something was amiss, threw open the door of the inn, darted out upon the bridge just as the hussars were coming up, and commanded them to halt.

"Colonels don't go with us any longer!" said one of them, urging his mount forward. The irate Colonel suspended the admonition that was at his tongue's end, and with his bandaged right hand seized the horse by the bridle on the off side.

"You mutinous rascal!" he said to the hussar; "I know you! You belong to Captain Henriet's troop."

"Very well; then I'll take my orders from Captain Henriet. Captain Henriet was killed yesterday," he added with an ugly sneer, "and be d——d to you!"

So saying, he attempted to force a passage and crowded his mount up against the old Colonel, who fell in a sitting posture on the floor of the bridge. Fabrice, who was a few feet away,

but facing the inn, spurred forward and made a vicious drive at the fellow with the point of his saber. Fortunately the Colonel in falling had retained his hold on the off rein of the hussar's horse; the animal, responding to the pull on his bridle, made a movement to one side, so that Fabrice's long blade, instead of spitting the fellow like a barnyard fowl, only grazed his skin and tore his cavalry jacket. Like a fury the hussar turned and with all his strength delivered a backhanded blow which cut through Fabrice's sleeve and wounded him severely in the arm. Our hero fell to the ground.

One of the dismounted hussars, seeing the two defenders of the bridge disabled, thought it a favorable opportunity to possess himself of Fabrice's horse; he accordingly leaped to the animal's back and started to cross the bridge.

But the sergeant major had come running from the inn; he had seen his colonel fall, and believed him to be sorely hurt. He ran after Fabrice's horse and drove the point of his sword into the back of the would-be robber, who dropped like lead. The hussars, having now no one to oppose them save the dismounted non-commissioned officer, clapped spurs to their steeds and were quickly lost to sight.

The sergeant major approached the wounded. Fabrice had already risen to his feet; he was suffering little pain, but was weak from loss of blood. The Colonel was slower in getting on his legs; he was stunned by his fall, but had received no hurt.

"The old wound in my hand is all that troubles me," he said to the sergeant.

The hussar that the sergeant had wounded was breathing his last.

"He got his deserts, the devil take him!" said the Colonel. "But look to the little young man whom I exposed so inconsiderately," he said to the sergeant and the two others of his party, who now came running up. "I will remain on the bridge and see what I can do myself to stop those lunatics. Take the little young man into the inn and bind up his arm — use one of my shirts."

HISTORIC DOUBTS RELATIVE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

By RICHARD WHATELY.

[A rejoinder to Hume's "Essay on Miracles."]

[Richard Whately: An English clergyman and author and Archbishop of Dublin; born in London, February 1, 1787; died in Dublin, October 8, 1863. He prepared for college at Bristol, was graduated from Oriel College, Oxford, B.A. in 1808, and M.A. in 1812; was a Fellow of Oriel, 1811–1812; was ordained a deacon in 1814, and a priest in 1815. He was Bampton lecturer at Oxford in 1822; rector of Halesworth, Suffolk, 1822–1825; principal of St. Alban Hall, Oxford, 1825–1831; professor of political economy, 1830–1832, and was created Archbishop of Dublin in 1831. He founded a professorship of political economy in the University of Dublin in 1832; was bishop of Kildare in 1846, and commissioner of national education, Ireland, 1830–1853. His very numerous works include the following: "The Use and Abuse of Party Feeling in Matters of Religion" (1822), "Elements of Logic" (1826), "Elements of Rhetoric" (1828), "The Errors of Romanism" (1830), "Encyclopedia of Mental Science" (1851), "The Origin of Civilization" (1855), "The Scripture Doctrine concerning the Sacraments" (1857), and "The Rise, Progress, and Customs of Christianity" (1860).]

Long as the public attention has been occupied by the extraordinary personage from whose ambition we are supposed to have so narrowly escaped, the subject seems to have lost scarcely anything of its interest. We are still occupied in recounting the exploits, discussing the character, inquiring into the present situation, and even conjecturing as to the future prospects of Napoleon Buonaparte.

Nor is this at all to be wondered at, if we consider the very extraordinary nature of those exploits and of that character, their greatness and extensive importance, as well as the unexampled strangeness of the events, and also that strong additional stimulant, the mysterious uncertainty that hangs over the character of the man. If it be doubtful whether any history (exclusive of such as is avowedly fabulous) ever attributed to its hero such a series of wonderful achievements compressed into so small a space of time, it is certain that to no one were ever assigned so many dissimilar characters. . . .

What would the great Hume, or any of the philosophers of his school, have said, if they had found in the antique records of any nation such a passage as this: "There was a certain man of Corsica, whose name was Napoleon, and he was one of the

chief captains of the host of the French; and he gathered together an army, and went and fought against Egypt; but when the King of Britain heard thereof, he sent ships of war and valiant men to fight against the French in Egypt. So they warred against them, and prevailed, and strengthened the hands of the rulers of the land against the French, and drave away Napoleon from before the city of Acre. Then Napoleon left the captains and the army that were in Egypt, and fled, and returned back to France. So the French people took Napoleon, and made him ruler over them, and he became exceeding great, insomuch that there was none like him of all that had ruled over France before."

What, I say, would Hume have thought of this, especially if he had been told that it was at this day generally credited? Would he not have confessed that he had been mistaken in supposing there was a peculiarly blind credulity and prejudice in favor of everything that is accounted *sacred;* for that, since even professed skeptics swallow implicitly such a story as this, it appears there must be a still blinder prejudice in favor of everything that is *not* accounted sacred?

Suppose again we found in this history such passages as the following: "And it came to pass after these things that Napoleon strengthened himself, and gathered together another host instead of that which he had lost, and went and warred against the Prussians, and the Russians, and the Austrians, and all the rulers of the north country, which were confederate against him. And the ruler of Sweden also, which was a Frenchman, warred against Napoleon. So they went forth, and fought against the French in the plain of Leipsic. And the French were discomfited before their enemies, and fled, and came to the rivers which are behind Leipsic, and essayed to pass over, that they might escape out of the hand of their enemies; but they could not, for Napoleon had broken down the bridges; so the people of the north countries came upon them, and smote them with a very grievous slaughter." . . .

"Then the ruler of Austria and all the rulers of the north countries sent messengers unto Napoleon to speak peaceably unto him, saying, Why should there be war between us any more? Now Napoleon had put away his wife, and taken the daughter of the ruler of Austria to wife. So all the counselors of Napoleon came and stood before him, and said, Behold now these kings are merciful kings; do even as they say unto thee;

knowest thou not yet that France is destroyed? But he spake roughly unto his counselors, and drave them out from his presence, neither would he hearken unto their voice. And when all the kings saw that, they warred against France, and smote it with the edge of the sword, and came near to Paris, which is the royal city, to take it: so the men of Paris went out, and delivered up the city to them. Then those kings spake kindly unto the men of Paris, saying, Be of good cheer, there shall no harm happen unto you. Then were the men of Paris glad, and said, Napoleon is a tyrant; he shall no more rule over us. Also all the princes, the judges, the counselors, and the captains, whom Napoleon had raised up, even from the lowest of the people, sent unto Louis, the brother of King Louis whom they had slain, and made him king over France." . . .

"And when Napoleon saw that the kingdom was departed from him, he said unto the rulers which came against him, Let me, I pray you, give the kingdom unto my son; but they would not hearken unto him. Then he spake yet again, saying, Let me, I pray you, go and live in the island of Elba, which is over against Italy, nigh unto the coast of France; and ye shall give me an allowance for me and my household, and the land of Elba also for a possession. So they made him ruler of Elba." . . .

"In those days the Pope returned unto his own land. Now the French, and divers other nations of Europe, are servants of the Pope, and hold him in reverence; but he is an abomination unto the Britons, and to the Prussians, and to the Russians, and to the Swedes. Howbeit the French had taken away all his lands, and robbed him of all that he had, and carried him away captive into France. But when the Britons, and the Prussians, and the Russians, and the Swedes, and the rest of the nations that were confederate against France, came thither, they caused the French to set the Pope at liberty, and to restore all his goods that they had taken; likewise, they gave him back all his possessions; and he went home in peace, and ruled over his own city as in times past." . . .

"And it came to pass when Napoleon had not yet been a full year in Elba, that he said unto his men of war which clave unto him, Go to, let us go back to France, and fight against King Louis, and thrust him out from being king. So he departed, he and 600 men with him that drew the sword, and warred against King Louis. Then all the men of Belial gath-

ered themselves together, and said, God save Napoleon. And when Louis saw that, he fled, and gat him into the land of Batavia; and Napoleon ruled over France," etc., etc., etc.

Now if a freethinking philosopher — one of those who advocate the cause of unbiased reason, and despise pretended revelations — were to meet with such a tissue of absurdities as this in an old Jewish record, would he not reject it at once as too palpable an imposture to deserve even any inquiry into its evidence? Is that credible then of the civilized Europeans now which could not, if reported of the semi-barbarous Jews 3000 years ago, be established by any testimony? Will it be answered that "there is nothing *supernatural* in all this"? Why is it, then, that you object to what is *supernatural* — that you reject every account of *miracles* — if not *because* they are *improbable?* Surely, then, a story equally or still more improbable is not to be implicitly received, merely on the ground that it is *not* miraculous: though in fact, as I have already shown from Hume's authority, it really *is* miraculous. The opposition to experience has been proved to be as complete in this case as in what are commonly called miracles; and the reasons assigned for that contrariety by the defenders of *them* cannot be pleaded in the present instance. If, then, philosophers, who reject every wonderful story that is maintained by priests, are yet found ready to believe *everything else*, however improbable, they will surely lay themselves open to the accusation brought against them of being unduly prejudiced against whatever relates to religion.

There is one more circumstance which I cannot forbear mentioning, because it so much adds to the air of fiction which pervades every part of this marvelous tale; and that is, the *nationality* of it.

Buonaparte prevailed over all the hostile States in turn, *except England;* in the zenith of his power his fleets were swept from the sea, *by England;* his troops always defeat an equal, and frequently even a superior, number of those of any other nation, *except the English*, and with them it is just the reverse; twice, and twice only, he is personally engaged against an *English commander*, and both times he is totally defeated, at Acre and at Waterloo; and, to crown all, *England* finally crushes this tremendous power, which has so long kept the Continent in subjection or in alarm, and to the *English* he surrenders himself prisoner! Thoroughly national to be sure!

It *may* be all very true; but I would only ask, *if* a story *had* been fabricated for the express purpose of amusing the English nation, could it have been contrived more ingeniously? It would do admirably for an epic poem, and indeed bears a considerable resemblance to the Iliad and Æneid, in which Achilles and the Greeks, Æneas and the Trojans (the ancestors of the Romans), are so studiously held up to admiration. Buonaparte's exploits seem magnified in order to enhance the glory of his conquerors, just as Hector is allowed to triumph during the absence of Achilles merely to give additional splendor to his overthrow by the arm of that invincible hero. Would not this circumstance alone render a history rather *suspicious* in the eyes of an acute critic, even if it were not filled with such gross improbabilities, and induce him to suspend his judgment, till very satisfactory evidence (far stronger than can be found in this case) should be produced?

Is it then too much to demand of the wary academic a suspension of judgment as to the "life and adventures of Napoleon Buonaparte"? I do not pretend to *decide* positively that there is not, nor ever was, any such person, but merely to propose it as a *doubtful* point, and one the more deserving of careful investigation from the very circumstance of its having hitherto been admitted without inquiry. Far less would I undertake to decide what is, or has been, the real state of affairs: he who points out the improbability of the current story is not bound to suggest an hypothesis of his own — though it may safely be affirmed that it would be hard to invent any more improbable than the received one. One may surely be allowed to hesitate in admitting the stories which the ancient poets tell, of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions being caused by imprisoned giants, without being called upon satisfactorily to account for those phenomena.

Amidst the defect of valid evidence under which, as I have already shown, we labor in the present instance, it is hardly possible to offer more than here and there a probable conjecture, or to pronounce how much may be true, and how much fictitious, in the accounts presented to us; for it is to be observed that this case is much *more* open to skeptical doubts even than some miraculous histories, for some of them are of such a nature that you cannot consistently admit a part and reject the rest, but are bound, if you are satisfied as to the reality of any one miracle, to embrace the whole system, so

that it is necessary for the skeptic to impeach the evidence of *all* of them, separately and collectively: whereas *here* each single point requires to be *established* separately, since no one of them authenticates the rest. Supposing there be a State prisoner at St. Helena (which, by the way, it is acknowledged many of the French disbelieve), how do we know who he is, or why he is confined there? There have been State prisoners before now, who were never guilty of subjugating half Europe, and whose offenses have been very imperfectly ascertained. Admitting that there have been bloody wars going on for several years past, which is highly probable, it does not follow that the events of those wars were such as we have been told — that Buonaparte was the author and conductor of them, or that such a person ever existed. . . . I am far from pretending to decide who may have been the governor or governors of the French nation, and the leaders of their armies, for several years past. Certain it is that when men are indulging their inclination for the marvelous, they always show a strong propensity to accumulate upon one individual (real or imaginary) the exploits of many, besides multiplying and exaggerating these exploits a thousandfold. Thus, the expounders of the ancient mythology tell us there were several persons of the name of Hercules (either originally bearing that appellation, or having it applied to them as an honor), whose collective feats, after being dressed up in a sufficiently marvelous garb, were attributed to a single hero. Is it not just possible that during the rage for words of Greek derivation, the title of "Napoleon" (Ναπολεων), which signifies "Lion of the Forest," may have been conferred by the popular voice on more than one favorite general, distinguished for irresistible valor? Is it not also possible that "Buona parte" may have been originally a sort of cant term applied to the "good (*i.e.* the bravest or most patriotic) part" of the French army collectively, and have been afterwards mistaken for the proper name of an individual? I do not profess to support this conjecture; but it is certain that such mistakes may and do occur. . . . It is positively stated that the Hindus at this day believe "the Honorable East India Company" to be a venerable old lady of high dignity, residing in this country. The Germans of the present day derive their name from a similar mistake. The first tribe of them who invaded Gaul assumed the honorable title of "*Ger-man*," which signifies "warrior" (the words "war" and "guerre," as well as "man,"

which remains in our language unaltered, are evidently derived from the Teutonic) — and the Gauls applied this as a *name* to the whole *race*.

However, I merely throw out these conjectures without by any means contending that more plausible ones might not be suggested. But whatever supposition we adopt, or whether we adopt any, the objections to the commonly received accounts will remain in their full force, and imperiously demand the attention of the candid skeptic.

I call upon those, therefore, who profess themselves advocates of free inquiry — who disdain to be carried along with the stream of popular opinion, and who will listen to no testimony that runs counter to experience — to follow up their own principles fairly and consistently. Let the same mode of argument be adopted in all cases alike; and then it can no longer be attributed to hostile prejudice, but to enlarged and philosophical views. If they have already rejected some histories, on the ground of their being strange and marvelous — of their relating facts unprecedented and at variance with the established course of nature — let them not give credit to another history which lies open to the very same objections, the extraordinary and romantic tale we have been just considering. If they have discredited the testimony of witnesses, who are *said* at least to have been disinterested, and to have braved persecutions and death in support of their assertions, can these philosophers consistently listen to and believe the testimony of those who avowedly *get money* by the tales they publish, and who do not even pretend that they incur any serious risk in case of being detected in a falsehood? If in other cases they have refused to listen to an account which has passed through many intermediate hands before it reaches them, and which is defended by those who have an interest in maintaining it, let them consider through how many and what very suspicious hands *this* story has arrived to them, without the possibility (as I have shown) of tracing it back to any decidedly authentic source, after all; and likewise how strong an interest, in every way, those who have hitherto imposed on them have in keeping up the imposture: let them, in short, show themselves as ready to detect the cheats and despise the fables of politicians as of priests. But if they are still wedded to the popular belief in this point, let them be consistent enough to admit the same evidence in *other* cases which they yield to in *this*. If,

after all that has been said, they cannot bring themselves to doubt of the existence of Napoleon Buonaparte, they must at least acknowledge that they do not apply to that question the same plan of reasoning which they have made use of in others; and they are consequently bound in reason and in honesty to renounce it altogether.

NAPOLEON'S SANGAREE.

By RICHARD GARNETT.

[Richard Garnett, C.B., LL.D., English poet and man of letters, was born at Lichfield, England, in 1835; son and namesake of the Assistant Keeper of Printed Books in the British Museum. He was himself in its service from 1851 to 1899, latterly as Keeper of Printed Books. He has published, besides volumes of collected original poems, "Poems from the German," "A Chaplet from the Greek Anthology," "Sonnets from Dante, Petrarch, and Camoens"; also "Io in Egypt," "Iphigenia in Delphi," "The Twilight of the Gods," etc.; Lives of Milton, Carlyle, Emerson, William Blake, and Edward Gibbon Wakefield; "History of Italian Literature," etc.]

Napoleon Bonaparte sat in his garden at St. Helena, in the shadow of a fig tree. Before him stood a little table, and upon the table stood a glass of sangaree. The day was hot and drowsy; the sea boomed monotonously on the rocks; the broad fig leaves stirred not; great flies buzzed heavily in the sultry air. Napoleon wore a loose linen coat and a broad-brimmed planter's hat, and looked as red as the sangaree, but nowise as cool.

"To think," he said aloud, "that I should end my life here, with nothing to sweeten my destiny but this lump of sugar!"

And he dropped it into the sangaree, and little ripples and beads broke out on the surface of the liquid.

"Thou shouldst have followed me," said a voice.

"Me," said another.

And a steam from the sangaree rose high over Napoleon's head, and from it shaped themselves two beautiful female figures. One was fair and very youthful, with a Phrygian cap on her head, and eager eyes beneath it, and a slender spear in her hand. The other was somewhat older, and graver, and

darker, with serious eyes ; and she carried a sword, and wore a helmet, from underneath which her rich brown tresses escaped over her vesture of light steel armor.

"I am Liberty," said the first.

"I am Loyalty," said the second.

And Napoleon laid his hand in that of the first spirit, and instantly saw himself as he had been in the days of his youthful victories, only beset with a multitude of people who were offering him a crown, and cheering loudly. But he thrust it aside, and they cheered ten times more, and fell into each other's arms, and wept, and kissed each other. And troops of young maidens robed in white danced before him, strewing his way with flowers. And the debts of the debtor were paid, and the prisoners were released from their captivity. And the forty Academicians came bringing Napoleon the prize of virtue. And the Abbé Sieyès stood up, and offered Napoleon his choice of seventeen constitutions ; and Napoleon chose the worst. And he came to sit with five hundred other men, mostly advocates. And when he said "Yea," they said "Nay" ; and when he said "white," they said "black." And they suffered him to do neither good nor evil, and when he went to war they commanded his army for him, until he was smitten with a great slaughter. And the enemy entered the country, and bread was scarce, and wine dear ; and the people cursed Napoleon, and Liberty vanished from before him. But he roamed on, ever looking for her, and at length he found her lying dead in the public way, all gashed and bleeding, and trampled with the feet of men and horses ; and the wheel of a tumbril was over her neck. And Napoleon, under compulsion of the mob, ascended the tumbril; and Abbé Sieyès and Bishop Talleyrand rode at his side, administering spiritual consolation. Thus they came within sight of the guillotine, whereon stood M. de Robespierre in his sky-blue coat, and his jaw bound up in a bloody cloth, bowing and smiling, nevertheless, and beckoning Napoleon to ascend to him. Napoleon had never feared the face of man ; but when he saw M. de Robespierre great dread fell upon him, and he leapt out of the tumbril, and fled amain, passing mid the people as it were mid withered leaves, until he came where Loyalty stood awaiting him.

She took his hand in hers, and, lo ! another great host of people proffering him a crown, save one little old man, who alone of them all wore his hair in a *queue* with powder.

"See," said the little old man, "that thou takest not what dost not belong to thee."

"To whom belongeth it then?" asked Napoleon, "for I am a plain soldier, and have no skill in politics."

"To Louis the Disesteemed," said the little old man, "for he is a great-great-nephew of the Princess of Schworfingen, whose ancestors reigned here at the Flood."

"Where dwells Louis the Disesteemed?" asked Napoleon.

"In England," said the little old man.

Napoleon therefore repaired to England, and sought for Louis the Disesteemed. But none could direct him, save that it behooved him to seek in the obscurest places. And one day, as he was passing through a mean street, he heard a voice of lamentation, and perceived a man whose coat and shirt were rent and dirty; but not so his pantaloons, for he had none.

"Who art thou, thou pantaloonless one?" asked he, "and wherefore makest thou this lamentation?"

"I am Louis the Esteemed, king of France," replied the distroused personage, "and I lament for my pantaloons, which I have been enforced to pawn, inasmuch as the broker would advance nothing upon my coat or my shirt."

And Napoleon went upon his knees, and divested himself of his own nether garments, and arrayed the king therein, to the great diversion of those who stood about.

"Thou hast done wickedly," said the king, when he heard who Napoleon was, "in that thou hast presumed to fight battles and win victories without any commission from me. Go, nevertheless, and lose an arm, and a leg, and an eye in my service, then shall thy offense be forgiven thee."

And Napoleon raised a great army, and gained a great battle for the king, and lost an arm. And he gained another greater battle, and lost a leg. And he gained the greatest battle of all; and the king sat on the throne of his ancestors, and was called Louis the Victorious: but Napoleon had lost an eye. And he came into the king's presence, bearing his eye, his arm, and his leg.

"Thou art pardoned," said the king, "and I will even confer a singular honor upon thee. Thou shalt defray the expense of my coronation, which shall be the most splendid ever seen in France.

So Napoleon lost all his substance, and no man pitied him.

But after certain days the keeper of the royal wardrobe rushed into the king's presence, crying, "Treason, treason! O Majesty, whence these republican and revolutionary pantaloons?"

"They are those I deigned to receive from the rebel Bonaparte," said the king. "It were meet to return them. Where abides he now?"

"Saving your Majesty's presence," they said, "he lieth upon a certain dunghill."

"If this be so," said the king, "life can be no gratification to him, and it were humane to relieve him of it. Moreover, he is a dangerous man. Go, therefore, and strangle him with his own pantaloons. Yet let a monument be raised to him, and engrave upon it, 'Here lies Napoleon Bonaparte, whom Louis the Victorious raised from the dunghill.'"

They went accordingly; but behold! Napoleon already lay dead upon the dunghill. And this was told unto the king.

"He hath ever been envious of my glory," said the king. "Let him therefore be buried underneath."

And it was so. And after no long space the king also died, and slept with his fathers. But when there was again a revolution in France, the people cast his bones out of the royal sepulchre, and laid Napoleon's there instead. And the dunghill complained grievously that it should be disturbed for so slight a cause.

And Napoleon withdrew his hand from the hand of Loyalty, saying, "Pish!" And his eyes opened, and he heard the booming of the sea, and the buzzing of the flies, and felt the heat of the sun, and saw that the sugar he had dropped into his sangaree had not yet reached the bottom of the tumbler.

ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

By LORD BYRON.

[Lord George Noel Gordon Byron: A famous English poet; born in London, January 22, 1788. At the age of ten he succeeded to the estate and title of his granduncle William, fifth Lord Byron. He was educated at Harrow and Cambridge, and in 1807 published his first volume of poems, "Hours of Idleness." After a tour through eastern Europe he brought out two cantos of "Childe

Harold," which met with instantaneous success, and soon after he married the heiress Miss Millbanke. The union proving unfortunate, Byron left England, and passed several years in Italy. In 1823 he joined the Greek insurgents in Cephalonia, and later at Missolonghi, where he died of a fever April 19, 1824. His chief poetical works are: "Childe Harold," "Don Juan," "Manfred," "Cain," "Marino Faliero," "Sardanapalus," "The Giaour," "Bride of Abydos," "The Corsair," "Lara," and "Mazeppa."]

I.

'Tis done — but yesterday a King!
And armed with Kings to strive —
And now thou art a nameless thing:
So abject — yet alive!
Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strewed our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive?
Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

II.

Ill-minded man! why scourge thy kind
Who bowed so low the knee?
By gazing on thyself grown blind,
Thou taught'st the rest to see.
With might unquestioned, — power to save, —
Thine only gift hath been the grave
To those that worshiped thee;
Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
Ambition's less than littleness!

III.

Thanks for that lesson — it will teach
To after warriors more
Than high Philosophy can preach,
And vainly preached before.
That spell upon the minds of men
Breaks never to unite again,
That led them to adore
Those Pagod things of saber sway,
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

IV.

The triumph, and the vanity,
The rapture of the strife —
The earthquake voice of Victory,
To thee the breath of life;

The sword, the scepter, and that sway
Which man seemed made but to obey,
  Wherewith renown was rife —
All quelled! — Dark Spirit! what must be
The madness of thy memory!

V.

The Desolator desolate!
  The Victor overthrown!
The Arbiter of others' fate
  A Suppliant for his own!
Is it some yet imperial hope
That with such change can calmly cope?
  Or dread of death alone?
To die a prince — or live a slave —
Thy choice is most ignobly brave!

VI.

He who of old would rend the oak,
  Dreamed not of the rebound;
Chained by the trunk he vainly broke —
  Alone — how looked he round?
Thou in the sternness of thy strength
An equal deed hast done at length,
  And darker fate hast found:
He fell, the forest prowlers' prey;
But thou must eat thy heart away!

VII.

The Roman, when his burning heart
  Was slaked with blood of Rome,
Threw down the dagger — dared depart,
  In savage grandeur, home. —
He dared depart in utter scorn
Of men that such a yoke had borne,
  Yet left him such a doom!
His only glory was that hour
Of self-upheld, abandoned power.

VIII.

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway
  Had lost its quickening spell,
Cast crowns for rosaries away,
  An empire for a cell;

A strict accountant of his beads,
A subtle disputant on creeds,
His dotage trifled well:
Yet better had he neither known
A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

IX.

But thou — from thy reluctant hand
The thunderbolt is wrung —
Too late thou leav'st the high command
To which thy weakness clung;
All Evil Spirit as thou art,
It is enough to grieve the heart
To see thine own unstrung;
To think that God's fair world hath been
The footstool of a thing so mean;

X.

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him,
Who thus can hoard his own!
And Monarchs bowed the trembling limb,
And thanked him for a throne!
Fair Freedom! we may hold thee dear,
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
In humblest guise have shown.
Oh! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
A brighter name to lure mankind!

XI.

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
Nor written thus in vain —
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
Or deepen every stain:
If thou hadst died as honor dies,
Some new Napoleon might arise,
To shame the world again —
But who would soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night?

XII.

Weighed in the balance, hero dust
Is vile as vulgar clay;
Thy scales, Mortality! are just
To all that pass away:

But yet methought the living great
Some higher sparks should animate,
  To dazzle and dismay:
Nor deemed Contempt could thus make mirth
Of these, the Conquerors of the earth.

XIII.

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,
  Thy still imperial bride;
How bears her breast the torturing hour?
  Still clings she to thy side?
Must she too bend, must she too share
Thy late repentance, long despair,
  Thou throneless Homicide?
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem,
'Tis worth thy vanished diadem!

XIV.

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,
  And gaze upon the sea;
That element may meet thy smile —
  It ne'er was ruled by thee!
Or trace with thine all idle hand
In loitering mood upon the sand
  That Earth is now as free!
That Corinth's pedagogue hath now
Transferred his byword to thy brow.

XV.

That Timour! in his captive's cage
  What thoughts will there be thine,
While brooding in thy prisoned rage?
  But one — "The world *was* mine!"
Unless, like he of Babylon,
All sense is with thy scepter gone,
  Life will not long confine
That spirit poured so widely forth —
So long obeyed — so little worth!

XVI.

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,
  Wilt thou withstand the shock?
And share with him, the unforgiven,
  His vulture and his rock!

Foredoomed by God — by man accurst,
And that last act, though not thy worst,
The very Fiend's arch mock;
He in his fall preserved his pride,
And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

By LUDWIG UHLAND.

(Translated by Elizabeth Craigmyle.)

[JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND occupies a foremost place among the great lyric poets of Germany in the nineteenth century. Born at Tübingen, April 26, 1787, he studied law at the university there, and practiced as an advocate at Stuttgart, but subsequently devoted himself to linguistic studies and literary work. For several years he published ballads and other lyrics in various periodicals, the first collection of which, under the title of "Gedichte," appeared in 1815. To this he kept adding during his lifetime, and it is on these "Gedichte" that his fame rests. He is the acknowledged head of the so-called Swabian school of German poets. He died at Tübingen, November 13, 1862.]

THERE stood in times of story a castle proud and high,
The sailors saw afar off its turrets pierce the sky,
Around were perfumed gardens, a garland rich and fair,
Within them rainbow fountains sprang sparkling high in air.

The king that ruled within it was great in power and might,
His brows were dark and lowering, his lips with wrath were white;
His very thoughts are murder, his glance devouring flame,
His words they fall like scourges, in blood he writes his name.

And to the evil castle came once a minstrel pair,
The younger's locks were golden, gray was the other's hair;
Upon a noble charger the aged singer rode,
With untired step beside him his young companion strode.

Then spake the gray-haired minstrel, "Be ready now, my son,
Hard is the task that waits us; sing as thou ne'er hast done.
Sing of all pain and pleasure, and strain thine utmost art,
To-day we strive to soften the brute king's stony heart."

Soon stand both daring singers within the palace hall,
The thronèd king is listening, the queen and nobles all:
The king in fearful splendor, like the Northern Lights' red glare,
The queen so soft and gentle, like a moonbeam white and fair.

And, hark, upon the harp-chords his hand the harper flings;
What wondrous music shivers from out the stricken strings!
Then like a stream came welling the youth's voice heavenly clear,
It cadenced with the old man's, like an angel's to the ear.

They sing of love and springtime, of joy and faithfulness,
Of freedom and of manhood, of faith and holiness;
They sing all unknown sweetness that comes and passes by,
They sing of all things lofty, that make the heart beat high.

The courtiers throng around them, — they are not jesting now!
The haughty plumes are bending, to God the helmed heads bow;
The queen's eyes melt and soften, — What are both throne and crown?
The rose from out her bosom to the minstrel she throws down!

"Ye have seduced my people, seduce ye now my queen?"
The king he shrieks in frenzy, trembling in wrathful teen.
And at the stripling straightway his battle blade he flings,
Instead of quivering music, the heart blood quivering springs.

The crowd of listeners scattered like dust before the storm.
Upon the old man's bosom there lies a lifeless form,
He wraps his mantle round it, he sets it on his horse,
And upright in the saddle he binds the mangled corse.

Before the castle portal the ancient singer stood,
He took his harp so wondrous of gold and precious wood,
Against a marble pillar he shivered it in twain;
Then shrieked this imprecation till the castle rang amain: —

"Woe, woe, ye palace chambers! Woe, woe, ye halls so proud!
No more shall song or harpings within you sound aloud,
But groans and dreary sobbings and stealthy step of slaves,
Till Vengeance stamps your turrets a-level with men's graves!

"Woe, woe, ye perfumed gardens, in all your fair May light!
Look on this ghastly, soulless clod, — and wither at the sight!
On every spring and fountain shall this sight a seal be placed,
So ye shall lie in future days a desert, stony waste.

"Woe to thee, murderer! Thine hand hath crushed the singer's
crown;
Fruitless shall be thy striving for the garland of renown, —
Thy very name shall perish, despite thy craft and care,
Even as a last death rattle dies out in empty air!"

So hath the old man cursed him — and God in heaven hath heard;
The halls and ramparts crumble at the minstrel's magic word;
One pillar only standeth of the ruined spendors all,
And that, already cloven, is nodding to its fall.

Around, instead of gardens, is a desert heathen land;
No tree gives cooling shadow, no fount breaks through the sand;
The king has been forgotten, no bards his deeds rehearse,
His very name is vanished! Such is the Minstrel's Curse!

GAMBLER'S LUCK.

By E. T. W. HOFFMANN.

[Ernst Theodor Wilhelm Hoffmann, German novelist, composer, and miscellaneous writer, was a native of Königsberg, Prussia, being born January 24, 1776. He held several judicial appointments in Posen and Warsaw until the French invasion, when he was deprived of office. Thrown upon his own resources, he led a precarious existence as composer, author, and musical director at Bamberg and other places. In 1815 he resumed his career in the Prussian service, and held the post of councilor of the supreme court in Berlin until his death, June 25, 1822. His works include: "Phantasy Pieces," "The Elixir of the Devil," "Night Pieces," "Kater Murr," etc. The opera "Undine" is the best of his musical works.]

Pyrmont had a larger concourse of visitors than ever in the summer of 18—. The number of rich and illustrious strangers increased from day to day, greatly exciting the zeal of speculators of all kinds. Hence it was also that the owners of the faro bank took care to pile up their glittering gold in bigger heaps, in order that this, the bait of the noblest game, which they, like good skilled hunters, knew how to decoy, might preserve its efficacy.

Who does not know how fascinating an excitement gambling is, particularly at watering places, during the season, where every visitor, having laid aside his ordinary habits and course of life, deliberately gives himself up to leisure and ease and exhilarating enjoyment? Then gambling becomes an irresistible attraction. People who at other times never touch a card are to be seen amongst the most eager players; and besides, it is the fashion, especially in higher circles, for every one to visit the bank in the evening and lose a little money at play.

The only person who appeared not to heed this irresistible attraction, and this injunction of fashion, was a young German Baron, whom we will call Siegfried. When everybody else hurried off to the playhouse, and he was deprived of all means and all prospect of the intellectual conversation he loved, he preferred either to give reins to the flights of his fancy in solitary walks or to stay in his own room and take up a book, or even indulge in poetic attempts, in writing, himself.

As Siegfried was young, independent, rich, of noble appearance and pleasing disposition, it could not fail but that he was highly esteemed and loved, and that he had the most decisive good fortune with the fair sex. And in everything that he took up or turned his attention to, there seemed to be a singularly lucky star presiding over his actions. Rumor spoke of many extraordinary love intrigues which had been forced upon him, and out of which, however ruinous they would in all likelihood have been for many other young men, he escaped with incredible ease and success. But whenever the conversation turned upon him and his good fortune, the old gentlemen of his acquaintance were especially fond of relating a story about a watch which had happened in the days of his early youth. For it chanced once that Siegfried, while still under his guardian's care, had quite unexpectedly found himself so straitened for money on a journey that he was absolutely obliged to sell his gold watch, which was set with brilliants, merely in order to get on his way. He had made up his mind that he would have to throw away his valuable watch for an old song; but as there happened to be in the hotel where he had put up a young prince who was just in want of such an ornament, the Baron actually received for it more than it was really worth. More than a year passed and Siegfried had become his own master, when he read in the newspapers in another place that a watch was to be made the subject of a lottery. He took a ticket which cost a mere trifle, and won — the same gold watch set with brilliants which he had sold. Not long afterwards he exchanged this watch for a valuable ring. He held office for a short time under the Prince of G——, and when he retired from his post the Prince presented to him as a mark of his good will the very identical gold watch set with brilliants as before, together with a costly chain.

From this story they passed to Siegfried's obstinacy in never on any account touching a card; why, with his strongly

pronounced good luck he had all the more inducement to play; and they were unanimous in coming to the conclusion that the Baron, notwithstanding all his other conspicuous good qualities, was a miserly fellow, far too careful and far too stingy to expose himself to the smallest possible loss. That the Baron's conduct was in every particular the direct contrary of that of an avaricious man had no weight with them; and as is so often the case, when the majority have set their hearts upon tagging a questioning "but" on to the good name of a talented man, and are determined to find this "but" at any cost, even though it should be in their own imagination, so in the present case the sneering allusion to Siegfried's aversion to play afforded them infinite satisfaction.

Siegfried was not long in learning what was being said about him; and since, generous and liberal as he was, there was nothing he hated and detested more than miserliness, he made up his mind to put his traducers to shame by ransoming himself from this foul aspersion at the cost of a couple of hundred *louis d'or*, or even more if need be, however much disgusted he might feel at gambling. He presented himself at the faro bank with the deliberate intention of losing the large sum which he had put in his pocket; but in play also the good luck which stood by him in everything he undertook did not prove unfaithful. Every card he chose won. The cabalistic calculations of seasoned old players were shivered to atoms against the Baron's play. No matter whether he changed his cards or continued to stake on the same one, it was all the same: he was always a winner. In the Baron they had the singular spectacle of a punter at variance with himself because the cards fell favorable for him; and notwithstanding that the explanation of his behavior was pretty patent, yet people looked at each other significantly and gave utterance in no ambiguous terms to the opinion that the Baron, carried along by his penchant for the marvelous, might eventually become insane, for any player who could be dismayed at his run of luck must surely be insane.

The very fact of having won a considerable sum of money made it obligatory upon the Baron to go on playing until he should have carried out his original purpose; for in all probability his large win would be followed by a still larger loss. But people's expectations were not in the remotest degree realized, for the Baron's striking good luck continued to attend him.

Without his being conscious of it, there began to be awakened in his mind a strong liking for faro, which with all its simplicity is the most ominous of games; and this liking continued to increase more and more. He was no longer dissatisfied with his good luck; gambling fettered his attention and held him fast to the table for nights and nights, so that he was perforce compelled to give credence to the peculiar attraction of the game, of which his friends had formerly spoken and which he would by no means allow to be correct, for he was attracted to faro not by the thirst for gain, but simply and solely by the game itself.

One night, just as the banker had finished a *taille*, the Baron happened to raise his eyes and observed that an elderly man had taken post directly opposite to him, and had got his eyes fixed upon him in a set, sad, earnest gaze. And as long as play lasted, every time the Baron looked up, his eyes met the stranger's dark, sad stare, until at last he could not help being struck with a very uncomfortable and oppressive feeling. And the stranger only left the apartment when play came to an end for the night. The following night he again stood opposite the Baron, staring at him with unaverted gaze, whilst his eyes had a dark, mysterious, spectral look. The Baron still kept his temper. But when on the third night the stranger appeared again and fixed his eyes, burning with a consuming fire, upon the Baron, the latter burst out, "Sir, I must beg you to choose some other place. You exercise a constraining influence upon my play."

With a painful smile the stranger bowed and left the table, and the hall too, without uttering a word.

But on the next night the stranger again stood opposite the Baron, piercing him through and through with his dark, fiery glance. Then the Baron burst out still more angrily than on the preceding night, "If you think it a joke, sir, to stare at me, pray choose some other time and some other place to do so; and now have the ——" A wave of the hand towards the door took the place of the harsh words the Baron was about to utter. And, as on the previous night, the stranger, after bowing slightly, left the hall with the same painful smile upon his lips.

Siegfried was so excited and heated by play, by the wine which he had taken, and also by the scene with the stranger, that he could not sleep. Morning was already breaking, when the stranger's figure appeared before his eyes. He observed his

striking, sharp-cut features, worn with suffering, and his sad, deep-set eyes just as he had stared at him; and he noticed his distinguished bearing, which, in spite of his mean clothing, betrayed a man of high culture. And then the air of painful resignation with which the stranger submitted to the harsh words flung at him, and fought down his bitter feelings with an effort, and left the hall! "No," cried Siegfried, "I did him wrong — great wrong. Is it indeed at all like me to blaze up in this rude, ill-mannered way, like an uncultivated clown, and to offer insults to people without the least provocation?" The Baron at last arrived at the conviction that it must have been a most oppressive feeling of the sharp contrast between them which had made the man stare at him so; in the moment that he was perhaps contending with the bitterest poverty, he (the Baron) was piling up heaps and heaps of gold with all the superciliousness of the gambler. He resolved to find out the stranger that very morning and atone to him for his rudeness.

And as chance would have it, the very first person whom the Baron saw strolling down the avenue was the stranger himself.

The Baron addressed him, offered the most profuse apologies for his behavior of the night before, and in conclusion begged the stranger's pardon in all due form. The stranger replied that he had nothing to pardon, since large allowances must be made for a player deeply intent over his game, and besides, he had only himself to blame for the harsh words he had provoked, since he had obstinately persisted in remaining in the place where he disturbed the Baron's play.

The Baron went further; he said there were often seasons of momentary embarrassment in life which weighed with a most galling effect upon a man of refinement, and he plainly hinted to the stranger that he was willing to give the money he had won, or even more still, if by that means he could perhaps be of any assistance to him.

"Sir," replied the stranger, "you think I am in want, but that is not indeed the case; for though poor rather than rich, I yet have enough to satisfy my simple wants. Moreover, you will yourself perceive that as a man of honor I could not possibly accept a large sum of money from you as indemnification for the insult you conceive you have offered me, even though I were not a gentleman of birth."

"I think I understand you," replied the Baron, starting; "I am ready to grant you the satisfaction you demand."

"Good God!" continued the stranger — "good God, how unequal a contest it would be between us two! I am certain that you think as I do about a duel, that it is not to be treated as a piece of childish folly; nor do you believe that a few drops of blood, which have perhaps fallen from a scratched finger, can ever wash tarnished honor bright again. There are many cases in which it is impossible for two particular individuals to continue to exist together on this earth, even though the one live in the Caucasus and the other on the Tiber; no separation is possible so long as the hated foe can be thought of as still alive. In this case a duel to decide which of the two is to give way to the other on this earth is a necessity. Between us now, as I have just said, a duel would be fought upon unequal terms, since nohow can my life be valued so highly as yours. If I run you through, I destroy a whole world of the finest hopes; and if I fall, then you have put an end to a miserable existence, that is harrowed by the bitterest and most agonizing memories. But after all — and this is of course the main thing — I don't conceive myself to have been in the remotest degree insulted. You bade me go, and I went."

These last words the stranger spoke in a tone which nevertheless betrayed the sting in his heart. This was enough for the Baron to again apologize, which he did by especially dwelling upon the fact that the stranger's glance had, he did not know why, gone straight to his heart, till at last he could endure it no longer.

"I hope then," said the stranger, "that if my glance did really penetrate to your heart, it aroused you to a sense of the threatening danger on the brink of which you are hovering. With a light glad heart and youthful ingenuousness you are standing on the edge of the abyss of ruin; one single push and you will plunge headlong down without a hope of rescue. In a single word, you are on the point of becoming a confirmed and passionate gambler and ruining yourself."

The Baron assured him that he was completely mistaken. He related the circumstances under which he had first gone to the faro table, and assured him that he entirely lacked the gambler's characteristic disposition; all he wished was to lose two hundred *louis d'or* or so, and when he had succeeded in this he intended to cease punting. Up to that

time, however, he had had the most conspicuous run of good luck.

"Oh! but," cried the stranger, "oh! but it is exactly this run of good luck wherein lies the subtlest and most formidable temptation of the malignant enemy. It is this run of good luck which attends your play, Baron, — the circumstances under which you have begun to play, — nay, your entire behavior whilst actually engaged in play, which only too plainly betray how your interest in it deepens and increases on each occasion; all — all this reminds me only too forcibly of the awful fate of a certain unhappy man, who, in many respects like you, began to play under circumstances similar to those which you have described in your own case. And therefore it was that I could not keep my eyes off you, and that I was hardly able to restrain myself from saying in words what my glances were meant to tell you. 'Oh! see — see — see the demons stretching out their talons to drag you down into the pit of ruin.' Thus I should like to have called to you. I was desirous of making your acquaintance; and I have succeeded. Let me tell you the history of the unfortunate man whom I mentioned; you will then perhaps be convinced that it is no idle phantom of the brain when I see you in the most imminent danger, and warn you."

The stranger and the Baron both sat down upon a seat which stood quite isolated, and then the stranger began as follows: —

"The same brilliant qualities which distinguish you, Herr Baron, gained Chevalier Menars the esteem and admiration of men and made him a favorite amongst women. In riches alone Fortune had not been so gracious to him as she has been to you; he was almost in want; and it was only through exercising the strictest economy that he was enabled to appear in a state becoming his position as the scion of a distinguished family. Since even the smallest loss would be serious for him and upset the entire tenor of his course of life, he dare not indulge in play; besides, he had no inclination to do so, and it was therefore no act of self-sacrifice on his part to avoid the tables. It is to be added that he had the most remarkable success in everything which he took in hand, so that Chevalier Menars' good luck became a byword.

"One night he suffered himself to be persuaded, contrary to his practice, to visit a playhouse. The friends whom he had accompanied were soon deeply engaged in play.

"Without taking any interest in what was going forward, the Chevalier, busied with thoughts of quite a different character, first strode up and down the apartment and then stood with his eyes fixed upon the gaming table, where the gold continued to pour in upon the banker from all sides. All at once an old colonel observed the Chevalier, and cried out, 'The devil! Here we've got Chevalier Menars and his good luck amongst us, and yet we can win nothing, since he has declared neither for the banker nor for the punters. But we can't have it so any longer; he shall at once punt for me.'

"All the Baron's attempts to excuse himself on the ground of his lack of skill and total want of experience were of no avail; the Colonel was not to be denied; the Chevalier must take his place at the table.

"The Chevalier had exactly the same run of fortune that you have, Herr Baron. The cards fell favorable for him, and he had soon won a considerable sum for the Colonel, whose joy at his grand thought of claiming the loan of Chevalier Menars' steadfast good luck knew no bounds.

"This good luck, which quite astonished all the rest of those present, made not the slightest impression upon the Chevalier; nay, somehow, in a way inexplicable to himself, his aversion to play took deeper root, so that on the following morning when he awoke and felt the consequences of his exertion during the night, through which he had been awake, in a general relaxation both mental and physical, he took a most earnest resolve never again under any circumstances to visit a playhouse.

"And in this resolution he was still further strengthened by the old Colonel's conduct; he had the most decided ill luck with every card he took up; and the blame for this run of bad luck he, with the most extraordinary infatuation, put upon the Chevalier's shoulders. In an importunate manner he demanded that the Chevalier should either punt for him or at any rate stand at his side, so as by his presence to banish the perverse demon who always put into his hands cards which never turned up right. Of course it is well known that there is more absurd superstition to be found amongst gamblers than almost anywhere else. The only way in which the Chevalier could get rid of the Colonel was by declaring in a tone of great seriousness that he would rather fight him than play for him, for the Colonel was no great friend of duels. The Chevalier cursed his good nature in having complied with the old fool's request at first.

"Now nothing less was to be expected than that the story of the Baron's marvelously lucky play should pass from mouth to mouth, and also that all sorts of enigmatical mysterious circumstances should be invented and added on to it, representing the Chevalier as a man in league with supernatural powers. But the fact that the Chevalier in spite of his good luck did not touch another card, could not fail to inspire the highest respect for his firmness of character, and so very much increase the esteem which he already enjoyed.

"Somewhere about a year later the Chevalier was suddenly placed in a most painful and embarrassing position owing to the non-arrival of the small sum of money upon which he relied to defray his current expenses. He was obliged to disclose his circumstances to his most intimate friend, who without hesitation supplied him with what he needed, at the same time twitting him with being the most hopelessly eccentric fellow that ever was. 'Destiny,' said he, 'gives us hints in what way and where we ought to seek our own benefit; and we have only our own indolence to blame if we do not heed, do not understand, these hints. The Higher Power that rules over us has whispered quite plainly in your ears, If you want money and property, go and play, else you will be poor and needy, and never independent, as long as you live.'

"And now for the first time the thought of how wonderfully fortune had favored him at the faro bank took clear and distinct shape in his mind; and both in his dreams and when awake he heard the banker's monotonous 'won, lost,' and the rattle of the gold pieces. 'Yes, it is undoubtedly so,' he said to himself, 'a single night like that one before would free me from my difficulties, and help me over the painful embarrassment of being a burden to my friends; it is my duty to follow the beckoning finger of fate.' The friends who had advised him to try play accompanied him to the playhouse, and gave him twenty *louis d'or* more that he might begin unconcerned.

"If the Chevalier's play had been splendid when he punted for the old Colonel, it was indeed doubly so now. Blindly and without choice he drew the cards he staked upon, but the invisible hand of that Higher Power which is intimately related to Chance, or rather actually is what we call Chance, seemed to be regulating his play. At the end of the evening he had won a thousand *louis d'or*.

"Next morning he awoke with a kind of dazed feeling.

The gold pieces he had won lay scattered about beside him on the table. At the first moment he fancied he was dreaming; he rubbed his eyes; he grasped the table and pulled it nearer towards him. But when he began to reflect upon what had happened, when he buried his fingers amongst the gold pieces, when he counted them with gratified satisfaction, and even counted them through again, then delight in the base mammon shot for the first time like a pernicious poisonous breath through his every nerve and fiber, then it was all over with the purity of sentiment which he had so long preserved intact. He could hardly wait for night to come that he might go to the faro table again. His good luck continued constant, so that after a few weeks, during which he played nearly every night, he had won a considerable sum.

"Now there are two sorts of players. Play simply as such affords to many an indescribable and mysterious pleasure, totally irrespective of gain. The strange complications of chance occur with the most surprising waywardness; the government of the Higher Power becomes conspicuously evident; and this it is which stirs up our spirit to move its wings and see if it cannot soar upwards into the mysterious kingdom, the fateful workshop of this Power, in order to surprise it at its labors.

"I once knew a man who spent many days and nights alone in his room, keeping a bank and punting against himself; this man was, according to my way of thinking, a genuine player. Others have nothing but gain before their eyes, and look upon play as a means to getting rich speedily. This class the Chevalier joined, thus once more establishing the truth of the saying that the real deeper inclination for play must lie in the individual nature — must be born in it. And for this reason he soon found the sphere of activity to which the punter is confined too narrow. With the very large sum of money that he had won by gambling he established a bank of his own; and in this enterprise fortune favored him to such an extent that within a short time his bank was the richest in all Paris. And agreeably to the nature of the case, the largest proportion of players flocked to him, the richest and luckiest banker.

"The heartless, demoralizing life of a gambler soon blotted out all those advantages, as well mental as physical, which had formerly secured to the Chevalier people's affection and esteem. He ceased to be a faithful friend, a cheerful, easy guest in society, a chivalrous and gallant admirer of the fair sex. Extinguished

was all his taste for science and art, and gone all striving to advance along the road to sound knowledge. Upon his deathly pale countenance, and in his gloomy eyes, where a dim, restless fire gleamed, was to be read the full expression of the extremely baneful passion in whose toils he was entangled. It was not fondness for play, no, it was the most abominable avarice which had been enkindled in his soul by Satan himself. In a single word, he was the most finished specimen of a faro banker that may be seen anywhere.

"One night Fortune was less favorable to the Chevalier than usual, although he suffered no loss of any consequence. Then a little thin old man, meanly clad, and almost repulsive to look at, approached the table, drew a card with a trembling hand, and placed a gold piece upon it. Several of the players looked up at the old man at first greatly astonished, but after that they treated him with provoking contempt. Nevertheless his face never moved a muscle, far less did he utter a single word of complaint.

"The old man lost; he lost one stake after another; but the higher his losses rose the more pleased the other players got. And at last, when the newcomer, who continued to double his stake every time, placed five hundred *louis d'or* at once upon a card and this the very next moment turned up on the losing side, one of the other players cried with a laugh, 'Good luck, Signor Vertua, good luck! Don't lose heart. Go on staking; you look to me as if you would finish with breaking the bank through your immense winnings.' The old man shot a basilisk-like look upon the mocker and hurried away, but only to return at the end of half an hour with his pockets full of gold. In the last *taille* he was, however, obliged to cease playing, since he had again lost all the money he had brought back with him.

"This scornful and contemptuous treatment of the old man had excessively annoyed the Chevalier, for, in spite of all his abominable practices, he yet insisted on certain rules of good behavior being observed at his table. And so on the conclusion of the game, when Signor Vertua had taken his departure, the Chevalier felt he had sufficient grounds to speak a serious word or two to the mocker, as well as to one or two other players whose contemptuous treatment of the old man had been most conspicuous, and whom the Chevalier had bidden stay behind for this purpose.

"'Ah! but, Chevalier,' cried one of them, 'you don't know old Francesco Vertua, or else you would have no fault to find with us and our behavior towards him; you would rather approve of it. For let me tell you that this Vertua, a Neapolitan by birth, who has been fifteen years in Paris, is the meanest, dirtiest, most pestilent miser and usurer who can be found anywhere. He is a stranger to every human feeling; if he saw his own brother writhing at his feet in the agonies of death, it would be an utter waste of pains to try to entice a single *louis d'or* from him, even if it were to save his brother's life. He has a heavy burden of curses and imprecations to bear, which have been showered down upon him by a multitude of men, nay, by entire families, who have been plunged into the deepest distress through his diabolical speculations. He is hated like poison by all who know him; everybody wishes that vengeance may overtake him for all the evil that he has done, and that it may put an end to his career of iniquity. He has never played before, at least since he has been in Paris; and so from all this you need not wonder at our being so greatly astounded when the old skinflint appeared at your table. And for the same reasons we were, of course, pleased at the old fellow's serious losses, for it would have been hard, very hard, if the old rascal had been favored by Fortune. It is only too certain, Chevalier, that the old fool has been deluded by the riches of your bank. He came intending to pluck you aud has lost his own feathers. But yet it completely puzzles me how Vertua could act thus in a way so opposite to the true character of a miser, and could bring himself to play so high. Ah! well — you'll see he will not come again; we are now quit of him.'

"But this opinion proved to be far from correct, for on the very next night Vertua presented himself at the Chevalier's bank again, and staked and lost much more heavily than on the night preceding. But he preserved a calm demeanor through it all; he even smiled at times with a sort of bitter irony, as though foreseeing how soon things would be totally changed. But during each of the succeeding nights the old man's losses increased like a glacier at a greater and greater rate, till at last it was calculated that he had paid over thirty thousand *louis d'or* to the bank. Finally he entered the hall one evening, long after play had begun, with a deathly pale face and troubled looks, and took up his post at some distance from the table, his eyes riveted in a set stare upon the cards which the Chevalier

successively drew. At last, just as the Chevalier had shuffled the cards, had had them cut and was about to begin the *taille*, the old man cried in such a harsh grating voice, 'Stop!' that everybody looked round well-nigh dismayed. Then, forcing his way to the table close up to the Chevalier, he said in his ear, speaking in a hoarse voice, 'Chevalier, my house in the Rue St. Honoré, together with all the furniture and all the gold and silver and all the jewels I possess, are valued at eighty thousand francs, — will you accept the stake?' 'Very good,' replied the Chevalier, coldly, without looking round at the old man; and he began the *taille*.

"'The queen,' said Vertua; and at the next draw the queen had lost. The old man reeled back from the table and leaned against the wall motionless and paralyzed, like a rigid stone statue. Nobody troubled himself any further about him.

"Play was over for the night; the players were dispersing; the Chevalier and his croupiers were packing away in the strong box the gold he had won. Then old Vertua staggered like a ghost out of the corner towards the Chevalier and addressed him in a hoarse, hollow voice, 'Yet a word with you, Chevalier, — only a single word.'

"'Well, what is it?' replied the Chevalier, withdrawing the key from the lock of the strong box and measuring the old man from head to foot with a look of contempt.

"'I have lost all my property at your bank, Chevalier,' went on the old man; 'I have nothing, nothing left. I don't know where I shall lay my head to-morrow, nor how I shall appease my hunger. You are my last resource, Chevalier; lend me the tenth part of the sum I have lost to you that I may begin my business over again, and so work my way up out of the distressed state I now am in.'

"'Whatever are you thinking about,' rejoined the Chevalier, 'whatever are you thinking about, Signor Vertua? Don't you know that a faro banker never dare lend of his winnings? That's against the old rule, and I am not going to violate it.'

"'You are right,' went on Vertua, again. 'You are right, Chevalier. My request was senseless — extravagant — the tenth part! No, lend me the twentieth part.' 'I tell you,' replied the Chevalier, impatiently, 'that I won't lend a farthing of my winnings.'

"'True, true,' said Vertua, his face growing paler and paler and his gaze becoming more and more set and staring, 'true,

you ought not to lend anything — I never used to. But give some alms to a beggar — give him a hundred *louis d'or* of the riches which blind Fortune has thrown in your hands to-day.'

"'Of a verity you know how to torment people, Signor Vertua,' burst out the Chevalier, angrily. 'I tell you you won't get so much as a hundred, nor fifty, nor twenty, no, not so much as a single *louis d'or* from me. I should be mad to make you even the smallest advance, so as to help you begin your shameful trade over again. Fate has stamped you in the dust like a poisonous reptile, and it would simply be villainy for me to aid you in recovering yourself. Go and perish as you deserve.'

"Pressing both hands over his face, Vertua sank on the floor with a muffled groan. The Chevalier ordered his servant to take the strong box down to his carriage, and then cried in a loud voice, 'When will you hand over to me your house and effects, Signor Vertua?'

"Vertua hastily picked himself up from the ground and said in a firm voice, 'Now, at once — this moment, Chevalier; come with me.'

"'Good,' replied the Chevalier, 'you may ride with me as far as your house, which you shall leave to-morrow for good.'

"All the way neither of them spoke a single word, neither Vertua nor the Chevalier. Arrived in front of the house in the Rue St. Honoré, Vertua pulled the bell; an old woman opened the door, and on perceiving it was Vertua cried, 'Oh! good heavens, Signor Vertua, is that you at last? Angela is half dead with anxiety on your account.'

"'Silence,' replied Vertua. 'God grant she has not heard this unlucky bell! She is not to know that I have come.' And therewith he took the lighted candle out of the old woman's hand, for she appeared to be quite stunned, and lighted the Chevalier up to his own room.

"'I am prepared for the worst,' said Vertua. 'You hate, you despise me, Chevalier. You have ruined me, to your own and other people's joy; but you do not know me. Let me tell you then that I was once a gambler like you, that capricious Fortune was as favorable to me as she is to you, that I traveled through half Europe, stopping everywhere where high play and the hope of large gains enticed me, that the piles of gold continually increased in my bank as they do in yours. I had a true and beautiful wife, whom I neglected, and she was mis-

erable in the midst of all her magnificence and wealth. It happened once, when I had set up my bank in Genoa, that a young Roman lost all his rich patrimony at my bank. He besought me to lend him money, as I did you to-day, sufficient at least to enable him to travel back to Rome. I refused with a laugh of mocking scorn, and in the insane fury of despair he thrust the stiletto which he wore right into my breast. At great pains the surgeons succeeded in saving me; but it was a wearying painful time whilst I lay on the bed of sickness. Then my wife tended me, comforted me, and kept up my courage when I was ready to sink under my sufferings; and as I grew towards recovery a feeling began to glimmer within me which I had never experienced before, and it waxed ever stronger and stronger. A gambler becomes an alien to all human emotion, and hence I had not known what was the meaning of a wife's love and faithful attachment. The debt of what I owed my wife burned itself into my ungrateful heart, and also the sense of the villainous conduct to which I had sacrificed her. All those whose life's happiness, whose entire existence, I had ruined with heartless indifference were like tormenting spirits of vengeance, and I heard their hoarse hollow voices echoing from the grave, upbraiding me with all the guilt and criminality, the seed of which I had planted in their bosoms. It was only my wife who was able to drive away the unutterable distress and horror that then came upon me. I made a vow never to touch a card more. I lived in retirement; I rent asunder all the ties which held me fast to my former mode of life; I withstood the enticements of my croupiers, when they came and said they could not do without me and my good luck. I bought a small country villa not far from Rome, and thither, as soon as I was recovered of my illness, I fled for refuge along with my wife. Oh! only one single year did I enjoy a calmness, a happiness, a peaceful content, such as I had never dreamt of! My wife bore me a daughter, and died a few weeks later. I was in despair; I railed at Heaven and again cursed myself and my reprobate life, for which Heaven was now exacting vengeance upon me by depriving me of my wife — she who had saved me from ruin, who was the only creature who afforded me hope and consolation. I was driven away from my country villa hither to Paris, like the criminal who fears the horrors of solitude. Angela grew up the lovely image of her mother; my heart

was wholly wrapt up in her; for her sake I felt called upon not so much to obtain a large fortune for her as to increase what I had already got. It is the truth that I lent money at a high rate of interest; but it is a foul calumny to accuse me of deceitful usury. And who are these my accusers? Thoughtless, frivolous people who worry me to death until I lend them money, which they immediately go and squander like a thing of no worth, and then get in a rage if I demand inexorable punctuality in repayment of the money which does not indeed belong to me, — no, but to my daughter, for I merely look upon myself as her steward. It's not long since I saved a young man from disgrace and ruin by advancing him a considerable sum. As I knew he was terribly poor, I never mentioned a syllable about repayment until I knew he had got together a rich property. Then I applied to him for settlement of his debt. Would you believe it, Chevalier? the dishonorable knave, who owed all he had to me, tried to deny the debt, and on being compelled by the court to pay me, reproached me with being a villainous miser? I could tell you more such like cases; and these things have made me hard and insensible to emotion when I have to deal with folly and baseness. Nay, more — I could tell you of the many bitter tears I have wiped away, and of the many prayers which have gone up to Heaven for me and my Angela, but you would only regard it as empty boasting, and pay not the slightest heed to it, for you are a gambler. I thought I had satisfied the resentment of Heaven; it was but a delusion, for Satan has been permitted to lead me astray in a more disastrous way than before. I heard of your good luck, Chevalier. Every day I heard that this man and that had staked and staked at your bank until he became a beggar. Then the thought came into my mind that I was destined to try my gambler's luck, which had never hitherto deserted me, against yours, that the power was given me to put a stop to your practices; and this thought, which could only have been engendered by some extraordinary madness, left me no rest, no peace. Hence I came to your bank; and my terrible infatuation did not leave me until all my property — all my Angela's property — was yours. And now the end has come. I presume you will allow my daughter to take her clothing with her?'

"'Your daughter's wardrobe does not concern me,' replied the Chevalier. 'You may also take your beds and other neces-

sary household utensils, and such like; for what could I do with all the old lumber? But see to it that nothing of value of the things which now belong to me get mixed up with it.'

"Old Vertua stared at the Chevalier a second or two utterly speechless; then a flood of tears burst from his eyes, and he sank upon his knees in front of the Chevalier, perfectly upset with trouble and despair, and raised his hands crying, 'Chevalier, have you still a spark of human feeling left in your breast? Be merciful, merciful. It is not I, but my daughter, my Angela, my innocent angelic child, whom you are plunging into ruin. Oh! be merciful to *her;* lend *her*, *her*, my Angela, the twentieth part of the property you have deprived her of. Oh! I know you will listen to my entreaty! O Angela! my daughter!' And therewith the old man sobbed and lamented and moaned, calling upon his child by name in the most heart-rending tones.

"'I am getting tired of this absurd theatrical scene,' said the Chevalier, indifferently but impatiently; but at this moment the door flew open and in burst a girl in a white nightdress, her hair disheveled, her face pale as death, — burst in and ran to old Vertua, raised him up, took him in her arms, and cried, 'O father! O father! I have heard all, I know all! Have you really lost everything — everything, really? Have you not your Angela? What need have we of money and property? Will not Angela sustain you and tend you? O father, don't humiliate yourself a moment longer before this despicable monster. It is not *we*, but *he*, who is poor and miserable in the midst of his contemptible riches; for see, he stands there deserted in his awful hopeless loneliness; there is not a heart in all the wide world to cling lovingly to his breast, to open out to him when he despairs of his own life, of himself. Come, father. Leave this house with me. Come, let us make haste and begone, that this fearful man may not exult over your trouble.'

"Vertua sank half fainting into an easy-chair. Angela knelt down before him, took his hands, kissed them, fondled them, enumerated with childish loquacity all the talents, all the accomplishments, which she was mistress of, and by the aid of which she would earn a comfortable living for her father; she besought him, from the midst of burning tears, to put aside all his trouble and distress, since her life would now first acquire true significance, when she had to sew, embroider, sing, and play her guitar, not for mere pleasure, but for her father's sake.

"Who, however hardened a sinner, could have remained insensible at the sight of Angela, thus radiant in her divine beauty, comforting her old father with sweet soft words, whilst the purest affection, the most childlike goodness, beamed from her eyes, evidently coming from the very depths of her heart?

"Quite otherwise was it with the Chevalier. A perfect Gehenna of torment and of the stinging of conscience was awakened within him. Angela appeared to him to be the avenging angel of God, before whose splendor the misty veil of his wicked infatuation melted away, so that he saw with horror the repulsive nakedness of his own miserable soul. Yet right through the midst of the flames of this infernal pit that was blazing in the Chevalier's heart passed a divine and pure ray, whose emanations of light were the sweetest rapture, the very bliss of heaven; but the shining of this ray only made his unutterable torments the more terrible to bear.

"The Chevalier had never been in love. The moment in which he saw Angela was the moment in which he was to experience the most ardent passion, and also at the same time the crushing pain of utter hopelessness. For no man who had appeared before the pure angel child, lovely Angela, in the way the Chevalier had done, could dream of hope. He attempted to speak, but his tongue seemed to be numbed by cramp. At last, controlling himself with an effort, he stammered with trembling voice, 'Signor Vertua, listen to me. I have not won anything from you — nothing at all. There is my strong box; it is yours, — nay, I must pay you yet more than there is there. I am your debtor. There, take it, take it!'

"'O my daughter!' cried Vertua. But Angela rose to her feet, approached the Chevalier, and flashed a proud look upon him, saying earnestly and composedly, 'Chevalier, allow me to tell you that there is something higher than money and goods; there are sentiments to which you are a stranger, which, whilst sustaining our souls with the comfort of Heaven, bid us reject your gift, your favor, with contempt. Keep your mammon, which is burdened with the curse that pursues you, you heartless depraved gambler.'

"'Yes,' cried the Chevalier, in a fearful voice, his eyes flashing wildly, for he was perfectly beside himself, 'yes, accursed, — accursed will I be — down into the depths of damnation may I be hurled if ever again this hand touches a card. And if you then send me from you, Angela, then it will be you who

will bring irreparable ruin upon me. Oh! you don't know — you don't understand me. You can't help but call me insane; but you will feel it — you will know all, when you see me stretched at your feet with my brains scattered. Angela! it's now a question of life or death! Farewell!'

"Therewith the Chevalier rushed off in a state of perfect despair. Vertua saw through him completely; he knew what change had come over him; he endeavored to make his lovely Angela understand that certain circumstances might arise which would make it necessary to accept the Chevalier's present. Angela trembled with dread lest she should understand her father. She did not conceive how it would ever be possible to meet the Chevalier on any other terms save those of contempt. Destiny, which often ripens into shape deep down in the human heart, without the mind being aware of it, permitted that to take place which had never been thought of, never been dreamed of.

"The Chevalier was like a man suddenly wakened up out of a fearful dream; he saw himself standing on the brink of the abyss of ruin, and stretched out his arms in vain towards the bright shining figure which had appeared to him, not, however, to save him — no — but to remind him of his damnation.

"To the astonishment of all Paris, Chevalier Menars' bank disappeared from the gambling house; nobody ever saw him again; and hence the most diverse and extraordinary rumors were current, each of them more false than the rest. The Chevalier shunned all society; his love found expression in the deepest and most unconquerable despondency. It happened, however, that old Vertua and his daughter one day suddenly crossed his path in one of the dark and lonely alleys of the garden of Malmaison.

"Angela, who thought she could never look upon the Chevalier without contempt and abhorrence, felt strangely moved on seeing him so deathly pale, terribly shaken with trouble, hardly daring in his shy respect to raise his eyes. She knew quite well that ever since that ill-omened night he had altogether relinquished gambling and effected a complete revolution in his habits of life. She, she alone had brought all this about, she had saved the Chevalier from ruin — could anything be more flattering to her woman's vanity? Hence it was that, after Vertua had exchanged the usual complimentary remarks with the Chevalier, Angela asked in a tone of gentle and sym-

pathetic pity, 'What is the matter with you, Chevalier Menars? You are looking very ill and full of trouble. I am sure you ought to consult a physician.'

"It is easy to imagine how Angela's words fell like a comforting ray of hope upon the Chevalier's heart. From that moment he was not like the same man. He lifted up his head; he was able to speak in those tones, full of the real inward nature of the man, with which he had formerly won all hearts. Vertua exhorted him to come and take possession of the house he had won.

"'Yes, Signor Vertua,' cried the Chevalier, with animation, 'yes, that I will do. I will call upon you to-morrow; but let us carefully weigh and discuss all the conditions of the transfer, even though it should last some months.'

"'Be it so then, Chevalier,' replied Vertua, smiling. 'I fancy that there will arise a good many things to be discussed, of which we at the present moment have no idea.' The Chevalier, being thus comforted at heart, could not fail to develop again all the charms of manner which had once been so peculiarly his own before he was led astray by his insane, pernicious passion for gambling. His visits at old Vertua's grew more and more frequent; Angela conceived a warmer and warmer liking for the man whose safeguarding angel she had been, until finally she thought she loved him with all her heart; and she promised him her hand, to the great joy of old Vertua, who at last felt that the settlement respecting the property he had lost to the Chevalier could now be concluded.

"One day Angela, Chevalier Menars' happy betrothed, sat at her window wrapped up in varied thoughts of the delights and happiness of love, such as young girls when betrothed are wont to dwell upon. A regiment of *chasseurs* passed by to the merry sound of the trumpet, bound for a campaign in Spain. As Angela was regarding with sympathetic interest the poor men who were doomed to death in the wicked war, a young man wheeled his horse quickly to one side and looked up at her, and she sank back in her chair fainting.

"Oh! the *chasseur* who was riding to meet a bloody death was none other than young Duvernet, their neighbor's son, with whom she had grown up, who had run in and out of the house nearly every day, and had only kept away since the Chevalier had begun to visit them.

"In the young man's glance, which was charged with re-

proaches having all the bitterness of death in them, Angela became conscious for the first time, not only that he loved her unspeakably, but also how boundless was the love which she herself felt for him. Hitherto she had not been conscious of it; she had been infatuated, fascinated by the glitter which gathered ever more thickly about the Chevalier. She now understood, and for the first time, the youth's laboring sighs and quiet unpretending homage; and now too she also understood her own embarrassed heart for the first time, knew what had caused the fluttering sensation in her breast when Duvernet had come, and when she had heard his voice.

"'It is too late! I have lost him!' was the voice that spoke in Angela's soul. She had courage enough to beat down the feelings of wretchedness which threatened to distract her heart; and for that reason — namely, that she possessed the courage — she succeeded.

"Nevertheless it did not escape the Chevalier's acute perception that something had happened to powerfully affect Angela; but he possessed sufficient delicacy of feeling not to seek for a solution of the mystery, which it was evident she desired to conceal from him. He contented himself with depriving any dangerous rival of his power by expediting the marriage; and he made all arrangements for its celebration with such fine tact, and such a sympathetic appreciation of his fair bride's situation and sentiments, that she saw in them a new proof of the good and amiable qualities of her husband.

"The Chevalier's behavior towards Angela showed him attentive to her slightest wish, and exhibited that sincere esteem which springs from the purest affection; hence her memory of Duvernet soon vanished entirely from her mind. The first cloud that dimmed the bright heaven of her happiness was the illness and death of old Vertua.

"Since the night when he had lost all his fortune at the Chevalier's bank he had never touched a card, but during the last moments of his life play seemed to have taken complete possession of his soul. Whilst the priest who had come to administer to him the consolation of the Church ere he died was speaking to him of heavenly things, he lay with his eyes closed, murmuring between his teeth, 'lost, won,' whilst his trembling half-dead hands went through the motions of dealing through a *taille*, of drawing the cards. Both Angela and the Chevalier bent over him and spoke to him in the tenderest

manner, but it was of no use; he no longer seemed to know them, nor even to be aware of their presence. With a deep-drawn sigh 'won,' he breathed his last.

"In the midst of her distressing grief Angela could not get rid of an uncomfortable feeling of awe at the way in which the old man had died. She again saw in vivid shape the picture of that terrible night when she had first seen the Chevalier as a most hardened and reprobate gambler; and the fearful thought entered her mind that he might again, in scornful mockery of her, cast aside his mask of goodness and appear in his original fiendish character, and begin to pursue his old course of life once more.

"And only too soon was Angela's dreaded foreboding to become reality. However great the awe which fell upon the Chevalier at old Francesco Vertua's death scene, when the old man, despising the consolation of the Church, though in the last agonies of death, had not been able to turn his thoughts from his former sinful life — however great was the awe that then fell upon the Chevalier, yet his mind was thereby led, though how he could not explain, to dwell more keenly upon play than ever before, so that every night in his dreams he sat at the faro bank and heaped up riches anew.

"In proportion as Angela's behavior became more constrained, in consequence of her recollection of the character in which she had first seen the Chevalier, and as it became more and more impossible for her to continue to meet him upon the old affectionate, confidential footing upon which they had hitherto lived, so exactly in the same degree distrust of Angela crept into the Chevalier's mind, since he ascribed her constraint to the secret which had once disturbed her peace of mind and which had not been revealed to him. From this distrust were born displeasure and unpleasantness, and these he expressed in various ways which hurt Angela's feelings. By a singular cross action of spiritual influence Angela's recollections of the unhappy Duvernet began to recur to her mind with fresher force, and along with these the intolerable consciousness of her ruined love, — the loveliest blossom that had budded in her youthful heart. The strained relations between the pair continued to increase until things got to such a pitch that the Chevalier grew disgusted with his simple mode of life, thought it dull, and was smitten with a powerful longing to enjoy the life of the world again. His star of ill omen began to acquire the ascendency.

The change which had been inaugurated by displeasure and great unpleasantness was completed by an abandoned wretch who had formerly been croupier in the Chevalier's faro bank. He succeeded by means of the most artful insinuations and conversations in making the Chevalier look upon his present walk of life as childish and ridiculous. The Chevalier could not understand at last how, for a woman's sake, he ever came to leave a world which appeared to him to contain all that made life of any worth.

"It was not long ere Chevalier Menars' rich bank was flourishing more magnificently than ever. His good luck had not left him; victim after victim came and fell; he amassed heaps of riches. But Angela's happiness — it was ruined — ruined in fearful fashion; it was to be compared to a short fair dream. The Chevalier treated her with indifference, nay even with contempt. Often, for weeks and months together, she never saw him once; the household arrangements were placed in the hands of a steward; the servants were being constantly changed to suit the Chevalier's whims; so that Angela, a stranger in her own house, knew not where to turn for comfort. Often during her sleepless nights the Chevalier's carriage stopped before the door, the heavy strong box was carried upstairs, the Chevalier flung out a few harsh monosyllabic words of command, and then the doors of his distant room were sent to with a bang — all this she heard, and a flood of bitter tears started from her eyes. In a state of the most heartrending anguish she called upon Duvernet time after time, and implored Providence to put an end to her miserable life of trouble and suffering.

"One day a young man of good family, after losing all his fortune at the Chevalier's bank, sent a bullet through his brain in the gambling house, and in the very same room even in which the bank was established, so that the players were sprinkled by the blood and scattered brains, and started up aghast. The Chevalier alone preserved his indifference; and, as all were preparing to leave the apartment, he asked whether it was in accordance with their rules and custom to leave the bank before the appointed hour on account of a fool who had had no conduct in his play.

"The occurrence created a great sensation. The most experienced and hardened gamblers were indignant at the Chevalier's unexampled behavior. The voice of the public was

raised against him. The bank was closed by the police. He was, moreover, accused of false play; and his unprecedented good luck tended to establish the truth of the charge. He was unable to clear himself. The fine he was compelled to pay deprived him of a considerable part of his riches. He found himself disgraced and looked upon with contempt; then he went back to the arms of the wife he had ill-used, and she willingly received him, the penitent, since the remembrance of how her own father had turned aside from the demoralizing life of a gambler allowed a glimmer of hope to rise, that the Chevalier's conversion might this time, now that he was older, really have some stamina in it.

"The Chevalier left Paris along with his wife, and went to Genoa, Angela's birthplace. Here he led a very retired life at first. But all endeavors to restore the footing of quiet domesticity with Angela, which his evil genius had destroyed, were in vain. It was not long before his deep-rooted discontent awoke anew and drove him out of the house in a state of uneasy, unsettled restlessness. His evil reputation had followed him from Paris to Genoa; he dare not venture to establish a bank, although he was being goaded to do so by a power he could hardly resist.

"At that time the richest bank in Genoa was kept by a French colonel, who had been invalided owing to serious wounds. His heart burning with envy and fierce hatred, the Chevalier appeared at the Colonel's table, expecting that his usual good fortune would stand by him, and that he should soon ruin his rival. The Colonel greeted him in a merry humor, such as was in general not customary with him, and said that now the play would really be worth indulging in since they had got Chevalier Menars and his good luck to join them, for now would come the struggle which alone made the game interesting.

"And in fact during the first *taille* the cards fell favorable to the Chevalier as they always had done. But when, relying upon his invincible luck, he at last cried '*Va banque*,' he lost a very considerable sum at one stroke.

"The Colonel, at other times preserving the same even temperament whether winning or losing, now swept the money towards him with the most demonstrative signs of extreme delight. From this moment fortune turned away from the Chevalier utterly and completely. He played every night, and

every night he lost, until his property had melted away to a few thousand ducats, which he still had in securities.

"The Chevalier had spent the whole day in running about to get his securities converted into ready money, and did not reach home until late in the evening. So soon as it was fully night, he was about to leave the house with his last gold pieces in his pocket, when Angela, who suspected pretty much how matters stood, stepped in his path and threw herself at his feet, whilst a flood of tears gushed from her eyes, beseeching him by the Virgin and all the saints to abandon his wicked purpose, and not to plunge her in want and misery.

"He raised her up and strained her to his heart with painful passionate intensity, saying in a hoarse voice, 'Angela, my dear sweet Angela! It can't be helped now, indeed it must be so; I must go on with it, for I can't let it alone. But to-morrow — to-morrow all your troubles shall be over, for by the Eternal Destiny that rules over us I swear that to-day shall be the last time I will play. Quiet yourself, my dear good child — go and sleep — dream of happy days to come, of a better life that is in store for you; that will bring good luck.' Herewith he kissed his wife and hurried off before she could stop him.

"Two *tailles*, and the Chevalier had lost all — all. He stood beside the Colonel, staring upon the faro table in moody senselessness.

"'Are you not punting any more, Chevalier?' said the Colonel, shuffling the cards for a new *taille*. 'I have lost all,' replied the Chevalier, forcing himself with an effort to be calm.

"'Have you really nothing left?' asked the Colonel at the next *taille*.

"'I am a beggar,' cried the Chevalier, his voice trembling with rage and mortification; and he continued to stare fiercely upon the table without observing that the players were gaining more and more advantages over the banker.

"The Colonel went on playing quietly. But whilst shuffling the cards for the following *taille*, he said in a low voice, without looking at the Chevalier, 'But you have a beautiful wife.'

"'What do you mean by that?' burst out the Chevalier, angrily. The Colonel drew his cards without making any answer.

"'Ten thousand ducats or — Angela!' said the Colonel, half turning round whilst the cards were being cut.

"'You are mad!' exclaimed the Chevalier, who now began to observe on coming more to himself that the Colonel continually lost and lost again.

"'Twenty thousand ducats against Angela!' said the Colonel, in a low voice, pausing for a moment in his shuffling of the cards.

"The Chevalier did not reply. The Colonel went on playing, and almost all the cards fell to the players' side.

"'Taken!' whispered the Chevalier in the Colonel's ear, as the new *taille* began, and he pushed the queen on the table.

"In the next draw the queen had lost. The Chevalier drew back from the table, grinding his teeth, and in despair stood leaning in a window, his face deathly pale.

"Play was over. 'Well, and what's to be done now?' were the Colonel's mocking words as he stepped up to the Chevalier.

"'Ah!' cried the Chevalier, quite beside himself, 'you have made me a beggar, but you must be insane to imagine that you could win my wife. Are we on the islands? is my wife a slave, exposed as a mere *thing* to the brutal arbitrariness of a reprobate man, that he may trade with her, gamble with her? But it is true! You would have had to pay twenty thousand ducats if the queen had won, and so I have lost all right to raise a protest if my wife is willing to leave me to follow you. Come along with me, and despair when you see how my wife will repel you with detestation when you propose to her that she shall follow you as your shameless mistress.'

"'You will be the one to despair,' replied the Colonel, with a mocking, scornful laugh; 'you will be the one to despair, Chevalier, when Angela turns with abhorrence from you — you, the abandoned sinner, who have made her life miserable — and flies into my arms in rapture and delight; you will be the one to despair when you learn that we have been united by the blessing of the Church, and that our dearest wishes are crowned with happiness. You call me insane. Ho! ho! All I wanted to win was the right to claim her, for of Angela herself I am sure. Ho! ho! Chevalier, let me inform you that your wife loves *me* — *me*, with unspeakable love: let me inform you that I am that Duvernet, the neighbor's son, who was brought up along with Angela, bound to her by ties of the most ardent affection — he whom you drove away by means of your diabolical devices. Ah! it was not until I had to go away to the

wars that Angela became conscious to herself of what I was to her; I know all. It was too late. The Spirit of Evil suggested to me the idea that I might ruin you in play, and so I took to gambling, — followed you to Genoa, — and now I have succeeded. Away now to your wife.'

"The Chevalier was almost annihilated, like one upon whose head had fallen the most disastrous blows of fortune. Now he saw to the bottom of that mysterious secret, now he saw for the first time the full extent of the misfortune which he had brought upon poor Angela. 'Angela, my wife, shall decide,' he said hoarsely, and followed the Colonel, who was hurrying off at full speed.

"On reaching the house the Colonel laid his hand upon the latch of Angela's chamber; but the Chevalier pushed him back, saying, 'My wife is asleep. Do you want to rouse her up out of her sweet sleep?'

"'Hm!' replied the Colonel. 'Has Angela ever enjoyed sweet sleep since you brought all this nameless misery upon her?' Again the Colonel attempted to enter the chamber; but the Chevalier threw himself at his feet and screamed, frantic with despair, 'Be merciful. Let me keep my wife; you have made me a beggar, but let me keep my wife.'

"'That's how old Vertua lay at your feet, you miscreant dead to all feeling, and could not move your stony heart; may Heaven's vengeance overtake you for it.' Thus spoke the Colonel; and he again strode towards Angela's chamber.

"The Chevalier sprang towards the door, tore it open, rushed to the bed in which his wife lay, and drew back the curtains, crying, 'Angela! Angela!' Bending over her he grasped her hand; but all at once he shook and trembled in mortal anguish and cried in a thundering voice, 'Look! look! you have won my wife's corpse.'

"Perfectly horrified, the Colonel approached the bed; no sign of life! — Angela was dead — dead.

"Then the Colonel doubled his fist and shook it heavenwards, and rushed out of the room uttering a fearful cry. Nothing more was ever heard of him."

This was the end of the stranger's tale; and the Baron was so shaken that before he could say anything the stranger had hastily risen from the seat and gone away.

A few days later the stranger was found in his room suffer-

ing from apoplexy of the nerves. He never opened his mouth up to the moment of his death, which ensued after the lapse of a few hours. His papers proved that, though he called himself Baudasson simply, he was no less a person than the unhappy Chevalier Menars himself.

The Baron recognized it as a warning from Heaven, that Chevalier Menars had been led across his path to save him just as he was approaching the brink of the precipice; he vowed that he would withstand all the seductions of the gambler's deceptive luck.

Up till now he has faithfully kept his word.

EARLY POEMS OF BRYANT.

[William Cullen Bryant, an American poet, was born at Cummington, Mass., November 3, 1794. After attending Williams College for one year, he adopted law as a profession, but gradually abandoned it for literary and journalistic work. He became a voluminous contributor of prose and verse to periodicals, and for more than half a century was editorially connected with the New York *Evening Post*, in which he opposed the extension of slavery and supported the Union. He began to write poetry at an early age, and first won recognition with "Thanatopsis" (1816). His other notable compositions are: "The Ages," "The Flood of Years," "To a Waterfowl," and translations of the Iliad and Odyssey. His complete poetical works, edited by Parke Godwin, were published in 1883. Bryant died in New York, June 12, 1878.]

Thanatopsis.

To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart; —
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around —
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air, —

Comes a still voice — Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone — nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world — with kings,
The powerful of the earth — the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. — The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun, — the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods — rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. — Take the wings
Of morning — and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings — yet — the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep — the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest — and what if thou withdraw
Unheeded by the living — and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh

When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come,
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man, —
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

To a Waterfowl.

Whither, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,
The desert and illimitable air —
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere,

Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near,

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

June.

I gazed upon the glorious sky
And the green mountains round;
And thought, that when I came to lie
Within the silent ground,
'Twere pleasant, that in flowery June,
When brooks sent up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound,
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain turf should break.

A cell within the frozen mold,
A coffin borne through sleet,
And icy clods above it rolled,
While fierce the tempests beat—
Away! — I will not think of these —
Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,
Earth green beneath the feet,
And be the damp mold gently pressed
Into my narrow place of rest.

There, through the long, long summer hours
The golden light should lie,
And thick young herbs and groups of flowers
Stand in their beauty by.

The oriole should build and tell
His love-tale, close beside my cell;
The idle butterfly
Should rest him there, and there be heard
The housewife bee and humming-bird.

And what if cheerful shouts, at noon,
Come from the village sent,
Or songs of maids, beneath the moon,
With fairy laughter blent?
And what if, in the evening light,
Betrothed lovers walk in sight
Of my low monument?
I would the lovely scene around
Might know no sadder sight nor sound.

I know, I know I should not see
The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow;
But if, around my place of sleep,
The friends I love should come to weep,
They might not haste to go.
Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom,
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

These to their softened hearts should bear
The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who cannot share
The gladness of the scene;
Whose part, in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills,
Is — that his grave is green;
And deeply would their hearts rejoice
To hear, again, his living voice.

Summer Wind.

It is a sultry day; the sun has drunk
The dew that lay upon the morning grass;
There is no rustling in the lofty elm
That canopies my dwelling, and its shade
Scarce cools me. All is silent, save the faint

And interrupted murmur of the bee,
Settling on the sick flowers, and then again
Instantly on the wing. The plants around
Feel the too potent fervors: the tall maize
Rolls up its long green leaves; the clover droops
Its tender foliage, and declines its blooms.
But far in the fierce sunshine tower the hills,
With all their growth of woods, silent and stern,
As if the scorching heat and dazzling light
Were but an element they loved. Bright clouds,
Motionless pillars of the brazen heaven, —
Their bases on the mountains — their white tops
Shining in the far ether — fire the air
With a reflected radiance, and make turn
The gazer's eye away. For me, I lie
Languidly in the shade, where the thick turf,
Yet virgin from the kisses of the sun,
Retains some freshness, and I woo the wind
That still delays its coming. Why so slow,
Gentle and voluble spirit of the air?
Oh, come and breathe upon the fainting earth
Coolness and life. Is it that in his caves
He hears me? See, on yonder woody ridge,
The pine is bending his proud top, and now
Among the nearer groves, chestnut and oak
Are tossing their green boughs about. He comes!
Lo, where the grassy meadow runs in waves!
The deep distressful silence of the scene
Breaks up with mingling of unnumbered sounds
And universal motion. He is come,
Shaking a shower of blossoms from the shrubs,
And bearing on their fragrance; and he brings
Music of birds, and rustling of young boughs
And sound of swaying branches, and the voice
Of distant waterfalls. All the green herbs
Are stirring in his breath; a thousand flowers,
By the road-side and the borders of the brook,
Nod gayly to each other; glossy leaves
Are twinkling in the sun, as if the dew
Were on them yet, and silver waters break
Into small waves and sparkle as he comes.

The Death of the Flowers.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the withered leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain,
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth, the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side:
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief:
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

POEMS OF JOANNA BAILLIE.

[Joanna Baillie, Scotch poet and dramatist, was born in Bothwell Manse, Lanarkshire, September 11, 1762, and came to London in 1784, to reside with her brother, Matthew Baillie, one of the physicians in ordinary to George III. and George IV. Subsequently she moved to a house in Hampstead, and was visited by men of genius from all over the world. In 1798 she published the first series of her "Plays on the Passions," in which she delineates the principal passions of the mind, each passion being made the subject of a tragedy and a comedy. "De Montfort" was produced by John Kemble at Drury Lane, and "The Family Legend" met with great success at the Theater Royal, Edinburgh, where it was brought out under the auspices of Sir Walter Scott. Miss Baillie died at Hampstead, February 23, 1851.]

Wooed and Married and A'.

[Version taken from an old song of that name.]

The bride she is winsome and bonny,
  Her hair is snooded sae sleek,
And faithful and kind is her Johnny,
  Yet fast fa' the tears on her cheek.
New pearlins are cause of her sorrow,
  New pearlins and plenishing too,
The bride that has a' to borrow
  Has e'en right mickle ado.
    Wooed and married and a'!
    Wooed and married and a'!
  Is na' she very weel aff
    To be wooed and married at a'?

Her mither then hastily spak',
  "The lassie is glaikit wi' pride;
In my pouch I had never a plack
  On the day when I was a bride.
E'en tak' to your wheel, and be clever,
  And draw out your thread in the sun;
The gear that is gifted, it never
  Will last like the gear that is won.
    Wooed and married and a'!
    Wi' havins and tocher sae sma'!
  I think ye are very weel aff
    To be wooed and married at a'!"

"Toot, toot I," quo' her gray-headed faither,
  "She's less o' a bride than a bairn,

She's ta'en like a cout frae the heather,
Wi' sense and discretion to learn.
Half husband, I trow, and half daddy,
As humor inconstantly leans,
The cheil maun be patient and steady,
That yokes wi' a mate in her teens.
A kerchief sae douce and sae neat,
O'er her locks that the winds used to blaw.
I'm baith like to laugh and to greet,
When I think o' her married at a'!"

Then out spak' the wily bridegroom,
Weel waled were his wordies I ween,
"I'm rich, though my coffer be toom,
Wi' the blinks o' your bonny blue een.
I'm prouder o' thee by my side,
Though thy ruffles or ribbons be few.
Than if Kate o' the Croft were my bride,
Wi' purfles and pearlins enow.
Dear and dearest of ony!
Ye're wooed and buikit and a'!
And do ye think scorn o' your Johnny,
And grieve to be married at a'?"

She turned and she blushed and she smiled,
And she looket sae bashfully down;
The pride o' her heart was beguiled,
And she played wi' the sleeves o' her gown;
She twirled the tag o' her lace,
And she nippet her bodice sae blue,
Syne blinket sae sweet in his face,
And off like a maukin she flew.
Wooed and married and a'!
Wi' Johnny to roose her and a'!
She thinks hersel' very weel aff,
To be wooed and married at a'!

It was on a Morn.

It was on a morn, when we were thrang,
The Kirn it crooned, the cheese was making
And bannocks on the girdle baking,
When ane at the door chappt loud and lang.

Yet the auld gudewife and her mays sae tight,
Of a' this bauld din took sina' notice I ween;

For a chap at the door in braid daylight
Is no like a chap that's heard at e'en.

But the docksy auld laird of the Warlock glen,
Wha waited without, half blate, half cheery,
And langed for a sight o' his winsome deary,
Raised up the latch, and cam crousely ben.

His coat it was new and his o'erlay was white,
His mittens and hose were cozie ane bien;
But a wooer that comes in braid daylight,
Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

He greeted the carline and lasses and braw,
And his bare lyart pow, sae smoothly he straikit,
And he looket about, like a body half glaikit,
On bonny sweet Nanny, the youngest of a'.

"Ha laird!" quo' the carline, "and look ye that way?
Fy let na' sic fancies bewilder you clean:
An elderlin man, in the noon o' the day,
Should be wiser than youngsters that come at e'en."

"Na, na," quo' the pawky auld wife, "I trow,
You'll no' fash your head wi' a youthfu' gilly,
As wild and as skeigh as a muirland filly;
Black Madge is far better and fitter for you."

He hemmed and he hawed, and he drew in his mouth,
And he squeezed the blue bannet his twa hands between,
For a wooer that comes when the sun's i' the south,
Is mair landward than wooers that come at e'en.

"Black Madge is sae carefu'"—"What's that to me?"
"She's sober and eydent, has sense in her noddle:
She's douce and respeckit"—"I care na' a bodle:
Love wi' not be guided, and fancy's free."

Madge tossed back her head wi' a saucy slight,
And Nanny, loud laughing, ran out to the green;
For a wooer that comes when the sun shines bright
Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

Then away flung the laird, and loud muttered he,
"A' the daughters of Eve, between Orkney and Tweed, O!
Black or fair, young or auld, dame or damsel or widow,
May gang in their sarks to the de'il for me!"

But the auld gudewife and her mays sae tight
Cared little for a' his stour banning, I ween;
For a wooer that comes in braid daylight,
Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

ON THE CONVERSATION OF AUTHORS.

By WILLIAM HAZLITT.

[William Hazlitt, English critic and man of letters, was born in Maidstone, April 10, 1778; died in London, September 18, 1830. He was an unsuccessful artist, then a powerful but irregular periodical writer and lecturer. His essays, sketches, and lectures have been collected as "Table Talk," "The Round Table," "Conversations with Northcote," "The Spirit of the Age," "Elizabethan Dramatists," "Characters of Shakespeare's Plays," and "Lectures on English Poets." He wrote also a voluminous "Life of Napoleon," and other works, philosophical and autobiographical.]

In general, wit shines only by reflection. You must take your cue from your company — must rise as they rise, and sink as they fall. You must see that your good things, your knowing allusions, are not flung away, like the pearls in the adage. What a check it is to be asked a foolish question; to find that the first principles are not understood! You are thrown on your back immediately; the conversation is stopped like a country dance by those who do not know the figure. But when a set of adepts, of *illuminati*, get about a question, it is worth while to hear them talk. They may snarl and quarrel over it, like dogs; but they pick it bare to the bone — they masticate it thoroughly.

This was the case formerly at Lamb's — where we used to have many lively skirmishes at their Thursday evening parties. I doubt whether the small-coal man's musical parties could exceed them. Oh! for the pen of John Buncle to consecrate a *petit souvenir* to their memory! There was Lamb himself, the most delightful, the most provoking, the most witty and sensible of men. He always made the best pun and the best remark in the course of the evening. His serious conversation, like his serious writing, is his best. No one ever stammered out such fine, piquant, deep, eloquent things in half a dozen half-sentences as he does. His jests scald like tears, and he probes a question with a play upon words. What a keen, laughing, hare-brained vein of home-felt truth! What choice venom! How often did we cut into the haunch of letters,

while we discussed the haunch of mutton on the table! How we skimmed the cream of criticism! How we got into the heart of controversy! How we picked out the marrow of authors! "And, in our flowing cups, many a good name and true was freshly remembered." Recollect (most sage and critical reader) that in all this I was but a guest! Need I go over the names? They were but the old, everlasting set — Milton and Shakespeare, Pope and Dryden, Steele and Addison, Swift and Gay, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, Richardson, Hogarth's prints, Claude's landscapes, the cartoons at Hampton Court, and all those things that, having once been, must ever be. The Scotch novels had not then been heard of: so we said nothing about them. In general, we were hard upon the moderns. The author of the *Rambler* was only tolerated in Boswell's "Life" of him; and it was as much as any one could do to edge in a word for "Junius." Lamb could not bear "Gil Blas." This was a fault. I remember the greatest triumph I ever had was in persuading him, after some years' difficulty, that Fielding was better than Smollett. On one occasion, he was for making out a list of persons famous in history that one would wish to see again — at the head of whom were Pontius Pilate, Sir Thomas Browne, and Dr. Faustus — but we blackballed most of his list! But with what a gusto would he describe his favorite authors, Donne, or Sir Philip Sidney, and call their most crabbed passages *delicious!* He tried them on his palate as epicures taste olives, and his observations had a smack in them, like a roughness on the tongue. With what discrimination he hinted a defect in what he admired most — as in saying that the display of the sumptuous banquet in "Paradise Regained" was not in true keeping, as the simplest fare was all that was necessary to tempt the extremity of hunger — and stating that Adam and Eve in "Paradise Lost" were too much like married people. He has furnished many a text for Coleridge to preach upon. There was no fuss or cant about him; nor were his sweets or his sours ever diluted with one particle of affectation. I cannot say that the party at Lamb's were all of one description. There were honorary members, lay brothers. Wit and good fellowship was the motto inscribed over the door. When a stranger came in, it was not asked, "Has he written anything?" — we were above that pedantry; but we waited to see what he could do. If he could take a hand at piquet, he was welcome to sit down. If a person liked

anything, if he took snuff heartily, it was sufficient. He could understand, by analogy, the pungency of other things besides Irish blackguard or Scotch rappee. A character was good anywhere, in a room or on paper. But we abhorred insipidity, affectation, and fine gentlemen. There was one of our party who never failed to mark "two for his Nob" at cribbage, and he was thought no mean person. This was Ned Phillips, and a better fellow in his way breathes not. There was ——, who asserted some incredible matter of fact as a likely paradox, and settled all controversies by an *ipse dixit*, a *fiat* of his will, hammering out many a hard theory on the anvil of his brain — the Baron Munchausen of politics and practical philosophy; there was Captain Burney, who had you at an advantage by never understanding you — there was Jem White, the author of "Falstaff's Letters," who the other day left this dull world to go in search of more kindred spirits, "turning like the latter end of a lover's lute" — there was Ayrton, who sometimes dropped in, the Will Honeycomb of our set — and Mrs. Reynolds, who, being of a quiet turn, loved to hear a noisy debate. An utterly uninformed person might have supposed this a scene of vulgar confusion and uproar. While the most critical question was pending, while the most difficult problem in philosophy was solving, Phillips cried out, "That's game," and Martin Burney muttered a quotation over the last remains of a veal pie at a side table. Once, and once only, the literary interest overcame the general. For Coleridge was riding the high German horse, and demonstrating the Categories of the Transcendental Philosophy to the author of the "Road to Ruin," who insisted on his knowledge of German and German metaphysics, having read the "Critique of Pure Reason" in the original. "My dear Mr. Holcroft," said Coleridge, in a tone of infinitely provoking conciliation, "you really put me in mind of a sweet, pretty German girl, about fifteen, that I met with in the Hartz forest in Germany — and who one day, as I was reading the "Limits of the Knowable and the Unknowable," the profoundest of all his works, with great attention, came behind my chair and, leaning over, said, 'What, *you* read Kant? Why, *I* that am a German born don't understand him!'" This was too much to bear, and Holcroft, starting up, called out in no measured tone, "Mr. Coleridge, you are the most eloquent man I ever met with, and the most troublesome with your eloquence!" Phillips held the cribbage peg that was to mark him game suspended in

his hand; and the whist table was silent for a moment. I saw Holcroft downstairs, and, on coming to the landing place at Mitre Court, he stopped me to observe that "he thought Mr. Coleridge a very clever man, with a great command of language, but that he feared he did not always affix very precise ideas to the words he used." After he was gone, we had our laugh out, and went on with the argument on the nature of Reason, the Imagination, and the Will. I wish I could find a publisher for it: it would make a supplement to the "Biographia Literaria" in a volume and a half octavo.

Those days are over! An event, the name of which I wish never to mention, broke up our party, like a bombshell thrown into the room: and now we seldom meet —

Like angels' visits, short and far between.

There is no longer the same set of persons, nor of associations. Lamb does not live where he did. By shifting his abode, his notions seem less fixed. He does not wear his old snuff-colored coat and breeches. It looks like an alteration in his style. An author and a wit should have a separate costume, a particular cloth: he should present something positive and singular to the mind, like Mr. Douce of the Museum. Our faith in the religion of letters will not bear to be taken to pieces, and put together again by caprice or accident. Leigh Hunt goes there sometimes. He has a fine, vinous spirit about him, and tropical blood in his veins; but he is better at his own table. He has a great flow of pleasantry and delightful animal spirits; but his hits do not tell like Lamb's: you cannot repeat them the next day. He requires not only to be appreciated, but to have a select circle of admirers and devotees, to feel himself quite at home. He sits at the head of a party with great gayety and grace; has an elegant manner and turn of features; is never at a loss, — *aliquando sufflaminandus erat*, — has continual, sportive sallies of wit or fancy; tells a story capitally; mimics an actor or an acquaintance to admiration; laughs with great glee and good humor at his own or other people's jokes; understands the point of an equivoque or an observation immediately; has a taste and knowledge of books, of music, of medals; manages an argument adroitly; is genteel and gallant, and has a set of bye-phrases and quaint allusions always at hand to produce a laugh: if he has a fault, it is that he does not listen so well

as he speaks, is impatient of interruption, and is fond of being looked up to, without considering by whom. I believe, however, he has pretty well seen the folly of this. Neither is his ready display of personal accomplishment and variety of resources an advantage to his writings. They sometimes present a desultory and slipshod appearance, owing to this very circumstance. The same things that tell, perhaps, best to a private circle round the fireside are not always intelligible to the public, nor does he take pains to make them so. He is too confident and secure of his audience. That which may be entertaining enough with the assistance of a certain liveliness of manner, may read very flat on paper, because it is abstracted from all the circumstances that had set it off to advantage. A writer should recollect that he has only to trust to the immediate impression of words, like a musician who sings without the accompaniment of an instrument. There is nothing to help out, or slubber over, the defects of the voice in the one case, nor of the style in the other. The reader may, if he pleases, get a very good idea of Leigh Hunt's conversation from a very agreeable paper he has lately published, called the *Indicator*, than which nothing can be more happily conceived or executed.

The art of conversation is the art of hearing as well as of being heard. Authors in general are not good listeners. Some of the best talkers are, on this account, the worst company; and some who are very indifferent, but very great talkers, are as bad. It is sometimes wonderful to see how a person who has been entertaining or tiring a company by the hour together drops his countenance as if he had been shot, or had been seized with a sudden lockjaw, the moment any one interposes a single observation. The best converser I know is, however, the best listener. I mean Mr. Northcote, the painter. Painters by their profession are not bound to shine in conversation, and they shine the more. He lends his ear to an observation as if you had brought him a piece of news, and enters into it with as much avidity and earnestness as if it interested himself personally. If he repeats an old remark or story, it is with the same freshness and point as for the first time. It always arises out of the occasion, and has the stamp of originality. There is no parroting of himself. His look is a continual, ever-varying history piece of what passes in his mind. His face is a book. There need no marks of interjection or interrogation to what he says. His manner is quite picturesque. There is an excess

of character and *naïveté* that never tires. His thoughts bubble up and sparkle like beads on old wine. The fund of anecdote, the collection of curious particulars, is enough to set up any common retailer of jests that dines out every day; but these are not strung together like a row of galley slaves, but are always introduced to illustrate some argument or bring out some fine distinction of character. The mixture of spleen adds to the sharpness of the point, like poisoned arrows. Mr. Northcote enlarges with enthusiasm on the old painters, and tells good things of the new. The only thing he ever vexed me in was his liking the "Catalogue Raisonée." I had almost as soon hear him talk of Titian's pictures (which he does with tears in his eyes, and looking just like them) as see the originals, and I had rather hear him talk of Sir Joshua's than see them. He is the last of that school who knew Goldsmith and Johnson. How finely he describes Pope! His elegance of mind, his figure, his character, were not unlike his own. He does not resemble a modern Englishman, but puts one in mind of a Roman cardinal or a Spanish inquisitor. I never ate or drank with Mr. Northcote; but I have lived on his conversation with undiminished relish ever since I can remember — and when I leave it, I come out into the street with feelings lighter and more ethereal than I have at any other time. One of his *tête-à-têtes* would at any time make an Essay; but he cannot write himself because he loses himself in the connecting passages, is fearful to the effect, and wants the habit of bringing his ideas into one focus or view. A *lens* is necessary to collect the diverging rays, the refracted and broken angular lights of conversation, on paper. Contradiction is half the battle in talking — the being startled by what others say, and having to answer on the spot. You have to defend yourself, paragraph by paragraph, parenthesis within parenthesis. Perhaps it might be supposed that a person who excels in conversation, and cannot write, would succeed better in dialogue. But the stimulus, the immediate irritation, would be wanting; and the work would read flatter than ever from not having the very thing it pretended to have.

Lively sallies and connected discourse are very different things. There are many persons of that impatient and restless turn of mind, that they cannot wait a moment for a conclusion, or follow up the thread of any argument. In the hurry of conversation their ideas are somehow huddled into sense; but in the intervals of thought, leave a great gap between. Montes-

quieu said he often lost an idea before he could find words for it: yet he dictated, by way of saving time, to an amanuensis. This last is, in my opinion, a vile method, and a solecism in authorship. Horne Tooke, among other parodoxes, used to maintain that no one could write a good style who was not in the habit of talking and hearing the sound of his own voice. He might as well have said that no one could relish a good style without reading it aloud, as we find common people do to assist their apprehension. But there is a method of trying periods on the ear, or weighing them with the scales of the breath, without any articulate sound. Authors, as they write, may be said to "hear a sound so fine, there's nothing lives 'twixt it and silence." Even musicians generally compose in their heads. I agree that no style is good that is not fit to be spoken or read aloud with effect. This holds true not only of emphasis and cadence, but also with regard to natural idiom and colloquial freedom. Sterne's was in this respect the best style that ever was written. You fancy that you hear the people talking. For a contrary reason, no college man writes a good style, or understands it when written. Fine writing is with him all verbiage and monotony — a translation into classical centos or hexameter lines.

That which I have just mentioned is among many instances I could give of ingenious absurdities advanced by Mr. Tooke in the heat and pride of controversy. A person who knew him well, and greatly admired his talents, said of him that he never (to his recollection) heard him defend an opinion which he thought right, or in which he believed him to be himself sincere. He indeed provoked his antagonists into the toils by the very extravagance of his assertions, and the teasing sophistry by which he rendered them plausible. His temper was prompter to his skill. He had the manners of a man of the world, with great scholastic resources. He flung every one else off his guard, and was himself immovable. I never knew any one who did not admit his superiority in this kind of warfare. He put a full stop to one of Coleridge's long-winded prefatory apologies for his youth and inexperience, by saying abruptly, "Speak up, young man!" and, at another time, silenced a learned professor by desiring an explanation of a word which the other frequently used, and which, he said, he had been many years trying to get at the meaning of — the copulative Is! He was the best intellectual fencer of his day.

He made strange havoc of Fuseli's fantastic hieroglyphics, violent humors, and oddity of dialect. Curran, who was sometimes of the same party, was lively and animated in convivial conversation, but dull in argument; nay, averse to anything like reasoning or serious observation, and had the worst taste I ever knew. His favorite critical topics were to abuse Milton's "Paradise Lost," and "Romeo and Juliet." Indeed, he confessed a want of sufficient acquaintance with books when he found himself in literary society in London. He and Sheridan once dined at John Kemble's with Mrs. Inchbald and Mary Woolstonecroft, when the discourse almost wholly turned on Love "from noon to dewy eve, a summer's day!" What a subject! What speakers, and what hearers! What would I not give to have been there, had I not learned it all from the bright eyes of Amaryllis, and may one day make a "Table-talk" of it! Peter Pindar was rich in anecdote and grotesque humor, and profound in technical knowledge both of music, poetry, and painting, but he was gross and overbearing. Wordsworth sometimes talks like a man inspired on subjects of poetry (his own out of the question), Coleridge well on every subject, and Godwin on none. To finish this subject — Mrs. Montagu's conversation is as fine cut as her features, and I like to sit in the room with that sort of coronet face. What she says leaves a flavor, like fine, green tea. Hunt's is like champagne, and Northcote's like anchovy sandwiches. Haydon's is like a game at trap ball, Lamb's like snapdragon, and my own (if I do not mistake the matter) is not very much unlike a game at ninepins! . . . One source of the conversation of authors is the character of other authors, and on that they are rich indeed. What things they say! What stories they tell of one another, more particularly of their friends! If I durst only give some of these confidential communications! . . . The reader may perhaps think the foregoing a specimen of them — but indeed he is mistaken.

I do not know of any greater impertinence than for an obscure individual to set about pumping a character of celebrity. "Bring him to me," said a Dr. Tronchin, speaking of Rousseau, "that I may see whether he has anything in him." Before you can take measure of the capacity of others, you ought to be sure that they have not taken measure of yours. They may think you a spy on them, and may not like their company. If you really want to know whether another person

can talk well, begin by saying a good thing yourself, and you will have a right to look for a rejoinder. "The best tennis players," says Sir Fopling Flutter, "make the best matches."

> —— For wit is like a rest
> Held up at tennis, which men do the best
> With the best players.

We hear it often said of a great author, or a great actress, that they are very stupid people in private. But he was a fool that said so. *Tell me your company, and I'll tell you your manners.* In conversation, as in other things, the action and reaction should bear a certain proportion to each other. Authors may, in some sense, be looked upon as foreigners, who are not naturalized even in their native soil. Lamb once came down into the country to see us. He was "like the most capricious poet Ovid among the Goths." The country people thought him an oddity, and did not understand his jokes. It would be strange if they had; for he did not make any while he stayed. But when he crossed the country to Oxford, then he spoke a little. He and the old colleges were "hail fellow well met"; and in the quadrangles he "walked gowned."

There is a character of a gentleman; so there is a character of a scholar, which is no less easily recognized. The one has an air of books about him, as the other has of good breeding. The one wears his thoughts as the other does his clothes, gracefully; and even if they are a little old-fashioned, they are not ridiculous: they have had their day. The gentleman shows, by his manner, that he has been used to respect from others; the scholar that he lays claim to self-respect and to a certain independence of opinion. The one has been accustomed to the best company; the other has passed his time in cultivating an intimacy with the best authors. There is nothing forward or vulgar in the behavior of the one; nothing shrewd or petulant in the observations of the other, as if he should astonish the bystanders, or was astonished himself at his own discoveries. Good taste and good sense, like common politeness, are, or are supposed to be, matters of course. One is distinguished by an appearance of marked attention to every one present; the other manifests an habitual air of abstraction and absence of mind. The one is not an upstart, with all the self-important airs of the founder of his own fortune; nor the other a self-

taught man, with the repulsive self-sufficiency which arises from an ignorance of what hundreds have known before him. We must excuse perhaps a little conscious family pride in the one, and a little harmless pedantry in the other. As there is a class of the first character which sinks into the mere gentleman, that is, which has nothing but this sense of respectability and propriety to support it — so the character of a scholar not unfrequently dwindles down into the shadow of a shade, till nothing is left of it but the mere bookworm. There is often something amiable as well as enviable in this last character. I know one such instance, at least. The person I mean has an admiration for learning, if he is only dazzled by its light. He lives among old authors, if he does not enter much into their spirit. He handles the covers, and turns over the pages, and is familiar with the names and dates. He is busy and self-involved. He hangs like a film and cobweb upon letters, or is like the dust upon the outside of knowledge, which should not be rudely brushed aside. He follows learning as its shadow; but as such, he is respectable. He browses on the husk and leaves of books, as the young fawn browses on the bark and leaves of trees. Such a one lives all his life in a dream of learning, and has never once had his sleep broken by a real sense of things. He believes implicitly in genius, truth, virtue, liberty, because he finds the names of these things in books. He thinks that love and friendship are the finest things imaginable, both in practice and theory. The legend of good women is to him no fiction. When he steals from the twilight of his cell, the scene breaks upon him like an illuminated missal, and all the people he sees are but so many figures in a *camera obscura*. He reads the world, like a favorite volume, only to find beauties in it, or like an edition of some old work which he is preparing for the press, only to make emendations in it, and correct the errors that have inadvertently slipped in. He and his dog Tray are much the same honest, simple-hearted, faithful, affectionate creatures — if Tray could but read! His mind cannot take the impression of vice: but the gentleness of his nature turns gall to milk. He would not hurt a fly. He draws the picture of mankind from the guileless simplicity of his own heart: and when he dies, his spirit will take its smiling leave, without having ever had an ill thought of others, or the consciousness of one in itself!

FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER.

By MRS. SHELLEY.

[Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, daughter of William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft (*q.v.*), was born in 1797, her mother dying a few days after. In 1814 she eloped with Shelley, and lived with him in a *union libre* till his deserted first wife (Harriet Westbrook) committed suicide, when they were married. In 1816, while in Switzerland with him, Byron, and others, each set about writing a tale of the supernatural; her own contribution was "Frankenstein," still famous as a "situation," but little read as a book. After Shelley's drowning in 1823, she returned to London, living first by her pen and then on an allowance from Shelley's father, and dying in 1851. None of her other work — as "Valperga" (1823), "The Last Man" (1826), "The Fortunes of Perkin Warbeck" (1830), "Falkner" (1835) — at all justified the promise of "Frankenstein."]

The Creation.

[Victor Frankenstein has mastered physiological science so far as to endue dead matter with vitality.]

It was on a dreary night of November that I beheld the accomplishment of my toils. With an anxiety that almost amounted to agony, I collected the instruments of life around me, that I might infuse a spark of being into the lifeless thing that lay at my feet. It was already one in the morning; the rain pattered dismally against the panes, and my candle was nearly burnt out, when by the glimmer of the half-extinguished light I saw the dull yellow eye of the creature open; it breathed hard, and a convulsive motion agitated its limbs.

How can I describe my emotions at this catastrophe, or how delineate the wretch whom with such infinite pains and care I had endeavored to form? His limbs were in proportion, and I had selected his features as beautiful. Beautiful! — Great God! His yellow skin scarcely covered the work of muscles and arteries beneath; his hair was of a lustrous black, and flowing; his teeth of a pearly whiteness; but these luxuriances only formed a more horrid contrast with his watery eyes, that seemed almost of the same color as the dun white sockets in which they were set, his shriveled complexion, and straight black lips.

The different accidents of life are not so changeable as the feelings of human nature. I had worked hard for nearly two years, for the sole purpose of infusing life into an inanimate body. For this I had deprived myself of rest and health. I had desired it with an ardor that far exceeded moderation; but now that I had finished, the beauty of the dream vanished, and breathless horror and disgust filled my heart. Unable to endure the aspect of the being I had created, I rushed out of the room,

and continued a long time traversing my bedchamber, unable to compose my mind to sleep. At length lassitude succeeded to the tumult I had before endured; and I threw myself on the bed in my clothes, endeavoring to seek a few moments of forgetfulness. But it was in vain: I slept, indeed, but I was disturbed by the wildest dreams. I thought I saw Elizabeth, in the bloom of health, walking in the streets of Ingolstadt. Delighted and surprised, I embraced her; but as I imprinted the first kiss on her lips, they became livid with the hue of death; her features appeared to change, and I thought that I held the corpse of my dead mother in my arms; a shroud enveloped her form, and I saw the grave worms crawling in the folds of the flannel. I started from my sleep with horror; a cold dew covered my forehead, my teeth chattered, and every limb became convulsed: when, by the dim and yellow light of the moon, as it forced its way through the window shutters, I beheld the wretch — the miserable monster whom I had created. He held up the curtain of the bed; and his eyes, if eyes they may be called, were fixed on me. His jaws opened, and he muttered some inarticulate sounds, while a grin wrinkled his cheeks. He might have spoken, but I did not hear; one hand was stretched out, seemingly to detain me, but I escaped, — and rushed downstairs. I took refuge in the courtyard belonging to the house which I inhabited; where I remained during the rest of the night, walking up and down in the greatest agitation, listening attentively, catching and fearing each sound as if it were to announce the approach of the demoniacal corpse to which I had so miserably given life.

Oh! no mortal could support the horror of that countenance. A mummy again endued with animation could not be so hideous as that wretch. I had gazed on him while unfinished; he was ugly then; but when those muscles and joints were rendered capable of motion, it became a thing such as even Dante could not have conceived.

The Request.

[The creature has wandered off and eagerly sought human sympathy and companionship; but repulsed with horror and loathing even by those it has benefited, becomes demonic with revenge, and murders its creator's young brother. It tries to talk.]

The being finished speaking, and fixed his looks upon me in expectation of a reply. But I was bewildered, perplexed,

and unable to arrange my ideas sufficiently to understand the full extent of his proposition. He continued: "You must create a female for me, with whom I can live in the interchange of those sympathies necessary for my being. This you alone can do; and I demand it of you as a right which you must not refuse to concede."

"I do refuse it," I replied; "and no torture shall ever extort a consent from me. You may render me the most miserable of men, but you shall never make me base in my own eyes. Shall I create another like yourself, whose joint wickedness might desolate the world? Begone! I have answered you; you may torture me, but I will never consent."

"You are in the wrong," replied the fiend; "and, instead of threatening, I am content to reason with you. I am malicious because I am miserable. Am I not shunned and hated by all mankind? You, my creator, would tear me to pieces, and triumph; remember that, and tell me why I should pity man more than he pities me? You would not call it murder, if you could precipitate me into one of those ice-rifts, and destroy my frame, the work of your own hands. Shall I respect man, when he contemns me? Let him live with me in the interchange of kindness; and, instead of injury, I would bestow every benefit upon him with tears of gratitude at his acceptance. But that cannot be; the human senses are insurmountable barriers to our union. Yet mine shall not be the submission of abject slavery. I will revenge my injuries: if I cannot inspire love, I will cause fear; and chiefly towards you my arch enemy, because my creator, do I swear inextinguishable hatred. Have a care: I will work at your destruction, nor finish until I desolate your heart, so that you shall curse the hour of your birth."

A fiendish rage animated him as he said this; his face was wrinkled into contortions too horrible for human eyes to behold; but presently he calmed himself and proceeded: "I intended to reason. This passion is detrimental to me; for you do not reflect that *you* are the cause of its excess. If any being felt emotions of benevolence towards me, I should return them an hundred and an hundred fold; for that one creature's sake, I would make peace with the whole kind! But I now indulge in dreams of bliss that cannot be realized. What I ask of you is reasonable and moderate; I demand a creature of another sex, but as hideous as myself; the gratification is small,

but it is all that I can receive, and it shall content me. It is true, we shall be monsters, cut off from all the world; but on that account we shall be more attached to one another. Our lives will not be happy, but they will be harmless, and free from the misery I now feel. Oh! my creator, make me happy; let me feel gratitude towards you for one benefit! Let me see that I excite the sympathy of some existing thing; do not deny me my request!"

I was moved. I shuddered when I thought of the possible consequences of my consent; but I felt that there was some justice in his argument. His tale, and the feelings he now expressed, proved him to be a creature of fine sensations; and did I not, as his maker, owe him all the portion of happiness that it was in my power to bestow? He saw my change of feeling, and continued: "If you consent, neither you nor any other human being shall ever see us again: I will go to the vast wilds of South America. My food is not that of man; I do not destroy the lamb and the kid to glut my appetite; acorns and berries afford me sufficient nourishment. My companion will be of the same nature as myself, and will be content with the same fare. We shall make our bed of dried leaves; the sun will shine on us as on man, and will ripen our food. The picture I present to you is peaceful and human, and you must feel that you could deny it only in the wantonness of power and cruelty. Pitiless as you have been towards me, I now see compassion in your eyes; let me seize the favorable moment, and persuade you to promise what I so ardently desire."

"You propose," replied I, "to fly from the habitations of man, to dwell in those wilds where the beasts of the field will be your only companions. How can you, who long for the love and sympathy of man, persevere in this exile? You will return, and again seek their kindness, and you will meet with their detestation; your evil passions will be renewed, and you will then have a companion to aid you in the task of destruction. This may not be; cease to argue the point, for I cannot consent."

"How inconstant are your feelings! but a moment ago you were moved by my representations, and why do you again harden yourself to my complaints? I swear to you, by the earth which I inhabit, and by you that made me, that, with the companion you bestow, I will quit the neighborhood of

man, and dwell as it may chance, in the most savage of places. My evil passions will have fled, for I shall meet with sympathy! my life will flow quietly away, and, in my dying moments, I shall not curse my maker."

His words had a strange effect upon me. I compassionated him, and sometimes felt a wish to console him; but when I looked upon him, when I saw the filthy mass that moved and talked, my heart sickened, and my feelings were altered to those of horror and hatred. I tried to stifle these sensations: I thought, that, as I could not sympathize with him, I had no right to withhold from him the small portion of happiness which was yet in my power to bestow. . . .

Turning to him, I said, "I consent to your demand, on your solemn oath to quit Europe for ever, and every other place in the neighborhood of man, as soon as I shall deliver into your hands a female who will accompany you in your exile."

"I swear," he cried, "by the sun, and by the blue sky of heaven, and by the fire of love that burns my heart, that if you grant my prayer, while they exist you shall never behold me again. Depart to your home and commence your labors: I shall watch their progress with unutterable anxiety; and fear not but that when you are ready I shall appear."

Saying this, he suddenly quitted me, fearful, perhaps, of any change in my sentiments. I saw him descend the mountain with greater speed than the flight of an eagle, and quickly lost him among the undulations of the sea of ice.

The Vengeance consummated.

[The monster has murdered Frankenstein's friend Clerval, and at last his bride on their wedding night: and to rid the world of the pest, Frankenstein has pursued him over the world, finally into the ice-wastes of the polar ocean, only to be wrecked by the floes after fearful hardships, and die in the cave of a Captain Walton who has picked him up, and who tells the story following.]

Great God! what a scene has just taken place! I am yet dizzy with the remembrance of it. I hardly know whether I shall have the power to detail it; yet the tale which I have recorded would be incomplete without this final and wonderful catastrophe.

I entered the cabin, where lay the remains of my ill-fated and admirable friend. Over him hung a form which I cannot find words to describe; gigantic in stature, yet uncouth and

distorted in its proportions. As he hung over the coffin, his face was concealed by long locks of ragged hair; but one vast hand was extended, in color and apparent texture like that of a mummy. When he heard the sound of my approach, he ceased to utter exclamations of grief and horror, and sprung towards the window. Never did I behold a vision so horrible as his face, of such loathsome yet appalling hideousness. I shut my eyes involuntarily, and endeavored to recollect what were my duties with regard to this destroyer. I called on him to stay.

He paused, looking on me with wonder; and, again turning towards the lifeless form of his creator, he seemed to forget my presence, and every feature and gesture seemed instigated by the wildest rage of some uncontrollable passion.

"That is also my victim!" he exclaimed: "in his murder my crimes are consummated; the miserable series of my being is wound to its close! Oh, Frankenstein, generous and self-devoted being! what does it avail that I now ask thee to pardon me? I, who irretrievably destroyed thee by destroying all thou lovedst. Alas! he is cold, he cannot answer me."

His voice seemed suffocated: and my first impulses which had suggested to me the duty of obeying the dying request of my friend, in destroying his enemy, were now suspended by a mixture of curiosity and compassion. I approached this tremendous being: I dared not again raise my eyes to his face, there was something so scaring and unearthly in his ugliness. I attempted to speak, but the words died away on my lips. The monster continued to utter wild and incoherent self-reproaches. At length I gathered resolution to address him in a pause of the tempest of his passion. "Your repentance," I said, "is now superfluous. If you had listened to the voice of conscience, and heeded the stings of remorse, before you had urged your diabolical vengeance to this extremity, Frankenstein would yet have lived."

"And do you dream," said the dæmon, "do you think that I was then dead to agony and remorse? — He," he continued, pointing to the corpse, "he suffered not in the consummation of the deed — oh! not the ten-thousandth portion of the anguish that was mine during the lingering detail of its execution. My frightful selfishness hurried me on, while my heart was poisoned with remorse. Think you that the groans of Clerval were music to my ears? My heart was fashioned to be susceptible of love and sympathy; and, when wrenched by misery to vice

and hatred, it did not endure the violence of the change, without torture such as you cannot even imagine.

"After the murder of Clerval, I returned to Switzerland, heart-broken and overcome. I pitied Frankenstein; my pity amounted to horror: I abhorred myself. But when I discovered that he, the author at once of my existence and of its unspeakable torments, dared to hope for happiness; that while he accumulated wretchedness and despair upon me, he sought his own enjoyment in feelings and passions from the indulgence of which I was for ever barred, then impotent envy and bitter indignation filled me with an insatiable thirst for vengeance. I recollected my threat, and resolved that it should be accomplished. I knew that I was preparing for myself a deadly torture; but I was the slave, not the master, of an impulse which I detested, yet could not disobey. Yet when she died! — nay, then I was not miserable. I had cast off all feeling, subdued all anguish, to riot in the excess of my despair. Evil thenceforth became my good. Urged thus far, I had no choice but to adapt my nature to an element which I had willingly chosen. The completion of my demoniacal design became an insatiable passion. And now it is ended; there is my last victim!"

I was at first touched by the expressions of his misery: yet, when I called to mind what Frankenstein had said of his powers of eloquence and persuasion, and when I again cast my eyes on the lifeless form of my friend, indignation was rekindled within me. "Wretch!" I said, "it is well that you come here to whine over the desolation that you have made. You throw a torch into a pile of buildings; and, when they are consumed, you sit among the ruins, and lament the fall. Hypocritical fiend! if he whom you mourn still lived, still would he be the object, again would he become the prey, of your accursed vengeance. It is not pity that you feel; you lament only because the victim of your malignity is withdrawn from your power."

"Oh, it is not thus — not thus," interrupted the being; "yet such must be the impression conveyed to you by what appears to be the purport of my actions. Yet I seek not a fellow-feeling in my misery. No sympathy may I ever find. When I first sought it, it was the love of virtue, the feelings of happiness and affection with which my whole being overflowed, that I wished to be participated. But now that virtue has become

to me a shadow, and that happiness and affection are turned into bitter and loathing despair, in what should I seek for sympathy? I am content to suffer alone, while my sufferings shall endure; when I die, I am well satisfied that abhorrence and opprobrium should load my memory. Once my fancy was soothed with dreams of virtue, of fame, and of enjoyment. Once I falsely hoped to meet with beings who, pardoning my outward form, would love me for the excellent qualities which I was capable of unfolding. I was nourished with high thoughts of honor and devotion. But now crime has degraded me beneath the meanest animal. No guilt, no mischief, no malignity, no misery can be found comparable to mine. When I run over the frightful catalogue of my sins, I cannot believe that I am the same creature whose thoughts were once filled with sublime and transcendent visions of the beauty and the majesty of goodness. But it is even so; the fallen angel becomes a malignant devil. Yet even that enemy of God and man had friends and associates in his desolation; I am alone.

"You, who call Frankenstein your friend, seem to have a knowledge of my crimes and his misfortunes. But in the detail which he gave you of them, he could not sum up the hours and months of misery which I endured, wasting in impotent passions. For while I destroyed his hopes, I did not satisfy my own desires. They were for ever ardent and craving; still I desired love and fellowship, and I was still spurned. Was there no injustice in this? Am I to be thought the only criminal, when all human kind sinned against me? Why do you not hate Felix, who drove his friend from his door with contumely? Why do you not execrate the rustic who sought to destroy the saviour of his child? Nay, these are virtuous and immaculate beings! I, the miserable and the abandoned, am an abortion, to be spurned at, and kicked and trampled on. Even now my blood boils at the recollection of this injustice.

"But it is true that I am a wretch. I have murdered the lovely and the helpless; I have strangled the innocent as they slept, and grasped to death his throat who never injured me or any other living thing. I have devoted my creator, the select specimen of all that is worthy of love and admiration among men, to misery; I have pursued him even to that irremediable ruin. There he lies, white and cold in death. You hate me; but your abhorrence cannot equal that with which I regard myself. I look on the hands which executed the deed; I think on the

heart in which the imagination of it was conceived, and long for the moment when these hands will meet my eyes, when that imagination will haunt my thoughts, no more.

"Fear not that I shall be the instrument of future mischief. My work is nearly complete. Neither yours nor any man's death is needed to consummate the series of my being, and accomplish that which must be done ; but it requires my own. Do not think that I shall be slow to perform this sacrifice. I shall quit your vessel on the ice raft which brought me thither, and shall seek the most northern extremity of the globe ; I shall collect my funeral pile, and consume to ashes this miserable frame, that its remains may afford no light to any curious and unhallowed wretch, who would create such another as I have been. I shall die. I shall no longer feel the agonies which now consume me, or be the prey of feelings unsatisfied, yet unquenched. He is dead who called me into being ; and when I shall be no more, the very remembrance of us both will speedily vanish. I shall no longer see the sun or stars, or feel the winds play on my cheeks. Light, feeling, and sense will pass away ; and in this condition must I find my happiness. Some years ago, when the images which this world affords first opened upon me, when I felt the cheering warmth of summer, and heard the rustling of the leaves and the warbling of the birds, and these were all to me, I should have wept to die ; now it is my only consolation. Polluted by crimes, and torn by the bitterest remorse, where can I find rest but in death ?

"Farewell ! I leave you, and in you the last of human kind whom these eyes will ever behold. Farewell, Frankenstein! If thou wert yet alive, and yet cherished a desire of revenge against me, it would be better satiated in my life than in my destruction. But it was not so ; thou didst seek my extinction, that I might not cause greater wretchedness ; and if yet, in some mode unknown to me, thou hadst not ceased to think and feel, thou wouldst not desire against me a vengeance greater than that which I feel. Blasted as thou wert, my agony was still superior to thine ; for the bitter sting of remorse will not cease to rankle in my wounds until death shall close them for ever.

"But soon," he cried, with sad and solemn enthusiasm, "I shall die, and what I now feel be no longer felt. Soon these burning miseries will be extinct. I shall ascend my funeral pile triumphantly, and exult in the agony of the torturing

flames. The light of that conflagration will fade away; my ashes will be swept into the sea by the winds. My spirit will sleep in peace; or if it thinks, it will not surely think thus. Farewell."

He sprung from the cabin window, as he said this, upon the ice raft which lay close to the vessel. He was soon borne away by the waves, and lost in darkness and distance.

LORD BYRON.

THE SEVENTH "MESSÉNIENNE."

By CASIMIR DELAVIGNE.

[Jean François Casimir Delavigne, French poet, was born at Havre in 1793. His first poems to attract public attention were the "Messéniennes," elegies on the misfortune which the battle of Waterloo had been to the country, He wrote other revolutionary poems; one, "La Parisienne," on the Revolution of 1830; others were "La Varsovienne" and "La Bruxelloise." He was an industrious playwright also: his pieces are "The Sicilian Vespers" (1819), "The Comedians" (1820), "Marino Faliero" (1829), "Louis XI." (1832), "The Children of Edward" (1833), "Don John of Austria" (1835), and "The Daughter of the Cid" (1839). He died in 1843.]

"No eagle thou," the serpents hissing cried,
When his still youthful flight checked his ambition's pride; —
But soon upon these crawling monsters base
The eagle's beak left its avenging trace.
And then, his brow lit with the heaven's own glow,
Clasping swift thunderbolts, facing the sun so free,
Asked of these serpents hissing still below: —
"What am I? . . . answer me!"

Such was your noble flight, Byron! and has ever life,
Waking one morning to a widespread fame
Thus roused the world with instant rumor rife,
Made jealous death, — excited envy's blame?
What genius 'neath the stings of coward calumny,
Scorned in his earliest obscurity.
Has ever changed so swiftly night to light,
And made his century his posterity!

Poets, revere priesthood and womanhood —
Of this earth, yet divine!
Immortal is their anger if should fail
The homage due their shrine.

A desecrated temple shelters Voltaire's tomb:
Vain refuge — for the echo of the Church's blame,
Used by the priest to execrate a noble name,
Resounds there still, to drive his lonely shade
From the Panthèon's gloom!

Byron, you lingered on the Spanish strand,
Vaunting the glowing splendor of the Cadix rose
Above the lily pure on English soil that grows,
Pale as the skies of your cold fatherland;
Hence the long days of grief, the endless woes!
The jealousy of Albion's daughters fair,
Pursuing you until the day you died,
Made you at once your country's scorn and pride!
In vain their eager eyes devoured your lines;—
The author's exile expiates his crime,
And you have found, under Italian pines,
In Chillon's dungeon or in classic clime,
By far Abydos gulf or 'neath Ferrara's ban,
Reason to execrate the gods and tyrant man.

Victim of pride, you sang the many victims
She immolates upon her altars fell,
And in the midst of scenes famous in storied crime
Painted great criminals in heroic rhyme.
Rebelling 'gainst misfortune, your defiant soul
Could not without despair endure its iron chain,
Tortured anew, as Dante dreamed of Hell,
So in your dreams the Inferno lives again!
Europe should pardon you, casting anathema
On those who fain would imitate your songs;
Glory is due but to creative talent,
And immortality by right to you belongs
Lit with a splendor that can never perish,
Your picture of fair Greece, alone, forlorn,
Can live for us but in the memory fond we cherish,
Of her great glory, now forever gone!

Gaze on a loved one's face, e'er yet the awful veil
Cover her brow; — this first sad day of grief,
Day of her death, when every hope must fail,
When danger ends, — when nothingness begins.
What a sweet sadness, what a touching charm!
What melancholy, — and yet what plaintive grace
Breathes in her lifeless lips, now silent in death's calm,
In her dear form, now lost in death's embrace!

Moved with self-pity, we now read our fate
In the cold gaze of those unseeing eyes,
Which once have glowed with love or burned with hate,
Now tearless, answering not our grievous cries.
'Tis now too late for a last lingering doubt, —
Still for a moment hope suspends our dread,
So peaceful is this look of calm repose,
So beautiful the brow whence pulsing life has fled!
And this is Greece! "but living Greece no more!"
Still beautiful, though cold, inanimate! —
Greece dead! — behold those eyes that glowed of yore!
The heavy eyelids, closed so long in night,
Open again unto the heavenly light!
Look, she still breathes! listen, beneath her chain
Her form is trembling, — it will rise again!
Her noble blood, oft shed without reward,
Still boils in every vein, ready to flow once more;
Her lofty brow, downcast in agony
Once more she lifts in threatening majesty.
Her arm extended seeks the avenging sword;
She lives, she speaks! listen, she murmurs "Liberty!"

Dead, you admired her; living, how fair she is!
Could you resist the plaintive, pleading cry?
You rush to her relief, alas! 'tis but to die!
And who could paint again her soldiers' dire alarms,
The prayers, the cries, mingled with clash of arms?
Following the holy cross, skirting the mountain's side,
The people mingled in their zealous need
Their old belief with the new Christian creed,
Called upon all their gods, and weeping cried:
"O wind who givest life to fair immortal flowers,
And with soft breath the laurel's green dost cherish,
Wind blowing from Pindar, swiftly spread thy wings,
Thy fairest laurel is about to perish!

"Pure streams, the font of classic poesy,
Childe Harold on thy banks, alas! must die.
Bathe in fresh dew this proud heroic brow,
Which death alone can bend in agony! —

"O rival gods, dry now thy bitter tears!
O vanquisher of Satan's wiles or of the Python's rage,
Renew for him great Homer's fruitful years,
And Milton's rare old age." —

Fools that you are, call not upon the winds,
With hot breath ever fain to burn the poet's palm,
While ripening poisons grow; —
And call not on the floods whose music thrilled,
For soon or late the inspired lips are stilled,
For whom they seemed to flow!
And call not on the gods; they sleep; death only wakes.
Let but a breath of glory gild thy lot,
Death knows; — the gods heed not.

He is no more! forgive thy banished son,
Ungrateful Albion; — shed a farewell tear!
Weep, ancient Neustria, cradle of his race,
Corneille and he are still thy children dear.

And thou, who by his death art given o'er
To cruel tyrants whom his verse had braved,
Weep, slave; his lyre consoled thy suffering;
His sword would fain have saved!
Greece will avenge her hero, — it is sworn;
Glory prepares the last funereal rites
Offered his memory.
Aye, in their midst let his proud heart be borne,
Shrouded in victory!
Then with their glittering sword points let them trace
These farewell lines on his last resting-place:
"O cruel fate, why was this life denied?
He sang like Homer, like Achilles died."

Under whatever sky his lonely heart may rest,
Temple of virtue, art, and of the storied brave,
Still London's pride, but lost to us in France,
His shade should find within thy Walls a hallowed grave.
Westminster, ope your frowning portals wide!
Shades of departed monarchs, England's pride —
And you, immortal kings without a peer,
By right divine of genius who inhabit here,
He crosses now your threshold, — bid him come!
Welcome this worthy heir to his last home!
Milton, welcome the poet! Howe, the warrior bold!
Kings, bid his name be writ within your book of gold!

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

By JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

[JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE, American poet, was born in New York city, August 7, 1795; died there September 21, 1820. His reputation rests on "The Culprit Fay" (1816), and the "Croaker" papers, political and social hits, written with Halleck, mainly in 1819. Halleck's elegy on his death, "Green be the turf above thee," is famous.]

WHEN Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with her gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land!

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven.
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder drum of heaven!
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbinger of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the lifeblood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet;

Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.

And when the cannon's mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall;
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink below
Each gallant arm that strikes beneath
That awful messenger of death!

Flag of the seas! on ocean's wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack.
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye!

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
  By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
  And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
  Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
  And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

THE CULPRIT FAY.

By JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

I.

'Tis the middle watch of a summer's night —
The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright;

Naught is seen in the vault on high
But the moon, and the stars, and the cloudless sky,
And the flood which rolls its milky hue,
A river of light on the welkin blue.
The moon looks down on old Cronest,
She mellows the shades, on his shaggy breast,
And seems his huge gray form to throw
In a silver cone on the wave below;
His sides are broken by spots of shade,
By the walnut bough and the cedar made,
And through their clustering branches dark
Glimmers and dies the firefly's spark —
Like starry twinkles that momently break
Through the rifts of the gathering tempest's rack.

II.

The stars are on the moving stream,
And fling, as its ripples gently flow,
A burnished length of wavy beam
In an eel-like, spiral line below;
The winds are whist, and the owl is still,
The bat in the shelvy rock is hid.
And naught is heard on the lonely hill
But the cricket's chirp, and the answer shrill
Of the gauze-winged katydid;
And the plaint of the wailing whip-poor-will,
Who moans unseen, and ceaseless sings,
Ever a note of wail and woe,
Till morning spreads her rosy wings,
And earth and sky in her glances glow.

III.

'Tis the hour of fairy ban and spell;
The wood tick has kept the minutes well;
He has counted them all with click and stroke
Deep in the heart of the mountain oak,
And he has awakened the sentry elve
Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,
To bid him ring the hour of twelve,
And call the fays to their revelry;
Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell —
('Twas made of the white snail's pearly shell;)
"Midnight comes, and all is well!
Hither, hither, wing your way!
'Tis the dawn of the fairy day."

IV.

They come from beds of lichen green,
They creep from the mullein's velvet screen;
Some on the backs of beetles fly
From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,
Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks high,
And rocked about in the evening breeze;
Some from the humbird's downy nest—
They had driven him out by elfin power,
And, pillowed on plumes of his rainbow breast,
Had slumbered there till the charmed hour;
Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,
With glittering ising-stars inlaid;
And some had opened the four-o'clock,
And stole within its purple shade.
And now they throng the moonlight glade,
Above — below — on every side,
Their little minim forms arrayed
In the tricksy pomp of fairy pride!

V.

They come not now to print the lea,
In freak and dance around the tree,
Or at the mushroom board to sup,
And drink the dew from the buttercup; —
A scene of sorrow waits them now,
For an Ouphe has broken his vestal vow;
He has loved an earthly maid,
And left for her his woodland shade;
He has lain upon her lip of dew,
And sunned him in her eye of blue,
Fanned her cheek with his wing of air,
Played in the ringlets of her hair,
And, nestling on her snowy breast,
Forgot the lily king's behest.
For this the shadowy tribes of air
To the elfin court must haste away: —
And now they stand expectant there,
To hear the doom of the culprit Fay.

VI.

The throne was reared upon the grass,
Of spicewood and of sassafras;

On pillars of mottled tortoise shell
  Hung the burnished canopy —
And over it gorgeous curtains fell
  Of the tulip's crimson drapery.
The monarch sat on his judgment seat,
  On his brow the crown imperial shone,
The prisoner Fay was at his feet,
  And his peers were ranged around the throne.
He waved his scepter in the air,
  He looked around and calmly spoke;
His brow was grave and his eye severe,
  But his voice in a softened accent broke: —

VII.

"Fairy! Fairy! list and mark:
  Thou hast broke thine elfin chain;
Thy flamewood lamp is quenched and dark,
  And thy wings are dyed with a deadly stain —
Thou hast sullied thine elfin purity
  In the glance of a mortal maiden's eye,
Thou hast scorned our dread decree,
  And thou shouldst pay the forfeit high;
But well I know her sinless mind
  Is pure as the angel forms above,
Gentle and meek, and chaste and kind,
  Such as a spirit well might love;
Fairy! had she spot or taint,
Bitter had been thy punishment.

"Tied to the hornet's shardy wings;
Tossed on the pricks of nettles' stings;
Or seven long ages doomed to dwell
With the lazy worm in the walnut shell;
Or every night to writhe and bleed
Beneath the tread of the centipede;
Or bound in a cobweb dungeon dim,
Your jailer a spider huge and grim,
Amid the carrion bodies to lie,
Of the worm, and the bug, and the murdered fly:
These it had been your lot to bear,
Had a stain been found on the earthly fair.
Now list, and mark our mild decree —
Fairy, this your doom must be: —

VIII.

"Thou shalt seek the beach of sand
Where the water bounds the elfin land;
Thou shalt watch the oozy brine
Till the sturgeon leaps in the bright moonshine,
Then dart the glistening arch below,
And catch a drop from his silver bow.
The water sprites will wield their arms
And dash around, with roar and rave,
And vain are the woodland spirits' charms,
They are the imps that rule the wave.
Yet trust thee in thy single might:
If thy heart be pure and thy spirit right,
Thou shalt win the warlock fight.

IX.

"If the spray-bead gem be won,
The stain of thy wing is washed away:
But another errand must be done
Ere thy crime be lost for aye;
Thy flamewood lamp is quenched and dark,
Thou must reillume its spark.
Mount thy steed and spur him high
To the heaven's blue canopy;
And when thou seest a shooting star,
Follow it fast, and follow it far—
The last faint spark of its burning train
Shall light the elfin lamp again.
Thou hast heard our sentence, Fay;
Hence! to the water side, away!"

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

By ROBERT SOUTHEY.

[For biographical sketch, see Vol. 20, page 245.]

How does the water come down at Lodore?
My little boy asked me thus, once on a time,
Moreover, he tasked me to tell him in rhyme;
Anon at the word there first came one daughter,
And then came another to second and third
The request of their brother, and hear how the water
Comes down at Lodore, with its rush and its roar,
As many a time they had seen it before.
So I told them in rhyme, for of rhymes I had store.

And 'twas in my vocation that thus I should sing,
Because I was laureate to them and the King.

From its sources which well
In the tarn on the fell,
From its fountain in the mountain,
Its rills and its gills,
Through moss and through brake,
It runs and it creeps,
For a while, till it sleeps,
In its own little lake,
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds,
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood shelter,
Among crags and its flurry,
Helter-skelter — hurry-skurry.

How does the water come down at Lodore?
Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Here smoking and frothing,
Its tumult and wrath in,
It hastens along, conflicting, and strong,
Now striking and raging,
As if a war waging,
Its caverns and rocks among.

Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and flinging,
Showering and springing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Twining and twisting,
Around and around,
Collecting, disjecting,
With endless rebound;
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Reeding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and growing,
And running and stunning,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And dinning and spinning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And heaving and cleaving,
And thundering and floundering;

And falling and crawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering;

And gleaming and steaming and streaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And thumping and flumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing,—

And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar —
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

NOTES ON AMERICA (1820).

By SYDNEY SMITH.

[For biographical sketch, see page 80.]

David Porter and Stephen Decatur are very brave men; but they will prove an unspeakable misfortune to their country, if they inflame Jonathan into a love of naval glory, and inspire him with any other love of war than that which is founded upon a determination not to submit to serious insult and injury.

We can inform Jonathan what are the inevitable consequences of being too fond of glory: Taxes upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot — taxes upon everything which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste — taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion — taxes on everything on earth, and the waters under the earth — on everything that comes from abroad, or is grown at home — taxes on the raw material — taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man — taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health — on the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal — on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice — on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribands of the bride — at bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay. — The schoolboy whips his taxed top — the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road; — and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine which has paid seven per cent. into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent., flings himself back on his chintz bed which has paid twenty-two per cent. — makes his will on an eight-pound stamp, and expires in the arms of an apothecary, who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from two to ten per cent. Besides the probate, large

fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gathered to his fathers — to be taxed no more.

In addition to all this, the habit of dealing with large sums will make the government avaricious and profuse; and the system itself will infallibly generate the base vermin of spies and informers, and a still more pestilent race of political tools and retainers, of the meanest and most odious description; while the prodigious patronage, which the collecting of this splendid revenue will throw into the hands of the government, will invest it with so vast an influence, and hold out such means and temptations to corruption, as all the virtue and public spirit, even of republicans, will be unable to resist.

* * * * * * *

Such is the land of Jonathan — and thus has it been governed. In his honest endeavors to better his situation, and in his manly purpose of resisting injury and insult, we most cordially sympathize. We hope he will always continue to watch and suspect his government as he now does — remembering that it is the constant tendency of those intrusted with power to conceive that they enjoy it by their own merits, and for their own use, and not by delegation and for the benefit of others. Thus far we are the friends and admirers of Jonathan. But he must not grow vain and ambitious; or allow himself to be dazzled by that galaxy of epithets by which his orators and newspaper scribblers endeavor to persuade their supporters that they are the greatest, the most refined, the most enlightened, and the most moral people upon earth. The effect of this is unspeakably ludicrous on this side of the Atlantic; and even on the other, we should imagine, must be rather humiliating to the reasonable part of the population. The Americans are a brave, industrious, and acute people; but they have hitherto given no indications of genius, and made no approaches to the heroic, either in their morality or character. They are but a recent offset indeed from England; and should make it their chief boast, for many generations to come, that they are sprung from the same race with Bacon and Shakespeare and Newton. Considering their numbers, indeed, and the favorable circumstances in which they have been placed, they have yet done marvelously little to assert the honor of such a descent, or to show that their English blood has been exalted or refined by

their republican training and institutions. Their Franklins and Washingtons, and all the other sages and heroes of their revolution, were born and bred subjects of the King of England — and not among the freest or most valued of his subjects. And since the period of their separation, a far greater proportion of their statesmen and artists and political writers have been foreigners than ever occurred before in the history of any civilized and educated people. During the thirty or forty years of their independence, they have done absolutely nothing for the sciences, for the arts, for literature, or even for the statesmanlike studies of politics or political economy.

Confining ourselves to our own country, and to the period that has elapsed since they had an independent existence, we would ask, where are their Foxes, their Burkes, their Sheridans, their Windhams, their Horners, their Wilberforces? — where their Arkwrights, their Watts, their Davys? — their Robertsons, Blairs, [Adam] Smiths, Stewarts, Paleys, and Malthuses? — their Porsons, Parrs, Burneys, or Blomfields? — their Scotts, Rogerses, Campbells, Byrons, Moores, or Crabbes? — their Siddonses, Kembles, Keans, or O'Neils? — their Wilkies, Lawrences, Chantrys? — or their parallels to the hundred other names that have spread themselves over the world from our little island in the course of the last thirty years, and blest or delighted mankind by their works, inventions, or examples? In so far as we know, there is no such parallel to be produced from the whole annals of this self-adulating race. In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book, or goes to an American play, or looks at an American picture or statue? What does the world yet owe to American physicians or surgeons? What new substances have their chemists discovered, or what old ones have they analyzed? What new constellations have been discovered by the telescopes of Americans? What have they done in the mathematics? Who drinks out of American glasses, or eats from American plates, or wears American coats or gowns, or sleeps in American blankets? Finally, under which of the old tyrannical governments of Europe is every sixth man a slave, whom his fellow-creatures may buy and sell and torture?

When these questions are fairly and favorably answered, their laudatory epithets may be allowed; but till that can be done, we would seriously advise them to keep clear of superlatives.

RIP VAN WINKLE

By WASHINGTON IRVING.

[Washington Irving was the son of an Orkney Islands emigrant merchant, and born in New York city, April 3, 1783. He studied law but found literature more congenial, and after a visit to Europe undertook with James K. Paulding the publication of *Salmagundi*, a humorous magazine; and in 1809 brought out "The History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker," as pure a fantasy as if laid in fairy-land, but its pictures of Dutch life are still accepted by most as authentic. It placed him at once at the head of American letters. Entering into a commercial partnership with his brothers, in 1815 he went to Europe, and remained abroad for seventeen years, traveling widely. About 1817 the house failed, and he devoted himself to literature for a subsistence. He became secretary of the American embassy (1829); Minister to Spain (1842); and after his return, four years later, passed the rest of his days at Sunnyside, on the banks of the Hudson river, near Tarrytown, N.Y., where he died Nov. 28, 1859. His other works are: "The Sketch Book" (1820), "Bracebridge Hall" (1822), "Tales of a Traveller" (1824), "Life and Voyages of Columbus" (1828), "Conquest of Granada" (1829), "Voyages of the Companions of Columbus" (1831), "The Alhambra" (1832), "Astoria" (1836), "Adventures of Captain Bonneville" (1837), "Life of Goldsmith" (1849), "Mahomet and his Successors" (1850), "Wolfert's Roost" (1855), "Life of Washington" (1855–1859).]

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes when the rest of the landscape is cloudless they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle-roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early time of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!), and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within

a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor and an obedient henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation: and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects be considered a tolerable blessing, and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be

encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor, even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in, just as he had some outdoor work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst-conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged

his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house — the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods — but what courage can withstand the ever during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and idle personages of the village; which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper, learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour

by his movements as accurately as by a sundial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and reëchoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" — at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion: a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist, several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and mutually relieving one another, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for a moment, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient

thunder showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheater, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar; one had a large beard, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-luster countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg

into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes — it was a bright, sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor — the mountain ravine — the wild retreat among the rocks — the woe-begone party at ninepins — the flagon — "Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip — "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He,

however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grapevines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheater; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? the morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors — strange faces at the windows — everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which

he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains — there ran the silver Hudson at a distance — there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been — Rip was sorely perplexed — "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay — the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed — "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears — he called loudly for his wife and children — the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then again all was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn — but it, too, was gone. A large, rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes — all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folks about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder,

with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco-smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens — elections — members of Congress — liberty — Bunker's Hill — heroes of seventy-six — and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip started in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "Whether he was Federal or Democrat?" Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?" — "Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders — "A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well — who are they? — name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice: "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point — others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know — he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war — Congress — Stony Point; he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself — I'm somebody else — that's me yonder — no — that's somebody else got into my shoes — I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which,

frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since — his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; and he put it with a faltering voice: —

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he — "Young Rip Van Winkle once — old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed: "Sure enough it is Rip Van Winkle — it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor — Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head — upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most

satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the *Half-moon;* being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her: she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a Revolutionary War — that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England — and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was — petticoat government. Happily that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of

Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes, which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunderstorm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

VINETA.

By Wilhelm Müller: Translated by J. A. Froude.

From the sea's deep hollow faintly pealing,
Far-off evening bells come sad and slow;
Faintly rise, the wondrous tale revealing
Of the old enchanted town below.

On the bosom of the flood reclining,
Ruined arch and wall and broken spire,
Down beneath the watery mirror shining,
Gleam and flash in flakes of golden fire.

And the boatman who at twilight hour
Once that magic vision shall have seen,
Heedless how the crags may round him lour,
Evermore will haunt the charmèd scene.

From the heart's deep hollow faintly pealing,
Far I hear them, bell notes sad and slow,

Ah, a wild and wondrous tale revealing
Of the drownèd wreck of love below.

There a world, in loveliness decaying,
Lingers yet in beauty ere it die;
Phantom forms, across my senses playing,
Flash like golden fire flakes from the sky.

Lights are gleaming, fairy bells are ringing,
And I long to plunge and wander free,
Where I hear the angel voices singing
In those ancient towers below the sea.

LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR.

By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

I ARISE from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low
And the stars are shining bright:
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me — who knows how?
To thy chamber window, Sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream —
The champak odors fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint
It dies upon her heart,
As I must die on thine,
O beloved as thou art!

O lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast;
Oh! press it close to thine again
Where it will break at last.

TO A SKYLARK.

By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

[Percy Bysshe Shelley, English poet, was born in Sussex, August 4, 1792, and educated at Eton and at University College, Oxford; whence he was expelled for a tract on the "Necessity of Atheism." His first notable poem, "Queen Mab," was privately printed in 1813. He succeeded to his father's estate in 1815. "Alastor" was completed in 1816; "The Revolt of Islam," "Rosalind and Helen," and "Julian and Maddalo," in 1818; "Prometheus Unbound," "The Cenci," "The Coliseum," "Peter Bell the Third," and the "Mask of Anarchy," in 1819; "Œdipus Tyrannus" and the "Witch of Atlas," in 1820; "Epipsychidion," "The Defense of Poetry," "Adonais," and "Hellas," in 1822. He was drowned at sea July 8, 1822.]

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, — we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

Song of the Lark

From the painting by Jules Breton

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not;

Like a highborn maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glowworm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd thieves:

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass:

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What object are the fountains
  Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
  What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
  Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
  Never came near thee:
Thou lovest: but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
  Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
  Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
  And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
  With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
  Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
  Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
  Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
  That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
  That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
  From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

By JOHN KEATS.

[John Keats was born at London in 1795, died at Rome in 1821. His most celebrated poems are "Endymion," "Ode on a Grecian Urn," "Ode to a Nightingale," "The Eve of St. Agnes," "Lamia," "Isabella," and the fragment "Hyperion."]

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness, —
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburned mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple stainèd mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and specter-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs,
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:

Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Clustered around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast fading violets covered up in leaves;
And mid May's eldest child,
The coming musk rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Called him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that ofttimes hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,

Up the hillside; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music — Do I wake or sleep?

MARCO BOZZARIS.

By FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

[Fitz-Greene Halleck, American poet, was born in Guilford, Conn., July 8, 1790; became a mercantile accountant, devoting his leisure to poetry. In 1811 he removed to New York, remaining till 1849, when he retired to his native town on a small annuity left him by John Jacob Astor; and died there November 19, 1867. He wrote the "Croaker" papers with Joseph Rodman Drake from 1819 on; "Fanny," a social satire, 1819; "Alnwick Castle" and "Burns," after a visit to Europe in 1821; and "Marco Bozzaris" about the same time.]

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power;
In dreams, through camp and court he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams, his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring;
Then pressed that monarch's throne — a king:
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far, as they.

An hour passed on — the Turk awoke:
That bright dream was his last.
He woke — to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"

He woke — to die midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and saber stroke,
And death shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike — till the last armed foe expires;
Strike — for your altars and your fires;
Strike — for the green graves of your sires,
God — and your native land!"

They fought — like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered — but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's, when she feels
For the first time her firstborn's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm
With banquet song, and dance, and wine; —
And thou art terrible — the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come when his task of fame is wrought —
Come with her laurel leaf, blood-bought —

Come in her crowning hour — and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prisoned men:
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh,
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land wind, from woods of palm,
And orange groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee — there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb:
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved and for a season gone;
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babe's first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch and cottage bed;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears;
And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys,
And even she who gave thee birth
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh:
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's;
One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die.

BURNS.

To a Rose, brought from near Alloway Kirk, in Ayrshire, in the Autumn of 1822.

By FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

[Fitz-Greene Halleck, American poet, was born in Guilford, Conn., July 8, 1790; became a mercantile accountant, devoting his leisure to poetry. In 1811 he removed to New York, remaining till 1849, when he retired to his native town on a small annuity left him by John Jacob Astor; and died there November 19, 1867. He wrote the "Croaker" papers with Joseph Rodman Drake from 1819 on; "Fanny," a social satire, 1819; "Alnwick Castle" and "Burns," after a visit to Europe in 1821; and "Marco Bozzaris" about the same time.]

Wild rose of Alloway! my thanks:
Thou 'mind'st me of that autumn noon
When first we met upon "the banks
And braes o' bonny Doon."

Like thine, beneath the thorn tree's bough,
My sunny hour was glad and brief:
We've crossed the winter sea, and thou
Art withered — flower and leaf.

And will not thy death doom be mine —
The doom of all things wrought of clay —
And withered my life's leaf like thine,
Wild rose of Alloway?

Not so his memory: for his sake
My bosom bore thee far and long,
His — who a humbler flower could make
Immortal as his song.

The memory of Burns — a name
That calls, when brimmed her festal cup,
A nation's glory and her shame
In silent sadness up.

A nation's glory — be the rest
Forgot — she's canonized his mind;
And it is joy to speak the best
We may of human kind.

I've stood beside the cottage bed
Where the Bard Peasant first drew breath;

A straw-thatched roof above his head,
A straw-wrought couch beneath.

And I have stood beside the pile,
His monument — that tells to heaven
The homage of earth's proudest isle
To the Bard Peasant given!

Bid thy thoughts hover o'er that spot,
Boy minstrel, in thy dreaming hour;
And know, however low his lot,
A Poet's pride and power:

The pride that lifted Burns from earth,
The power that gave a child of song
Ascendency o'er rank and birth,
The rich, the brave, the strong;

And if despondency weigh down
Thy spirit's fluttering pinions then,
Despair — thy name is written on the roll
Of common men.

There have been loftier themes than his,
And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,
And lays lit up with Poesy's
Purer and holier fires:

Yet read the names that know not death —
Few nobler ones than Burns are there;
And few have won a greener wreath
Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart
In which the answering heart would speak,
Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,
Or the smile light the cheek;

And his that music, to whose tone
The common pulse of man keeps time,
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
In cold or sunny clime.

And who hath heard his song, nor knelt
Before its spell with willing knee,
And listened, and believed, and felt
The poet's mastery.

O'er the mind's sea, in calm and storm,
O'er the heart's sunshine and its showers,
O'er Passion's moments, bright and warm,
O'er Reason's dark, cold hours;

On fields where brave men "die or do,"
In halls where rings the banquet's mirth,
Where mourners weep, where lovers woo,
From throne to cottage hearth?

What sweet tears dim the eyes unshed,
What wild vows falter on the tongue,
When "Scots wha' hae wi' Wallace bled,"
Or "Auld Lang Syne" is sung?

Pure hopes, that lift the soul above,
Come with his cotter's hymn of praise,
And dreams of youth, and truth, and love,
With Logan's banks and braes.

And when he breathes his master lay
Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall,
All passions in our frames of clay
Come thronging at his call.

Imagination's worlds of air,
And our own world, its gloom and glee,
Wit, pathos, poetry, are there,
And death's sublimity.

And Burns — though brief the race he ran,
Though rough and dark the path he trod,
Lived — died — in form and soul a Man,
The image of his God.

Through care, and pain, and want, and woe,
With wounds that only death could heal,
Tortures the poor alone can know,
The proud alone can feel;

He kept his honesty and truth,
His independent tongue and pen,
And moved, in manhood as in youth,
Pride of his fellow-men.

Strong sense, deep feeling, passions strong,
A hate of tyrant and of knave,

A love of right, a scorn of wrong,
Of coward and of slave;

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,
That could not fear and would not bow,
Were written in his manly eye
And on his manly brow.

Praise to the bard! his words are driven,
Like flower seeds by the far winds sown,
Where'er, beneath the sky of heaven,
The birds of fame have flown.

Praise to the man! a nation stood
Beside his coffin with wet eyes,
Her brave, her beautiful, her good,
As when a loved one dies.

And still, as on his funeral day,
Men stand his cold earth couch around,
With the mute homage that we pay
To consecrated ground.

And consecrated ground it is,
The last, the hallowed home of one
Who lives upon all memories,
Though with the buried gone.

Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confined —
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind.

Sages, with wisdom's garland wreathed,
Crowned kings, and mitered priests of power,
And warriors with their bright swords sheathed,
The mightiest of the hour;

And lowlier names, whose humble home
Is lit by fortune's dimmer star,
Are there — o'er wave and mountain come,
From countries near and far;

Pilgrims whose wandering feet have pressed
The Switzer's snow, the Arab's sand,
Or trod the piled leaves of the West,
My own green forest land.

All ask the cottage of his birth,
  Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung,
And gather feelings not of earth
  His fields and streams among.

They linger by the Doon's low trees,
  And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,
And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries!
  The poet's tomb is there.

But what to them the sculptor's art,
  His funeral columns, wreaths, and urns?
Wear they not graven on the heart
  The name of Robert Burns?

A NARCOTIAN TRIO.

Confessions of an Opium-eater.

By THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

[For biographical sketch, see page 366.]

I NOW pass to what is the main subject of these latter confessions, to the history and journal of what took place in my dreams; for these were the immediate and proximate cause of my acutest suffering.

The first notice I had of any important change going on in this part of my physical economy, was from the reawaking of a state of eye generally incident to childhood, or exalted states of irritability. I know not whether my reader is aware that many children, perhaps most, have a power of painting, as it were, upon the darkness, all sorts of phantoms: in some that power is simply a mechanic affection of the eye; others have a voluntary or semi-voluntary power to dismiss or summon them; or, as a child once said to me, when I questioned him on this matter, "I can tell them to go, and they go; but sometimes they come when I don't tell them to come." Whereupon I told him that he had almost as unlimited a command over apparitions as a Roman centurion over his soldiers. In the middle of 1817, I think it was that this faculty became positively distressing to me: at night, when I lay awake in bed,

vast processions passed along in mournful pomp; friezes of never ending stories, that to my feelings were as sad and solemn as if they were stories drawn from times before Œdipus or Priam, before Tyre, before Memphis. And, at the same time, a corresponding change took place in my dreams; a theater seemed suddenly opened and lighted up within my brain, which presented, nightly, spectacles of more than earthly splendor. And the four following facts may be mentioned, as noticeable at this time: —

I. That, as the creative state of the eye increased, a sympathy seemed to arise between the waking and the dreaming states of the brain in one point, — that whatsoever I happened to call up and to trace by a voluntary act upon the darkness was very apt to transfer itself to my dreams; so that I feared to exercise this faculty; for, as Midas turned all things to gold, that yet baffled his hopes and defrauded his human desires, so whatsoever things capable of being visually represented I did but think of in the darkness, immediately shaped themselves into phantoms of the eye; and, by a process apparently no less inevitable, when thus once traced in faint and visionary colors, like writings in sympathetic ink, they were drawn out, by the fierce chemistry of my dreams, into insufferable splendor that fretted my heart.

II. For this, and all other changes in my dreams, were accompanied by deep-seated anxiety and gloomy melancholy, such as are wholly incommunicable by words. I seemed every night to descend — not metaphorically, but literally to descend — into chasms and sunless abysses, depths below depths, from which it seemed hopeless that I could ever reascend. Nor did I, by waking, feel that I *had* reascended. This I do not dwell upon; because the state of gloom which attended these gorgeous spectacles, amounting at least to utter darkness, as of some suicidal despondency, cannot be approached by words.

III. The sense of space, and in the end the sense of time, were both powerfully affected. Buildings, landscapes, etc., were exhibited in proportions so vast as the bodily eye is not fitted to receive. Space swelled, and was amplified to an extent of unutterable infinity. This, however, did not disturb me so much as the vast expansion of time. I sometimes seemed to have lived for seventy or one hundred years in one night; nay, sometimes had feelings representative of a millennium,

passed in that time, or, however, of a duration far beyond the limits of any human experience.

IV. The minutest incidents of childhood, or forgotten scenes of later years, were often revived. I could not be said to recollect them; for if I had been told of them when waking, I should not have been able to acknowledge them as parts of my past experience. But placed as they were before me, in dreams like intuitions, and clothed in all their evanescent circumstances and accompanying feelings, I *recognized* them instantaneously. I was once told by a near relative of mine, that having in her childhood fallen into a river, and being on the very verge of death but for the critical assistance which reached her, she saw in a moment her whole life, in its minutest incidents, arrayed before her simultaneously as in a mirror; and she had a faculty developed as suddenly for comprehending the whole and every part. This, from some opium experiences of mine, I can believe; I have, indeed, seen the same thing asserted twice in modern books, and accompanied by a remark which I am convinced is true, namely, that the dread book of account, which the Scriptures speak of, is, in fact, the mind itself of each individual. Of this, at least, I feel assured, that there is no such thing as *forgetting* possible to the mind; a thousand accidents may and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions on the mind. Accidents of the same sort will also rend away this veil; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains forever; just as the stars seem to withdraw before the common light of day, whereas, in fact, we all know that it is the light which is drawn over them as a veil; and that they are waiting to be revealed, when the obscuring daylight shall have withdrawn. . . .

In the early stage of my malady, the splendors of my dreams were indeed chiefly architectural; and I beheld such pomp of cities and palaces as was never yet beheld by the waking eye, unless in the clouds. From a great modern poet [Wordsworth] I cite the part of a passage which describes, as an appearance actually beheld in the clouds, what in many of its circumstances I saw frequently in sleep: —

> The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
> Was of a mighty city — boldly say
> A wilderness of building, sinking far
> And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,

Far sinking into splendor — without end!
Fabric it seemed of diamond, and of gold,
With alabaster domes and silver spires,
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright,
In avenues disposed; there towers begirt
With battlements that on their restless fronts
Bore stars — illumination of all gems!
By earthly nature had the effect been wrought
Upon the dark materials of the storm
Now pacified; on them, and on the coves,
And mountain-steeps and summits, whereunto
The vapors had receded — taking there
Their station under a cerulean sky, etc.

The sublime circumstance — "battlements that on their *restless* fronts bore stars" — might have been copied from my architectural dreams, for it often occurred.

To my architecture succeeded dreams of lakes and silvery expanses of water: these haunted me so much, that I feared (though possibly it will appear ludicrous to a medical man) that some dropsical state or tendency of the brain might thus be making itself (to use a metaphysical word) *objective*, and the sentient organ *project* itself as its own object. For two months I suffered greatly in my head — a part of my bodily structure which had hitherto been so clear from all touch or taint of weakness (physically, I mean), that I used to say of it, as the last Lord Orford said of his stomach, that it seemed likely to survive the rest of my person. Till now I had never felt a headache even, or any the slightest pain, except rheumatic pains caused by my own folly. However, I got over this attack, though it must have been verging on something very dangerous.

The waters now changed their character — from translucent lakes, shining like mirrors, they now became seas and oceans. And now came a tremendous change, which, unfolding itself slowly like a scroll, through many months, promised an abiding torment; and, in fact, it never left me until the winding up of my case. Hitherto the human face had often mixed in my dreams, but not despotically, nor with any special power of tormenting. But now that which I have called the tyranny of the human face, began to unfold itself. Perhaps some part of my London life might be answerable for this. Be

that as it may, now it was that upon the rocking waters of the ocean the human face began to appear; the sea appeared paved with innumerable faces, upturned to the heavens; faces imploring, wrathful, despairing, surged upwards by the thousands, by myriads, by generations, by centuries; my agitation was infinite, my mind tossed, and surged with the ocean.

May, 1818. — The Malay had been a fearful enemy for months. I have been every night, through his means, transported into Asiatic scenes. I know not whether others share in my feelings on this point; but I have often thought that if I were compelled to forego England, and to live in China, and among Chinese manners and modes of life and scenery, I should go mad. The causes of my horror lie deep, and some of them must be common to others. Southern Asia, in general, is the seat of awful images and associations. As the cradle of the human race, it would alone have a dim and reverential feeling connected with it. But there are other reasons. No man can pretend that the wild, barbarous, and capricious superstitions of Africa, or of savage tribes elsewhere, affect him in the way that he is affected by the ancient, monumental, cruel, and elaborate religions of Indostan, etc. The mere antiquity of Asiatic things, of their institutions, histories, modes of faith, etc., is so impressive, that to me the vast age of the race and name overpowers the sense of youth in the individual. A young Chinese seems to me an antediluvian man renewed. Even Englishmen, though not bred in any knowledge of such institutions, cannot but shudder at the mystic sublimity of *castes* that have flowed apart, and refused to mix through such immemorial tracts of time; nor can any man fail to be awed by the names of the Ganges, or the Euphrates. It contributes much to these feelings, that Southern Asia is, and has been for thousands of years, the part of the earth most swarming with human life, the great *officina gentium*. Man is a weed in those regions. The vast empires, also, into which the enormous population of Asia has always been cast, give a further sublimity to the feelings associated with all Oriental names or images. In China, over and above what it has in common with the rest of Southern Asia, I am terrified by the modes of life, by the manners, and the barrier of utter abhorrence, and want of sympathy, placed between us by feelings deeper than I can analyze. I could sooner live with lunatics or brute animals. All this, and much more than I can say, or have time to say, the reader must enter into,

before he can comprehend the unimaginable horror which these dreams of Oriental imagery and mythological tortures impressed upon me. Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sunlights, I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are found in all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Indostan. From kindred feelings, I soon brought Egypt and all her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by paroquets, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas, and was fixed, for centuries, at the summit, or in secret rooms; I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshiped; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brama through all the forests of Asia; Vishnu hated me; Seeva laid wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris: I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at. I was buried, for a thousand years, in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles; and laid, confounded with all unutterable slimy things, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud.

I thus give the reader some slight abstraction of my Oriental dreams, which always filled me with such amazement at the monstrous scenery that horror seemed absorbed, for a while, in sheer astonishment. Sooner or later came a reflux of feeling that swallowed up the astonishment, and left me, not so much in terror, as in hatred and abomination of what I saw. Over every form, and threat, and punishment, and dim, sightless incarceration, brooded a sense of eternity and infinity that drove me into an oppression as of madness. Into these dreams only, it was, with one or two slight exceptions, that any circumstances of physical horror entered. All before had been moral and spiritual terrors. But here the main agents were ugly birds, or snakes, or crocodiles, especially the last. The cursed crocodile became to me the object of more horror than almost all the rest. I was compelled to live with him; and (as was always the case, almost, in my dreams) for centuries. I escaped sometimes, and found myself in Chinese houses with cane tables, etc. All the feet of the tables, sofas, etc., soon became instinct with life; the abominable head of the crocodile, and his leering eyes, looked out at me, multiplied into a thousand repetitions; and I stood loathing and fascinated. And so often did this hideous reptile haunt my dreams, that many times the very same dream

was broken up in the very same way; I heard gentle voices speaking to me (I hear everything when I am sleeping), and instantly I awoke: it was broad noon, and my children were standing, hand in hand, at my bedside; come to show me their colored shoes, or new frocks, or to let me see them dressed for going out. I protest that so awful was the transition from the damned crocodile, and the other unutterable monsters and abortions of my dreams, to the sight of innocent *human* natures and of infancy, that, in the mighty and sudden revulsion of mind, I wept, and could not forbear it, as I kissed their faces.

June, 1819. — I have had occasion to remark, at various periods of my life, that the deaths of those whom we love, and, indeed, the contemplation of death generally, is (*cæteris paribus*) more affecting in summer than in any other season of the year. And the reasons are these three, I think: first, that the visible heavens in summer appear far higher, more distant, and (if such a solecism may be excused) more infinite; the clouds by which chiefly the eye expounds the distance of the blue pavilion stretched over our heads are in summer more voluminous, massed and accumulated in far grander and more towering piles; secondly, the light and the appearances of the declining and the setting sun are much more fitted to be types and characters of the infinite; and, thirdly (which is the main reason), the exuberant and riotous prodigality of life naturally forces the mind more powerfully upon the antagonist thought of death, and the wintry sterility of the grave. For it may be observed, generally, that wherever two thoughts stand related to each other by a law of antagonism, and exist, as it were, by mutual repulsion, they are apt to suggest each other. On these accounts it is that I find it impossible to banish the thought of death when I am walking alone in the endless days of summer; and any particular death, if not more affecting, at least haunts my mind more obstinately and besiegingly, in that season. Perhaps this cause, and a slight incident which I omit, might have been the immediate occasions of the following dream, to which, however, a predisposition must always have existed in my mind; but having been once roused, it never left me, and split into a thousand fantastic varieties, which often suddenly reunited, and composed again the original dream.

I thought that it was a Sunday morning in May; that it was Easter Sunday, and as yet very early in the morning. I was standing, as it seemed to me, at the door of my own cot-

tage. Right before me lay the very scene which could really be commanded from that situation, but exalted, as was usual, and solemnized by the power of dreams. There were the same mountains, and the same lovely valley at their feet; but the mountains were raised to more than Alpine height, and there was interspace far larger between them of meadows and forest lawns; the hedges were rich with white roses; and no living creature was to be seen, excepting that in the green churchyard there were cattle tranquilly reposing upon the verdant graves, and particularly round about the grave of a child whom I had tenderly loved, just as I had really beheld them, a little before sunrise, in the same summer, when that child died. I gazed upon the well-known scene, and I said aloud (as I thought) to myself: "It yet wants much of sunrise; and it is Easter Sunday; and that is the day on which they celebrate the first fruits of resurrection. I will walk abroad; old griefs shall be forgotten to-day; for the air is cool and still, and the hills are high, and stretch away to heaven; and the forest glades are as quiet as the churchyard; and with the dew I can wash the fever from my forehead, and then I shall be unhappy no longer." And I turned, as if to open my garden gate; and immediately I saw upon the left a scene far different; but which yet the power of dreams had reconciled into harmony with the other. The scene was an Oriental one; and there also it was Easter Sunday, and very early in the morning. And at a vast distance were visible, as a stain upon the horizon, the domes and cupolas of a great city — an image or faint abstraction, caught, perhaps, in childhood, from some picture of Jerusalem. And not a bowshot from me, upon a stone, and shaded by Judean palms, there sat a woman; and I looked, and it was — Ann! She fixed her eyes upon me earnestly; and I said to her, at length, "So, then, I have found you, at last." I waited; but she answered me not a word. Her face was the same as when I saw it last, and yet, again, how different! Seventeen years ago, when the lamplight fell upon her face, as for the last time I kissed her lips (lips, Ann, that to me were not polluted!), her eyes were streaming with tears; — her tears were now wiped away; she seemed more beautiful than she was at that time, but in all other points the same, and not older. Her looks were tranquil, but with unusual solemnity of expression, and I now gazed upon her with some awe: but suddenly her countenance grew dim, and, turning to the mountains, I per-

ceived vapors rolling between us ; in a moment, all had vanished ; thick darkness came on ; and in the twinkling of an eye I was far away from mountains, and by lamplight in Oxford-street, walking again with Ann — just as we walked seventeen years before, when we were both children.

As a final specimen, I cite one of a different character from 1820.

The dream commenced with a music which now I often heard in dreams — a music of preparation and of awakening suspense ; a music like the opening of the Coronation Anthem, and which, like *that*, gave the feeling of a vast march, of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day — a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and laboring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, I knew not where — somehow, I knew not how — by some beings, I knew not whom — a battle, a strife, an agony, was conducting — was evolving like a great drama, or piece of music ; with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its nature, and its possible issue. I, as is usual in dreams (where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement), had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself, to will it ; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. "Deeper than ever plummet sounded," I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake ; some mightier cause than ever yet the word had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms ; hurryings to and fro ; trepidations of innumerable fugitives. I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad ; darkness and lights ; tempest and human faces ; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed — and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then — everlasting farewells ! and, with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of death, the sound was reverberated — everlasting farewells ! and again, and yet again reverberated — everlasting farewells !

And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud, "I will sleep no more ! "

The Hasheesh Eater:

Being passages from the Life of a Pythagorean.

By FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW.

[Fitz-Hugh Ludlow, American man of letters, was born in New York city, 1836; died of consumption in Switzerland, 1870. He graduated from Union College — where he wrote some excellent student songs — in 1856; published "The Hasheesh Eater" in 1857; edited "Vanity Fair" 1858–60; was a special correspondent for New York dailies; dramatic, art, and musical critic on the *Evening Post* and the *Home Journal;* and wrote much magazine literature. "The Opium Habit" was published in 1867.]

The Night Entrance.

HA! WHAT means this sudden thrill? A shock, as of some unimagined vital force, shoots without warning through my entire frame, leaping to my fingers' ends, piercing my brain, startling me till I almost spring from my chair.

I could not doubt it. I was in the power of the hasheesh influence. My first emotion was one of uncontrollable terror — a sense of getting something which I had not bargained for. That moment I would have given all I had or hoped to have to be as I was three hours before.

No pain anywhere — not a twinge in any fiber — yet a cloud of unutterable strangeness was settling upon me, and wrapping me impenetrably in from all that was natural or familiar. Endeared faces, well known to me of old, surrounded me, yet they were not with me in my loneliness. I had entered upon a tremendous life which they could not share. If the disembodied ever return to hover over the hearthstone which once had a seat for them, they look upon their friends as I then looked upon mine. A nearness of place, with an infinite distance of state, a connection which had no possible sympathies for the wants of that hour of revelation, an isolation none the less perfect for seeming companionship.

Still I spoke; a question was put to me, and I answered it; I even laughed at a *bon mot.* Yet it was not my voice which spoke; perhaps one which I once had far away in another time and another place. For a while I knew nothing that was going on externally, and then the remembrance of the last remark which had been made returned slowly and indistinctly, as some trait of a dream will return after many days, puzzling us to say where we have been conscious of it before.

A fitful wind all the evening had been sighing down the chimney; it now grew into the steady hum of a vast wheel in accelerating motion. For a while this hum seemed to resound through all space. I was stunned by it — I was absorbed in it. Slowly the revolution of the wheel came to a stop, and its monotonous din was changed to the reverberating peal of a grand cathedral organ. The ebb and flow of its inconceivably solemn tone filled me with a grief that was more than human. I sympathized with the dirge-like cadence as spirit sympathizes with spirit. And then, in the full conviction that all I heard and felt was real, I looked out of my isolation to see the effect of the music on my friends. Ah! we were in separate worlds indeed. Not a trace of appreciation on any face.

Perhaps I was acting strangely. Suddenly a pair of busy hands, which had been running neck and neck all the evening with a nimble little crochet-needle over a race-ground of pink and blue silk, stopped at their goal, and their owner looked at me steadfastly. Ah! I was found out — I had betrayed myself. In terror I waited, expecting every instant to hear the word "hasheesh." No, the lady only asked me some question connected with the previous conversation. As mechanically as an automaton I began to reply. As I heard once more the alien and unreal tones of my own voice, I became convinced that it was some one else who spoke, and in another world. I sat and listened; still the voice kept speaking. Now for the first time I experienced that vast change which hasheesh makes in all measurements of time. The first word of reply occupied a period sufficient for the action of a drama; the last left me in complete ignorance of any point far enough back in the past to date the commencement of the sentence. Its enunciation might have occupied years. I was not in the same life which had held me when I heard it begun.

And now, with time, space expanded also. At my friend's house one particular arm-chair was always reserved for me. I was sitting in it at a distance of hardly three feet from the center table around which the members of the family were grouped. Rapidly that distance widened. The whole atmosphere seemed ductile, and spun endlessly out into great spaces surrounding me on every side. We were in a vast hall, of which my friends and I occupied opposite extremities. The ceiling and the walls ran upward with a gliding motion, as if vivified by a sudden force of resistless growth.

Oh! I could not bear it. I should soon be left alone in the midst of an infinity of space. And now more and more every moment increased the conviction that I was watched. I did not know then, as I learned afterward, that suspicion of all earthly things and persons was the characteristic of the hasheesh delirium.

In the midst of my complicated hallucinations, I could perceive that I had a dual existence. One portion of me was whirled unresistingly along the track of this tremendous experience, the other sat looking down from a height upon its double, observing, reasoning, and serenely weighing all the phenomena. This calmer being suffered with the other by sympathy, but did not lose its self-possession. Presently it warned me that I must go home, lest the growing effect of the hasheesh should incite me to some act which might frighten my friends. I acknowledged the force of this remark very much as if it had been made by another person, and rose to take my leave. I advanced toward the center table. With every step its distance increased. I nerved myself as for a long pedestrian journey. Still the lights, the faces, the furniture receded. At last, almost unconsciously, I reached them. It would be tedious to attempt to convey the idea of the time which my leave-taking consumed, and the attempt, at least with all minds that have not passed through the same experience, would be as impossible as tedious. At last I was in the street.

Beyond me the view stretched endlessly away. It was an unconverging vista, whose nearest lamps seemed separated from me by leagues. I was doomed to pass through a merciless stretch of space. A soul just disenthralled, setting out for his flight beyond the farthest visible star, could not be more overwhelmed with his newly acquired conception of the sublimity of distance than I was at that moment. Solemnly I began my infinite journey.

Before long I walked in entire unconsciousness of all around me. I dwelt in a marvelous inner world. I existed by turns in different places and various states of being. Now I swept my gondola through the moonlit lagoons of Venice. Now Alp on Alp towered above my view, and the glory of the coming sun flashed purple light upon the topmost icy pinnacle. Now in the primeval silence of some unexplored tropical forest I spread my feathery leaves, a giant fern, and swayed and nodded in the spice-gales over a river whose waves at once sent up

clouds of music and perfume. My soul changed to a vegetable essence, thrilled with a strange and unimagined ecstasy. The palace of Al Haroun could not have bought me back to humanity.

I will not detail all the transmutations of that walk. Ever and anon I returned from my dreams into consciousness, as some well-known house seemed to leap out into my path, awaking me with a shock. The whole way homeward was a series of such awakings and relapses into abstraction and delirium, until I reached the corner of the street in which I lived.

Here a new phenomenon manifested itself. I had just awaked for perhaps the twentieth time, and my eyes were wide open. I recognized all surrounding objects, and began calculating the distance home. Suddenly, out of a blank wall at my side, a muffled figure stepped into the path before me. His hair, white as snow, hung in tangled elf-locks on his shoulders, where he carried also a heavy burden, like unto the well-filled sack of sins which Bunyan places on the back of his pilgrim. Not liking his manner, I stepped aside, intending to pass around him and go on my way. This change of our relative position allowed the blaze of a neighboring street-lamp to fall full on his face, which had hitherto been totally obscured. Horror unspeakable ! I shall never till the day I die, forget that face. Every lineament was stamped with the records of a life black with damning crime ; it glared upon me with a ferocious wickedness and a stony despair, which only he may feel who is entering on the retribution of the unpardonable sin. He might have sat to a demon painter as the ideal of Shelley's Cenci. I seemed to grow blasphemous in looking at him, and, in an agony of fear, began to run away. He detained me with a bony hand, which pierced my wrist like talons, and, slowly taking down the burden from his own shoulders, laid it upon mine. I threw it off and pushed him away. Silently he returned and restored the weight. Again I repulsed him, this time crying out, "Man, what do you mean ?" In a voice which impressed me with the sense of wickedness, as his face had done, he replied, "You *shall* bear my burden with me," and a third time laid it on my shoulders. For the last time I hurled it aside, and, with all my force, dashed him from me. He reeled backward and fell, and before he could recover his disadvantage I had put a long distance between us.

Through the excitement of my struggle with this phantasm the effects of the hasheesh had increased mightily. I was bursting with an uncontrollable life; I strode with the thews of a giant. Hotter and faster came my breath; I seemed to pant like some tremendous engine. An electric energy whirled me resistlessly onward; I feared for myself lest it should burst its fleshly walls, and glance on, leaving a wrecked framework behind it.

At last I entered my own house. During my absence a family connection had arrived from abroad, and stood ready to receive my greeting. Partly restored to consciousness by the naturalness of home faces and the powerful light of a chandelier which shed its blaze through the room, I saw the necessity of vigilance against betraying my condition, and with an intense effort suppressing all I felt, I approached my friend, and said all that is usual on such occasions. Yet recent as I was from my conflict with the supernatural, I cast a stealthy look about me, that I might learn from the faces of the others if, after all, I was shaking hands with a phantom, and making inquiries about the health of a family of hallucinations. Growing assured as I perceived no symptoms of astonishment, I finished the salutation and sat down.

It soon required all my resolution to keep the secret which I had determined to hold inviolable. My sensations began to be terrific — not from any pain that I felt, but from the tremendous mystery of all around me and within me. By an appalling introversion, all the operations of vitality which, in our ordinary state, go on unconsciously, came vividly into my experience. Through every thinnest corporeal tissue and minutest vein I could trace the circulation of the blood along each inch of its progress. I knew when every valve opened and when it shut; every sense was preternaturally awakened; the room was full of a great glory. The beating of my heart was so clearly audible that I wondered to find it unnoticed by those who were sitting by my side. Lo, now, that heart became a great fountain, whose jet played upward with loud vibrations, and, striking upon the roof of my skull as on a gigantic dome, fell back with a splash and echo into its reservoir. Faster and faster came the pulsations, until at last I heard them no more, and the stream became one continuously pouring flood, whose roar resounded through all my frame.

I gave myself up for lost, since judgment, which still sat unimpaired above my perverted senses, argued that congestion must take place in a few moments, and close the drama with my death. But my clutch would not yet relax from hope. The thought struck me, Might not this rapidity of circulation be, after all, imaginary? I determined to find out.

Going to my own room, I took out my watch, and placed my hand upon my heart. The very effort which I made to ascertain the reality gradually brought perception back to its natural state. In the intensity of my observations, I began to perceive that the circulation was not as rapid as I had thought. From a pulseless flow it gradually came to be apprehended as a hurrying succession of intense throbs, then less swift and less intense, till finally, on comparing it with the second-hand, I found that about ninety a minute was its average rapidity. Greatly comforted, I desisted from the experiment. Almost instantly the hallucination returned. Again I dreaded apoplexy, congestion, hemorrhage, a multiplicity of nameless deaths, and drew my picture as I might be found on the morrow, stark and cold, by those whose agony would be doubled by the mystery of my end. I reasoned with myself; I bathed my forehead — it did no good. There was one resource left: I would go to a physician.

With this resolve, I left my room and went to the head of the staircase. The family had all retired for the night, and the gas was turned off from the burner in the hall below. I looked down the stairs: the depth was fathomless; it was a journey of years to reach the bottom! The dim light of the sky shone through the narrow panes at the side of the front door, and seemed a demon-lamp in the middle darkness of the abyss. I never could get down! I sat me down despairingly upon the topmost step.

Suddenly a sublime thought possessed me. If the distance be infinite, I am immortal. It shall be tried. I commenced the descent, wearily, wearily down through my league-long, year-long journey. To record my impressions in that journey would be to repeat what I have said of the time of hasheesh. Now stopping to rest as a traveler would turn aside at a wayside inn, now toiling down through the lonely darkness, I came by and by to the end and passed out into the street.

Under the Shadow of Esculapius.

On reaching the porch of the physician's house I rang the bell, but immediately forgot whom to ask for. No wonder; I was on the steps of a palace in Milan, — no (and I laughed at myself for the blunder), I was on the staircase of the Tower of London. So I should not be puzzled through my ignorance of Italian. But whom to ask for? This question recalled me to the real bearings of the place, but did not suggest its requisite answer. Whom shall I ask for? I began setting the most cunning traps of hypothesis to catch the solution of the difficulty. I looked at the surrounding houses; of whom had I been accustomed to think as living next door to them? This did not bring it. Whose daughter had I seen going to school from this house but the very day before? Her name was Julia — Julia — and I thought of every combination which had been made with this name from Julia Domna down to Giulia Grisi. Ah! now I had it — Julia H.; and her father naturally bore the same name.

During this intellectual rummage I had rung the bell half a dozen times, under the impression that I was kept waiting a small eternity. When the servant opened the door, she panted as if she had run for her life. I was shown upstairs to Dr. H.'s room, where he had thrown himself down to rest after a tedious operation. Locking the door after me with an air of determined secrecy, which must have conveyed to him pleasant little suggestions of a design upon his life, I approached his bedside.

"I am about to reveal to you," I commenced, "something which I would not for my life allow to come to other ears. Do you pledge me your eternal silence?"

"I do; what is the matter?"

"I have been taking hasheesh — Cannabis Indica, and I fear that I am going to die."

"How much did you take?"

"Thirty grains."

"Let me feel your pulse." He placed his finger on my wrist and counted slowly, while I stood waiting to hear my death-warrant. "Very regular," shortly spoke the doctor; "triflingly accelerated. Do you feel any pain?" "None at all." "Nothing the matter with you; go home and go to

bed." "But — is there — is there — no — danger of — apoplexy?" "Bah!" said the doctor; and, having delivered himself of this very Abernethy-like opinion of my case, he lay down again. My hand was on the knob when he stopped me with, "Wait a minute; I'll give you a powder to carry with you, and if you get frightened again after you leave me, you can take it as a sedative. Step out on the landing, if you please, and call my servant."

I did so, and my voice seemed to reverberate like thunder from every recess in the whole building. I was terrified at the noise I had made. I learned in after days that this impression is only one of the many due to the intense susceptibility of the sensorium as produced by hasheesh. At one time, having asked a friend to check me if I talked loudly or immoderately while in a state of fantasia among persons from whom I wished to conceal my state, I caught myself shouting and singing from very ecstasy, and reproached him with a neglect of his friendly office. I could not believe him when he assured me that I had not uttered an audible word. The intensity of the inward emotion had affected the external through the internal ear.

I returned and stood at the foot of the doctor's bed. All was perfect silence in the room, and had been perfect darkness also but for the small lamp which I held in my hand to light the preparation of the powder when it should come. And now a still sublimer mystery began to enwrap me. I stood in a remote chamber at the top of a colossal building, and the whole fabric beneath me was steadily growing into the air. Higher than the topmost pinnacle of Bel's Babylonish temple — higher than Ararat — on, on forever into the lonely dome of God's infinite universe we towered ceaselessly. The years flew on; I heard the musical rush of their wings in the abyss outside of me, and from cycle to cycle, from life to life I careered, a mote in eternity and space. Suddenly emerging from the orbit of my transmigrations, I was again at the foot of the doctor's bed, and thrilled with wonder to find that we were both unchanged by the measureless lapse of time. The servant had not come.

"Shall I call her again!" "Why, you have this moment called her." "Doctor," I replied solemnly, and in language that would have seemed bombastic enough to any one who did not realize what I felt, "I will not believe you are deceiv-

ing me, but to me it appears as if sufficient time had elapsed since then for all the Pyramids to have crumbled back to dust." "Ha! ha! you are very funny to-night," said the doctor; "but here she comes, and I will send her for something which will comfort you on that score, and reëstablish the Pyramids in your confidence." He gave the girl his orders, and she went out again.

The thought struck me that I would compare *my time* with other people's. I looked at my watch, found that its minute-hand stood at the quarter mark past eleven, and, returning it to my pocket, abandoned myself to my reflections.

Presently I saw myself a gnome imprisoned by a most weird enchanter, whose part I assigned to the doctor before me, in the Domdaniel caverns, "under the roots of the ocean." Here, until the dissolution of all things, was I doomed to hold the lamp that lit that abysmal darkness, while my heart, like a giant clock, ticked solemnly the remaining years of time. Now, this hallucination departing, I heard in the solitude of the night outside the sound of a wondrous heaving sea. Its waves, in sublime cadence, rolled forward till they met the foundations of the building; they smote them with a might which made the very topstone quiver, and then fall back, with hiss and hollow murmur, into the broad bosom whence they had arisen. Now through the street, with measured tread, an armed host passed by. The heavy beat of their footfall and the girding of their brazen corslet-rings alone broke the silence, for among them all there was no more speech nor music than in a battalion of the dead. It was the army of the ages going by into eternity. A godlike sublimity swallowed up my soul. I was overwhelmed in a fathomless barathrum of time, but I leaned on God, and was immortal through all changes.

And now, in another life, I remembered that far back in the cycles I had looked at my watch to measure the time through which I had passed. The impulse seized me to look again. The minute-hand stood half way between fifteen and sixteen minutes past eleven. The watch must have stopped; I held it to my ear; no, it was still going. I had traveled through all that immeasurable chain of dreams in thirty seconds. "My God!" I cried, "I am in eternity." In the presence of that first sublime revelation of the soul's own time, and her capacity for an infinite life, I stood trembling with breathless awe. Till I die

that moment of unveiling will stand in clear relief from all the rest of my existence. I hold it still in unimpaired remembrance as one of the unutterable sanctities of my being. The years of all my earthly life to come can never be as long as those thirty seconds.

The Gate of the Hundred Sorrows.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

[Rudyard Kipling: An Anglo-Indian story-writer and poet; born in Bombay, India, in 1865, son of an artist. From five to fifteen he was at school in England; on his return to India in 1880 he became subeditor of the *Lahore Civil and Military Gazette*, and began to contribute to the papers short stories and verses, descriptive of Anglo-Indian life. He visited America in 1891, and resided at Brattleboro, Vt., 1892–1896. Among his numerous works are: "Departmental Ditties," "Plain Tales from the Hills," "Soldiers Three," "The Phantom Rickshaw," "The Light that Failed," "The Story of the Gadsbys," "The Naulahka" (with the late Wolcott Balestier, his brother-in-law), "Many Inventions," the "Jungle Books," "The Seven Seas" (poems), "Captains Courageous."]

"If I can attain Heaven for a pice, why should you be envious?"
— *Opium Smoker's Proverb.*

This is no work of mine. My friend, Gabral Misquitta, the half-caste, spoke it all, between moonset and morning, six weeks before he died; and I took it down from his mouth as he answered my questions. So: —

It lies between the Coppersmith's Gully and the pipe-stem sellers' quarter, within a hundred yards, too, as the crow flies, of the Mosque of Wazir Khan. I don't mind telling any one this much, but I defy him to find the Gate, however well he may think he knows the City. You might even go through the very gully it stands in a hundred times, and be none the wiser. We used to call the gully, "The Gully of the Black Smoke," but its native name is altogether different of course. A loaded donkey couldn't pass between the walls; and, at one point, just before you reach the Gate, a bulged house front makes people go along all sideways.

It isn't really a gate though. It's a house. Old Fung-Tching had it first five years ago. He was a bootmaker in Calcutta. They say that he murdered his wife there when he was drunk. That was why he dropped bazaar rum and took

to the Black Smoke instead. Later on, he came up North and opened the Gate as a house where you could get your smoke in peace and quiet. Mind you, it was a *pukka*, respectable opium house, and not one of those stifling, sweltering *chandoo-khanas*, that you can find all over the City. No; the old man knew his business thoroughly, and he was most clean for a Chinaman. He was a one-eyed little chap, not much more than five feet high, and both his middle fingers were gone. All the same, he was the handiest man at rolling black pills I have ever seen. Never seemed to be touched by the Smoke, either; and what he took day and night, night and day, was a caution. I've been at it five years, and I can do my fair share of the Smoke with any one; but I was a child to Fung-Tching that way. All the same, the old man was keen on his money: very keen; and that's what I can't understand. I heard he saved a good deal before he died, but his nephew has got all that now; and the old man's gone back to China to be buried.

He kept the big upper room, where his best customers gathered, as neat as a new pin. In one corner used to stand Fung-Tching's Joss — almost as ugly as Fung-Tching — and there were always sticks burning under his nose; but you never smelt 'em when the pipes were going thick. Opposite the Joss was Fung-Tching's coffin. He had spent a good deal of his savings on that, and whenever a new man came to the Gate he was always introduced to it. It was lacquered black, with red and gold writings on it, and I've heard that Fung-Tching brought it out all the way from China. I don't know whether that's true or not, but I know that, if I came first in the evening, I used to spread my mat just at the foot of it. It was a quiet corner, you see, and a sort of breeze from the gully came in at the window now and then. Besides the mats, there was no other furniture in the room — only the coffin, and the old Joss all green and blue and purple with age and polish.

Fung-Tching never told us why he called the place "The Gate of the Hundred Sorrows." (He was the only Chinaman I know who used bad-sounding fancy names. Most of them are flowery. As you'll see in Calcutta.) We used to find that out for ourselves. Nothing grows on you so much, if you're white, as the Black Smoke. A yellow man is made different. Opium doesn't tell on him scarcely at all; but white and black suffer a good deal. Of course, there are some people that the Smoke doesn't touch any more than tobacco would at first.

They just doze a bit, as one would fall asleep naturally, and next morning they are almost fit for work. Now, I was one of that sort when I began, but I've been at it for five years pretty steadily, and it's different now. There was an old aunt of mine, down Agra way, and she left me a little at her death. About sixty rupees a month secured. Sixty isn't much. I can recollect a time, 'seems hundreds and hundreds of years ago, that I was getting my three hundred a month, and pickings, when I was working on a big timber contract in Calcutta.

I didn't stick to that work for long. The Black Smoke does not allow of much other business; and even though I am very little affected by it, as men go, I couldn't do a day's work now to save my life. After all, sixty rupees is what I want. When old Fung-Tching was alive he used to draw the money for me, give me about half of it to live on (I eat very little), and the rest he kept himself. I was free of the Gate at any time of the day and night, and could smoke and sleep there when I liked, so I didn't care. I know the old man made a good thing out of it; but that's no matter. Nothing matters much to me; and besides, the money always came fresh and fresh each month.

There was ten of us met at the Gate when the place was first opened. Me, and two Baboos from a Government Office somewhere in Anarkulli, but they got the sack and couldn't pay (no man who has to work in the daylight can do the Black Smoke for any length of time straight on); a Chinaman that was Fung-Tching's nephew; a bazaar woman that had got a lot of money somehow; an English loafer — MacSomebody I think, but I have forgotten, — that smoked heaps, but never seemed to pay anything (they said he had saved Fung-Tching's life at some trial in Calcutta when he was a barrister); another Eurasian, like myself, from Madras; a half-caste woman, and a couple of men who said they had come from the North. I think they must have been Persians or Afghans or something. There are not more than five of us living now, but we come regular. I don't know what happened to the Baboos; but the bazaar woman she died after six months of the Gate, and I think Fung-Tching took her bangles and nose ring for himself. But I'm not certain. The Englishman, he drank as well as smoked, and he dropped off. One of the Persians got killed in a row at night by the big well near the mosque a long time ago, and the Police shut up the well, because they said it was full of

foul air. They found him dead at the bottom of it. So you see, there is only me, the Chinaman, the half-caste woman that we call the *Memsahib* (she used to live with Fung-Tching), the other Eurasian, and one of the Persians. The *Memsahib* looks very old now. I think she was a young woman when the Gate was opened; but we are all old for the matter of that. Hundreds and hundreds of years old. It is very hard to keep count of time in the Gate, and, besides, time doesn't matter to me. I draw my sixty rupees fresh and fresh every month. A very, very long while ago, when I used to be getting three hundred and fifty rupees a month, and pickings, on a big timber contract at Calcutta, I had a wife of sorts. But she's dead now. People said that I killed her by taking to the Black Smoke. Perhaps I did, but it's so long since that it doesn't matter. Sometimes when I first came to the Gate, I used to feel sorry for it; but that's all over and done with long ago, and I draw my sixty rupees fresh and fresh every month, and am quite happy. Not *drunk* happy, you know, but always quiet and soothed and contented.

How did I take to it? It began at Calcutta. I used to try it in my own house, just to see what it was like. I never went very far, but I think my wife must have died then. Anyhow, I found myself here, and got to know Fung-Tching. I don't remember rightly how that came about; but he told me of the Gate and I used to go there, and, somehow, I have never got away from it since. Mind you, though, the Gate was a respectable place in Fung-Tching's time, where you could be comfortable, and not at all like the *chandoo-khanas* where the niggers go. No; it was clean and quiet, and not crowded. Of course, there were others beside us ten and the man; but we always had a mat apiece, with a wadded woolen headpiece, all covered with black and red dragons and things; just like the coffin in the corner.

At the end of one's third pipe the dragons used to move about and fight. I've watched 'em many and many a night through. I used to regulate my Smoke that way, and now it takes a dozen pipes to make 'em stir. Besides, they are all torn and dirty, like the mats, and old Fung-Tching is dead. He died a couple of years ago, and gave me the pipe I always use now — a silver one, with queer beasts crawling up and down the receiver bottle below the cup. Before that, I think, I used a big bamboo stem with a copper cup, a very small one,

and a green jade mouthpiece. It was a little thicker than a walking-stick stem, and smoked sweet, very sweet. The bamboo seemed to suck up the smoke. Silver doesn't, and I've got to clean it out now and then; that's a great deal of trouble, but I smoke it for the old man's sake. He must have made a good thing out of me, but he always gave me clean mats and pillows, and the best stuff you could get anywhere.

When he died, his nephew Tsin-ling took up the Gate, and he called it the "Temple of the Three Possessions"; but we old ones speak of it as the "Hundred Sorrows," all the same. The nephew does things very shabbily, and I think the *Memsahib* must help him. She lives with him; same as she used to do with the old man. The two let in all sorts of low people, niggers and all, and the Black Smoke isn't as good as it used to be. I've found burnt bran in my pipe over and over again. The old man would have died if that had happened in his time. Besides, the room is never cleaned, and all the mats are torn and cut at the edges. The coffin is gone — gone to China again — with the old man and two ounces of Smoke inside it, in case he should want 'em on the way.

The Joss doesn't get so many sticks burnt under his nose as he used to; that's a sign of ill luck, as sure as Death. He's all brown, too, and no one ever attends to him. That's the *Memsahib's* work, I know; because, when Tsin-ling tried to burn gilt paper before him, she said it was a waste of money, and, if he kept a stick burning very slowly, the Joss wouldn't know the difference. So now we've got the sticks mixed with a lot of glue, and they take half an hour longer to burn, and smell stinky. Let alone the smell of the room by itself. No business can get on if they try that sort of thing. The Joss doesn't like it. I can see that. Late at night, sometimes, he turns all sorts of queer colors — blue and green and red — just as he used to do when old Fung-Tching was alive; and he rolls his eyes and stamps his feet like a devil.

I don't know why I don't leave the place and smoke quietly in a little room of my own in the bazaar. Most like, Tsin-ling would kill me if I went away — he draws my sixty rupees now — and besides, it's so much trouble, and I've grown to be very fond of the Gate. It's not much to look at. Not what it was in the old man's time, but I couldn't leave it. I've seen so many come in and out. And I've seen so many die here on the mats that I should be afraid of dying in the open now.

I've seen some things that people would call strange enough, but nothing is strange when you're on the Black Smoke, except the Black Smoke. And if it was, it wouldn't matter. Fung-Tching used to be very particular about his people, and never got in any one who'd give trouble by dying messy and such. But the nephew isn't half so careful. He tells everywhere that he keeps a "first-chop" house. Never tries to get men in quietly, and make them comfortable like Fung-Tching did. That's why the Gate is getting a little bit more known than it used to be. Among the niggers of course. The nephew daren't get a white, or, for matter of that, a mixed skin into the place. He has to keep us three of course — me and the *Memsahib* and the other Eurasian. We're fixtures. But he wouldn't give us credit for a pipeful — not for anything.

One of these days, I hope, I shall die in the Gate. The Persian and the Madras man are terribly shaky now. They've got a boy to light their pipes for them. I always do that myself. Most like, I shall see them carried out before me. I don't think I shall ever outlive the *Memsahib* or Tsin-ling. Women last longer than men at the Black Smoke, and Tsin-ling has a deal of the old man's blood in him, though he does smoke cheap stuff. The bazaar woman knew when she was going two days before her time; and she died on a clean mat with a nicely wadded pillow, and the old man hung up her pipe just above the Joss. He was always fond of her, I fancy. But he took her bangles just the same.

I should like to die like the bazaar woman — on a clean, cool mat with a pipe of good stuff between my lips. When I feel I'm going, I shall ask Tsin-ling for them, and he can draw my sixty rupees a month, fresh and fresh, as long as he pleases. Then I shall lie back, quiet and comfortable, and watch the black and red dragons have their last big fight together; and then . . .

Well, it doesn't matter. Nothing matters much to me — only I wish Tsin-ling wouldn't put bran into the Black Smoke.

DE QUINCEY'S EARLY SUFFERINGS.

(From "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater.")

[Thomas De Quincey: An English author; born at Manchester, August 15, 1785. The son of a wealthy merchant, he was sent to various grammar schools, from which he ran away. He spent a few years at Oxford, and about 1808 became intimate with Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth, which induced him to live at Grasmere in the Lake district. Here he devoted his time to literature, and became a frequent contributor to *Blackwood's*, and other periodicals. He removed to Scotland in 1843, and passed the latter part of his life near Edinburgh, where he died, December 8, 1859. During his stay at Oxford he contracted the habit of opium-eating, which was only overcome after a protracted struggle many years later. His experiences with the drug form the basis of a narrative entitled "The Confessions of an Opium-Eater," which appeared in the *London Magazine* (1821). His other works are chiefly essays. The most complete edition of his works appeared 1852–1855.]

I have often been asked how I first came to be a regular opium-eater, and have suffered, very unjustly, in the opinion of my acquaintance from being reputed to have brought upon myself all the sufferings which I shall have to record, by a long course of indulgence in this practice purely for the sake of creating an artificial state of pleasurable excitement. This, however, is a misrepresentation of my case. True it is that for nearly ten years I did occasionally take opium for the sake of the exquisite pleasure it gave me; but so long as I took it with this view I was effectually protected from all material bad consequences by the necessity of interposing long intervals between the several acts of indulgence, in order to renew the pleasurable sensations. It was not for the purpose of creating pleasure, but of mitigating pain in the severest degree, that I first began to use opium as an article of daily diet. In the twenty-eighth year of my age a most painful affection of the stomach, which I had first experienced about ten years before, attacked me in great strength. This affection had originally been caused by extremities of hunger, suffered in my boyish days. During the season of hope and redundant happiness which succeeded (that is, from eighteen to twenty-four) it had slumbered; for the three following years it had revived at intervals; and now, under unfavorable circumstances, from depression of spirits, it attacked me with a violence that yielded to no remedies but opium. As the youthful sufferings which

first produced this derangement of the stomach were interesting in themselves, and in the circumstances that attended them, I shall here briefly retrace them.

My father died when I was about seven years old, and left me to the care of four guardians. I was sent to various schools, great and small, and was very early distinguished for my classical attainments, especially for my knowledge of Greek. At thirteen I wrote Greek with ease; and at fifteen my command of that language was so great that I not only composed Greek verses in lyric meters, but could converse in Greek fluently and without embarrassment — an accomplishment which I have not since met with in any scholar of my times, and which in my case was owing to the practice of daily reading off the newspapers into the best Greek I could furnish *extempore;* for the necessity of ransacking my memory and invention for all sorts and combinations of periphrastic expressions as equivalents for modern ideas, images, relations of things, etc., gave me a compass of diction which would never have been called out by a dull translation of moral essays, etc. "That boy," said one of my masters, pointing the attention of a stranger to me, "that boy could harangue an Athenian mob better than you and I could address an English one." He who honored me with this eulogy was a scholar, "and a ripe and a good one," and of all my tutors was the only one whom I loved or reverenced. Unfortunately for me (and, as I afterwards learned, to this worthy man's great indignation), I was transferred to the care, first of a blockhead, who was in a perpetual panic lest I should expose his ignorance; and finally to that of a respectable scholar at the head of a great school on an ancient foundation. This man had been appointed to his situation by —— College, Oxford, and was a sound, well-built scholar, but (like most men whom I have known from that college) coarse, clumsy, and inelegant. A miserable contrast he presented, in my eyes, to the Etonian brilliancy of my favorite master; and besides, he could not disguise from my hourly notice the poverty and meagerness of his understanding. It is a bad thing for a boy to be and to know himself far beyond his tutors, whether in knowledge or in power of mind. This was the case, so far as regarded knowledge at least, not with myself only, for the two boys who jointly with myself composed the first form were better Grecians than the head master, though not more elegant scholars, nor at all more accustomed

to sacrifice to the Graces. When I first entered I remember that we read Sophocles; and it was a constant matter of triumph to us, the learned triumvirate of the first form, to see our "Archididascalus" (as he loved to be called) conning our lessons before we went up, and laying a regular train, with lexicon and grammar, for blowing up and blasting (as it were) any difficulties he found in the choruses; whilst *we* never condescended to open our books until the moment of going up, and were generally employed in writing epigrams upon his wig or some such important matter. My two class fellows were poor, and dependent for their future prospects at the university on the recommendation of the head master; but I, who had a small patrimonial property, the income of which was sufficient to support me at college, wished to be sent thither immediately. I made earnest representations on the subject to my guardians, but all to no purpose. One, who was more reasonable and had more knowledge of the world than the rest, lived at a distance; two of the other three resigned all their authority into the hands of the fourth; and this fourth, with whom I had to negotiate, was a worthy man in his way, but haughty, obstinate, and intolerant of all opposition to his will. After a certain number of letters and personal interviews, I found that I had nothing to hope for, not even a compromise of the matter, from my guardian. Unconditional submission was what he demanded, and I prepared myself, therefore, for other measures.

[At seventeen he ran away, and wandered in North Wales for a while; finally reduced to one meal a day; then went to London.]

And now began the latter and fiercer stage of my long sufferings, — without using a disproportionate expression I might say, of my agony. For I now suffered, for upwards of sixteen weeks, the physical anguish of hunger in various degrees of intensity, but as bitter perhaps as ever any human being can have suffered who has survived it. I would not needlessly harass my reader's feelings by a detail of all that I endured. Let it suffice to say that a few fragments of bread from the breakfast table of one individual (who supposed me to be ill, but did not know of my being in utter want), and these at uncertain intervals, constituted my whole support. During the former part of my sufferings I was houseless, and very seldom slept under a roof. To this constant exposure to the open air I ascribe it mainly that I did not sink under my torments.

Latterly, however, when colder and more inclement weather came on, and when, from the length of my sufferings, I had begun to sink into a more languishing condition, it was no doubt fortunate for me that the same person to whose breakfast table I had access, allowed me to sleep in a large unoccupied house of which he was tenant. Unoccupied I call it, for there was no household or establishment in it; nor any furniture, indeed, except a table and a few chairs. But I found, on taking possession of my new quarters, that the house already contained one single inmate, a poor friendless child, apparently ten years old; but she seemed hunger-bitten, and sufferings of that sort often make children look older than they are. From this forlorn child I learned that she had slept and lived there alone for some time before I came; and great joy the poor creature expressed when she found that I was in future to be her companion through the hours of darkness. The house was large, and, from the want of furniture, the noise of the rats made a prodigious echoing on the spacious staircase and hall; and amidst the real fleshly ills of cold and, I fear, hunger, the forsaken child had found leisure to suffer still more (it appeared) from the self-created one of ghosts. I promised her protection against all ghosts whatsoever, but alas! I could offer her no other assistance. We lay upon the floor, with a bundle of cursed law papers for a pillow, but with no other covering than a sort of large horseman's cloak; afterwards, however, we discovered in a garret an old sofa cover, a small piece of rug, and some fragments of other articles, which added a little to our warmth. The poor child crept close to me for warmth, and for security against her ghostly enemies. When I was not more than usually ill I took her into my arms, so that in general she was tolerably warm, and often slept when I could not, for during the last two months of my sufferings I slept much in daytime, and was apt to fall into transient dozings at all hours. But my sleep distressed me more than my watching, for beside the tumultuousness of my dreams (which were only not so awful as those which I shall have to describe hereafter as produced by opium), my sleep was never more than what is called *dogsleep;* so that I could hear myself moaning, and was often, as it seemed to me, awakened suddenly by my own voice; and about this time a hideous sensation began to haunt me as soon as I fell into a slumber, which has since returned upon me at different periods of my life—viz., a sort of twitching (I know not where, but apparently about the

region of the stomach) which compelled me violently to throw out my feet for the sake of relieving it. This sensation coming on as soon as I began to sleep, and the effort to relieve it constantly awaking me, at length I slept only from exhaustion; and from increasing weakness (as I said before) I was constantly falling asleep and constantly awaking. Meantime, the master of the house sometimes came in upon us suddenly, and very early; sometimes not till ten o'clock, sometimes not at all. He was in constant fear of bailiffs. Improving on the plan of Cromwell, every night he slept in a different quarter of London; and I observed that he never failed to examine through a private window the appearance of those who knocked at the door before he would allow it to be opened. He breakfasted alone; indeed, his tea equipage would hardly have admitted of his hazarding an invitation to a second person, any more than the quantity of esculent *matériel*, which for the most part was little more than a roll or a few biscuits which he had bought on his road from the place where he had slept. Or, if he *had* asked a party — as I once learnedly and facetiously observed to him — the several members of it must have *stood* in the relation to each other (not *sat* in any relation whatever) of succession, as the metaphysicians have it, and not of a coexistence; in the relation of the parts of time, and not of the parts of space. During his breakfast I generally contrived a reason for lounging in, and, with an air of as much indifference as I could assume, took up such fragments as he had left; sometimes, indeed, there were none at all. In doing this I committed no robbery except upon the man himself, who was thus obliged (I believe) now and then to send out at noon for an extra biscuit; for as to the poor child, *she* was never admitted into his study (if I may give that name to his chief depository of parchments, law writings, etc.); that room was to her the Bluebeard room of the house, being regularly locked on his departure to dinner, about six o'clock, which usually was his final departure for the night. Whether this child were an illegitimate daughter of Mr. ——, or only a servant, I could not ascertain; she did not herself know; but certainly she was treated altogether as a menial servant. No sooner did Mr. —— make his appearance than she went below stairs, brushed his shoes, coat, etc.; and, except when she was summoned to run an errand, she never emerged from the dismal Tartarus of the kitchen, etc., to the upper air until my welcome knock at night

called up her little trembling footsteps to the front door. Of her life during the daytime, however, I knew little but what I gathered from her own account at night, for as soon as the hours of business commenced I saw that my absence would be acceptable, and in general, therefore, I went off and sat in the parks or elsewhere until nightfall.

But who and what, meantime, was the master of the house himself? Reader, he was one of those anomalous practitioners in lower departments of the law who — what shall I say? — who on prudential reasons, or from necessity, deny themselves all indulgence in the luxury of too delicate a conscience (a periphrasis which might be abridged considerably, but *that* I leave to the reader's taste) : in many walks of life a conscience is a more expensive encumbrance than a wife or a carriage ; and just as people talk of "laying down" their carriages, so I suppose my friend Mr. —— had "laid down" his conscience for a time, meaning, doubtless, to resume it as soon as he could afford it. The inner economy of such a man's daily life would present a most strange picture, if I could allow myself to amuse the reader at his expense. Even with my limited opportunities for observing what went on, I saw many scenes of London intrigues and complex chicanery, "cycle and epicycle, orb in orb," at which I sometimes smile to this day, and at which I smiled then, in spite of my misery. My situation, however, at that time gave me little experience in my own person of any qualities in Mr. ——'s character but such as did him honor ; and of his whole strange composition I must forget everything but that towards me he was obliging, and to the extent of his power, generous.

That power was not, indeed, very extensive ; however, in common with the rats, I sat rent free ; and as Dr. Johnson has recorded that he never but once in his life had as much wall fruit as he could eat, so let me be grateful that on that single occasion I had as large a choice of apartments in a London mansion as I could possibly desire. Except the Bluebeard room, which the poor child believed to be haunted, all others, from the attics to the cellars, were at our service ; "the world was all before us," and we pitched our tent for the night in any spot we chose. This house I have already described as a large one ; it stands in a conspicuous situation and in a well-known part of London. Many of my readers will have passed it, I doubt not, within a few hours of reading this.

For myself, I never fail to visit it when business draws me to London; about ten o'clock this very night, August 15, 1821 — being my birthday — I turned aside from my evening walk down Oxford Street, purposely to take a glance at it; it is now occupied by a respectable family, and by the lights in the front drawing room I observed a domestic party assembled, perhaps at tea, and apparently cheerful and gay. Marvelous contrast, in my eyes, to the darkness, cold, silence, and desolation of that same house eighteen years ago, when its nightly occupants were one famishing scholar and a neglected child. Her, by the bye, in after years I vainly endeavored to trace. Apart from her situation, she was not what would be called an interesting child; she was neither pretty, nor quick in understanding, nor remarkably pleasing in manners. But, thank God! even in those years I needed not the embellishments of novel accessories to conciliate my affections: plain human nature, in its humblest and most homely apparel, was enough for me, and I loved the child because she was my partner in wretchedness. If she is now living she is probably a mother, with children of her own; but, as I have said, I could never trace her.

This I regret; but another person there was at that time whom I have since sought to trace with far deeper earnestness, and with far deeper sorrow at my failure. This person was a young woman, and one of that unhappy class who subsist upon the wages of prostitution. I feel no shame, nor have any reason to feel it, in avowing that I was then on familiar and friendly terms with many women in that unfortunate condition. The reader needs neither smile at this avowal nor frown; for, not to remind my classical readers of the old Latin proverb, "*Sine cerere*," etc., it may well be supposed that in the existing state of my purse my connection with such women could not have been an impure one. But the truth is, that at no time of my life have I been a person to hold myself polluted by the touch or approach of any creature that wore a human shape; on the contrary, from my very earliest youth it has been my pride to converse familiarly, *more Socratio*, with all human beings, man, woman, and child, that chance might fling in my way; a practice which is friendly to the knowledge of human nature, to good feelings, and to that frankness of address which becomes a man who would be thought a philosopher. For a philosopher should not see with the eyes of the poor limitary

creature calling himself a man of the world, and filled with narrow and self-regarding prejudices of birth and education, but should look upon himself as a catholic creature, and as standing in equal relation to high and low, to educated and uneducated, to the guilty and the innocent. Being myself at that time of necessity a peripatetic, or a walker of the streets, I naturally fell in more frequently with those female peripatetics who are technically called streetwalkers. Many of these women had occasionally taken my part against watchmen who wished to drive me off the steps of houses where I was sitting. But one amongst them, the one on whose account I have at all introduced this subject — yet no! let me not class thee, oh! noble-minded Ann —— with that order of women. Let me find, if it be possible, some gentler name to designate the condition of her to whose bounty and compassion, ministering to my necessities when all the world had forsaken me, I owe it that I am at this time alive. For many weeks I had walked at nights with this poor friendless girl up and down Oxford Street or had rested with her on steps and under the shelter of porticoes. She could not be so old as myself; she told me, indeed, that she had not completed her sixteenth year. By such questions as my interest about her prompted I had gradually drawn forth her simple history. Hers was a case of ordinary occurrence (as I have since had reason to think), and one in which, if London beneficence had better adapted its arrangements to meet it, the power of the law might oftener be interposed to protect and to avenge. But the stream of London charity flows in a channel which, though deep and mighty, is yet noiseless and underground, not obvious or readily accessible to poor houseless wanderers; and it cannot be denied that the outside air and framework of London society is harsh, cruel, and repulsive. In any case, however, I saw that part of her injuries might easily have been redressed, and I urged her often and earnestly to lay her complaint before a magistrate. Friendless as she was, I assured her that she would meet with immediate attention, and that English justice, which was no respecter of persons, would speedily and amply avenge her on the brutal ruffian who had plundered her little property. She promised me often that she would, but she delayed taking the steps I pointed out from time to time, for she was timid and dejected to a degree which showed how deeply sorrow had taken hold of her young heart; and perhaps she thought justly

that the most upright judge and the most righteous tribunals could do nothing to repair her heaviest wrongs. Something, however, would perhaps have been done, for it had been settled between us at length, but unhappily on the very last time but one that I was ever to see her, that in a day or two we should go together before a magistrate, and that I should speak on her behalf. This little service it was destined, however, that I should never realize. Meantime, that which she rendered to me, and which was greater than I could ever have repaid her, was this: One night, when we were pacing slowly along Oxford Street, and after a day when I had felt more than usually ill and faint, I requested her to turn off with me into Soho Square. Thither we went, and we sat down on the steps of a house, which to this hour I never pass without a pang of grief and an inner act of homage to the spirit of that unhappy girl, in memory of the noble action which she there performed. Suddenly, as we sat, I grew much worse. I had been leaning my head against her bosom, and all at once I sank from her arms and fell backwards on the steps. From the sensations I then had, I felt an inner conviction of the liveliest kind, that without some powerful and reviving stimulus I should either have died on the spot, or should at least have sunk to a point of exhaustion from which all reascent under my friendless circumstances would soon have become hopeless. Then it was, at this crisis of my fate, that my poor orphan companion, who had herself met with little but injuries in this world, stretched out a saving hand to me. Uttering a cry of terror, but without a moment's delay, she ran off into Oxford Street, and in less time than could be imagined returned to me with a glass of port wine and spices, that acted upon my empty stomach, which at that time would have rejected all solid food, with an instantaneous power of restoration; and for this glass the generous girl without a murmur paid out of her humble purse at a time — be it remembered! — when she had scarcely wherewithal to purchase the bare necessaries of life, and when she could have no reason to expect that I should ever be able to reimburse her.

Oh, youthful benefactress! how often in succeeding years, standing in solitary places, and thinking of thee with grief of heart and perfect love — how often have I wished that, as in ancient times, the curse of a father was believed to have a supernatural power, and to pursue its object with a fatal necessity of self-fulfillment; even so the benediction of a heart

oppressed with gratitude might have a like prerogative, might have power given to it from above to chase, to haunt, to waylay, to overtake, to pursue thee into the central darkness of a London brothel, or (if it were possible) into the darkness of the grave, there to awaken thee with an authentic message of peace and forgiveness, and of final reconciliation!

I do not often weep: for not only do my thoughts on subjects connected with the chief interests of man daily, nay hourly, descend a thousand fathoms "too deep for tears"; not only does the sternness of my habits of thought present an antagonism to the feelings which prompt tears — wanting of necessity to those who, being protected usually by their levity from any tendency to meditative sorrow, would by that same levity be made incapable of resisting it on any casual access of such feelings; but also, I believe that all minds which have contemplated such objects as deeply as I have done, must, for their own protection from utter despondency, have early encouraged and cherished some tranquilizing belief as to the future balances and the hieroglyphic meanings of human sufferings. On these accounts I am cheerful to this hour, and, as I have said, I do not often weep. Yet some feelings, though not deeper or more passionate, are more tender than others; and often, when I walk at this time in Oxford Street by dreamy lamplight, and hear those airs played on a barrel organ which years ago solaced me and my dear companion (as I must always call her), I shed tears, and muse with myself at the mysterious dispensation which so suddenly and so critically separated us forever. How it happened the reader will understand from what remains of this introductory narration.

Soon after the period of the last incident I have recorded, I met in Albemarle Street a gentleman of his late Majesty's household. This gentleman had received hospitalities on different occasions from my family, and he challenged me upon the strength of my family likeness. I did not attempt any disguise; I answered his questions ingenuously, and, on his pledging his word of honor that he would not betray me to my guardians, I gave him an address to my friend the attorney's. The next day I received from him a £10 bank note. The letter inclosing it was delivered with other letters of business to the attorney, but though his look and manner informed me that he suspected its contents, he gave it up to me honorably and without demur.

This present, from the particular service to which it was applied, leads me naturally to speak of the purpose which had allured me up to London, and which I had been (to use a forensic word) soliciting from the first day of my arrival in London to that of my final departure.

In so mighty a world as London it will surprise my readers that I should not have found some means of staving off the last extremities of penury; and it will strike them that two resources at least must have been open to me — viz., either to seek assistance from the friends of my family, or to turn my youthful talents and attainments into some channel of pecuniary emolument. As to the first course, I may observe generally, that what I dreaded beyond all other evils was the chance of being reclaimed by my guardians; not doubting that whatever power the law gave them would have been enforced against me to the utmost — that is, to the extremity of forcibly restoring me to the school which I had quitted, a restoration which, as it would in my eyes have been a dishonor, even if submitted to voluntarily, could not fail, when extorted from me in contempt and defiance of my own wishes and efforts, to have been a humiliation worse to me than death, and which would indeed have terminated in death. I was therefore shy enough of applying for assistance even in those quarters where I was sure of receiving it, at the risk of furnishing my guardians with any clew of recovering me. But as to London in particular, though doubtless my father had in his lifetime had many friends there, yet (as ten years had passed since his death) I remembered few of them even by name; and never having seen London before, except once for a few hours, I knew not the address of even those few. To this mode of gaining help, therefore, in part the difficulty, but much more the paramount fear which I have mentioned, habitually indisposed me. In regard to the other mode, I now feel half inclined to join my reader in wondering that I should have overlooked it. As a corrector of Greek proofs (if in no other way) I might doubtless have gained enough for my slender wants. Such an office as this I could have discharged with an exemplary and punctual accuracy that would soon have gained me the confidence of my employers. But it must not be forgotten that, even for such an office as this, it was necessary that I should first of all have an introduction to some respectable publisher, and this I had no means of obtaining. To say the truth, however, it had

never once occurred to me to think of literary labors as a source of profit. No mode sufficiently speedy of obtaining money had ever occurred to me but that of borrowing it on the strength of my future claims and expectations. This mode I sought by every avenue to compass; and amongst other persons I applied to a Jew named D——.

To this Jew, and to other advertising money lenders (some of whom were, I believe, also Jews), I had introduced myself with an account of my expectations; which account, on examining my father's will at Doctors' Commons, they had ascertained to be correct. The person there mentioned as the second son of —— was found to have all the claims (or more than all) that I had stated; but one question still remained, which the faces of the Jews pretty significantly suggested — was *I* that person? This doubt had never occurred to me as a possible one; I had rather feared, whenever my Jewish friends scrutinized me keenly, that I might be too well known to be that person, and that some scheme might be passing in their minds for entrapping me and selling me to my guardians. It was strange to me to find my own self *materialiter* considered (so I expressed it, for I doted on logical accuracy of distinctions), accused, or at least suspected, of counterfeiting my own self *formaliter* considered. However, to satisfy their scruples, I took the only course in my power. Whilst I was in Wales I had received various letters from young friends; these I produced, for I carried them constantly in my pocket, being, indeed, by this time almost the only relics of my personal encumbrances (excepting the clothes I wore) which I had not in one way or other disposed of. Most of these letters were from the Earl of ——, who was at that time my chief (or rather only) confidential friend. These letters were dated from Eton. I had also some from the Marquis of ——, his father, who, though absorbed in agricultural pursuits, yet having been an Etonian himself, and as good a scholar as a nobleman needs to be, still retained an affection for classical studies and for youthful scholars. He had accordingly, from the time that I was fifteen, corresponded with me; sometimes upon the great improvements which he had made or was meditating in the counties of M—— and Sl—— since I had been there, sometimes upon the merits of a Latin poet, and at other times suggesting subjects to me on which he wished me to write verses.

On reading the letters, one of my Jewish friends agreed to

furnish me with two or three hundred pounds on my personal security, provided I could persuade the young Earl — who was, by the way, not older than myself — to guarantee the payment on our coming of age; the Jew's final object being, as I now suppose, not the trifling profit he could expect to make by me, but the prospect of establishing a connection with my noble friend, whose immense expectations were well known to him. In pursuance of this proposal on the part of the Jew, about eight or nine days after I had received the £10, I prepared to go down to Eton. Nearly £3 of the money I had given to my money-lending friend, on his alleging that the stamps must be bought, in order that the writings might be preparing whilst I was away from London. I thought in my heart that he was lying; but I did not wish to give him any excuse for charging his own delays upon me. A smaller sum I had given to my friend the attorney (who was connected with the money lenders as their lawyer), to which, indeed, he was entitled for his unfurnished lodgings. About fifteen shillings I had employed in reëstablishing (though in a very humble way) my dress. Of the remainder I gave one quarter to Ann, meaning on my return to have divided with her whatever might remain. These arrangements made, soon after six o'clock on a dark winter evening I set off, accompanied by Ann, towards Piccadilly; for it was my intention to go down as far as Salthill on the Bath or Bristol mail. Our course lay through a part of the town which has now all disappeared, so that I can no longer retrace its ancient boundaries — Swallow Street, I think it was called. Having time enough before us, however, we bore away to the left until we came into Golden Square; there, near the corner of Sherrard Street, we sat down, not wishing to part in the tumult and blaze of Piccadilly. I had told her of my plans some time before, and I now assured her again that she should share in my good fortune, if I met with any, and that I would never forsake her as soon as I had power to protect her. This I fully intended, as much from inclination as from a sense of duty; for setting aside gratitude, which in any case must have made me her debtor for life, I loved her as affectionately as if she had been my sister; and at this moment with sevenfold tenderness, from pity at witnessing her extreme dejection. I had apparently most reason for dejection, because I was leaving the savior of my life; yet I, considering the shock my health had received, was cheerful and full of hope. She, on the contrary,

who was parting with one who had had little means of serving her, except by kindness and brotherly treatment, was overcome by sorrow; so that, when I kissed her at our final farewell, she put her arms about my neck and wept without speaking a word. I hoped to return in a week at farthest, and I agreed with her that on the fifth night from that, and every night afterwards, she would wait for me at six o'clock near the bottom of Great Titchfield Street, which had been our customary haven, as it were, of rendezvous, to prevent our missing each other in the great Mediterranean of Oxford Street. This and other measures of precaution I took; one only I forgot. She had either never told me, or (as a matter of no great interest) I had forgotten, her surname. It is a general practice, indeed, with girls of humble rank in her unhappy condition, not (as novel-reading women of higher pretensions) to style themselves *Miss Douglas*, *Miss Montague*, etc., but simply by their Christian names — *Mary*, *Jane*, *Frances*, etc. Her surname, as the surest means of tracing her hereafter, I ought now to have inquired; but the truth is, having no reason to think that our meeting could, in consequence of a short interruption, be more difficult or uncertain than it had been for so many weeks, I had scarcely for a moment adverted to it as necessary, or placed it amongst my memoranda against this parting interview; and my final anxieties being spent in comforting her with hopes, and in pressing upon her the necessity of getting some medicines for a violent cough and hoarseness with which she was troubled, I wholly forgot it until it was too late to recall her.

It was past eight o'clock when I reached the Gloucester Coffeehouse, and the Bristol mail being on the point of going off, I mounted on the outside. The fine fluent motion of this mail soon laid me asleep: it is somewhat remarkable that the first easy or refreshing sleep which I had enjoyed for some months, was on the outside of a mail coach — a bed which at this day I find rather an uneasy one. Connected with this sleep was a little incident which served, as hundreds of others did at that time, to convince me how easily a man who has never been in any great distress may pass through life without knowing, in his own person at least, anything of the possible goodness of the human heart — or, as I must add with a sigh, of its possible vileness. So thick a curtain of *manners* is drawn over the features and expression of men's *natures*, that to the ordinary observer the two extremities, and the infinite field of varieties

which lie between them, are all confounded, — the vast and multitudinous compass of their several harmonies reduced to the meager outline of differences expressed in the gamut or alphabet of elementary sounds. The case was this : for the first four or five miles from London I annoyed my fellow-passenger on the roof by occasionally falling against him when the coach gave a lurch to his side ; and indeed, if the road had been less smooth and level than it is, I should have fallen off from weakness. Of this annoyance he complained heavily, as perhaps, in the same circumstances, most people would ; he expressed his complaint, however, more morosely than the occasion seemed to warrant, and if I had parted with him at that moment I should have thought of him (if I had considered it worth while to think of him at all) as a surly and almost brutal fellow. However, I was conscious that I had given him some cause for complaint, and therefore I apologized to him, and assured him I would do what I could to avoid falling asleep for the future ; and at the same time, in as few words as possible, I explained to him that I was ill and in a weak state from long suffering, and that I could not afford at that time to take an inside place. This man's manner changed, upon hearing this explanation, in an instant ; and when I next woke for a minute from the noise and lights of Hounslow (for in spite of my wishes and efforts I had fallen asleep again within two minutes from the time I had spoken to him) I found that he had put his arm round me to protect me from falling off, and for the rest of my journey he behaved to me with the gentleness of a woman, so that at length I almost lay in his arms ; and this was the more kind, as he could not have known that I was not going the whole way to Bath or Bristol. . . .

I was not sorry at his disturbance [this refers to another incident occurring on his road to Eton], as it enabled me to pass through Eton before people were generally up. The night had been heavy and lowering, but towards the morning it had changed to a slight frost, and the ground and the trees were now covered with rime. I slipped through Eton unobserved ; washed myself, and as far as possible adjusted my dress, at a little public house in Windsor ; and about eight o'clock went down towards Pote's. On my road I met some junior boys, of whom I made inquiries. An Etonian is always a gentleman ; and, in spite of my shabby habiliments, they answered me civilly. My friend Lord —— was gone to the University

of ——. "Ibi omnis effusus labor!" I had, however, other friends at Eton; but it is not to all that wear that name in prosperity that a man is willing to present himself in distress. On recollecting myself, however, I asked for the Earl of D——, to whom (though my acquaintance with him was not so intimate as with some others) I should not have shrunk from presenting myself under any circumstances. He was still at Eton, though I believe on the wing for Cambridge. I called, was received kindly, and asked to breakfast.

Lord D—— placed before me a most magnificent breakfast. It was really so; but in my eyes it seemed trebly magnificent, from being the first regular meal, the first "good man's table," that I had sat down to for months. Strange to say, however, I could scarce eat anything. On the day when I first received my £10 bank note I had gone to a baker's shop and bought a couple of rolls; this very shop I had two months or six weeks before surveyed with an eagerness of desire which it was almost humiliating to me to recollect. I remembered the story about Otway, and feared that there might be danger in eating too rapidly. But I had no need for alarm; my appetite was quite sunk, and I became sick before I had eaten half of what I had bought. This effect from eating what approached to a meal I continued to feel for weeks; or, when I did not experience any nausea, part of what I ate was rejected, sometimes with acidity, sometimes immediately and without any acidity. On the present occasion, at Lord D——'s table, I found myself not at all better than usual, and in the midst of luxuries I had no appetite. I had, however, unfortunately, at all times a craving for wine; I explained my situation, therefore, to Lord D——, and gave him a short account of my late sufferings, at which he expressed great compassion, and called for wine. This gave me a momentary relief and pleasure; and on all occasions when I had an opportunity I never failed to drink wine, which I worshiped then as I have since worshiped opium. I am convinced, however, that this indulgence in wine contributed to strengthen my malady, for the tone of my stomach was apparently quite sunk, and by a better regimen it might sooner, and perhaps effectually, have been revived. I hope that it was not from this love of wine that I lingered in the neighborhood of my Eton friends; I persuaded myself then that it was from reluctance to ask of Lord D——, on whom I was conscious I had not sufficient claims, the particular service in quest of

which I had come down to Eton. I was, however, unwilling to lose my journey, and—I asked it. Lord D——, whose good nature was unbounded, and which, in regard to myself, had been measured rather by his compassion perhaps for my condition, and his knowledge of my intimacy with some of his relatives, than by an overrigorous inquiry into the extent of my own direct claims, faltered, nevertheless, at this request. He acknowledged that he did not like to have any dealings with money lenders, and feared lest such a transaction might come to the ears of his connections. Moreover, he doubted whether *his* signature, whose expectations were so much more bounded than those of ——, would avail with my unchristian friends. However, he did not wish, as it seemed, to mortify me by an absolute refusal; for after a little consideration he promised, under certain conditions which he pointed out, to give his security. Lord D—— was at this time not eighteen years of age; but I have often doubted, on recollecting since the good sense and prudence which on this occasion he mingled with so much urbanity of manner (an urbanity which in him wore the grace of youthful sincerity), whether any statesman—the oldest and the most accomplished in diplomacy—could have acquitted himself better under the same circumstances. Most people, indeed, cannot be addressed on such a business without surveying you with looks as austere and unpropitious as those of a Saracen's head.

Recomforted by this promise, which was not quite equal to the best but far above the worst that I had pictured to myself as possible, I returned in a Windsor coach to London three days after I had quitted it. And now I come to the end of my story. The Jews did not approve of Lord D——'s terms; whether they would in the end have acceded to them, and were only seeking time for making due inquiries, I know not; but many delays were made, time passed on, the small fragment of my bank note had just melted away, and before any conclusion could have been put to the business I must have relapsed into my former state of wretchedness. Suddenly, however, at this crisis, an opening was made, almost by accident, for reconciliation with my friends; I quitted London in haste for a remote part of England; after some time I proceeded to the university, and it was not until many months had passed away that I had it in my power again to revisit the ground which had become so interesting to me, and to

this day remains so, as the chief scene of my youthful sufferings.

Meantime, what had become of poor Ann? For her I have reserved my concluding words. According to our agreement, I sought her daily, and waited for her every night, so long as I stayed in London, at the corner of Titchfield Street. I inquired for her of every one who was likely to know her, and during the last hours of my stay in London I put into activity every means of tracing her that my knowledge of London suggested and the limited extent of my power made possible. The street where she had lodged I knew, but not the house; and I remembered at last some account which she had given me of ill treatment from her landlord, which made it probable that she had quitted those lodgings before we parted. She had few acquaintances; most people, besides, thought that the earnestness of my inquiries arose from motives which moved their laughter or their slight regard; and others, thinking I was in chase of a girl who had robbed me of some trifles, were naturally and excusably indisposed to give me any clew to her, if indeed they had any to give. Finally, as my despairing resource, on the day I left London I put into the hands of the only person who (I was sure) must know Ann by sight, from having been in company with us once or twice, an address to ——, in ——shire, at that time the residence of my family. But to this hour I have never heard a syllable about her. This, amongst such troubles as most men meet with in this life, has been my heaviest affliction. If she lived, doubtless we must have been some time in search of each other, at the very same moment, through the mighty labyrinths of London; perhaps even within a few feet of each other — a barrier no wider than a London street often amounting in the end to a separation for eternity! During some years I hoped that she *did* live; and I suppose that, in the literal and unrhetorical use of the word *myriad*, I may say that on my different visits to London I have looked into many, many myriads of female faces, in the hope of meeting her. I should know her again amongst a thousand, if I saw her for a moment; for though not handsome, she had a sweet expression of countenance and a peculiar and graceful carriage of the head. I sought her, I have said, in hope. So it was for years; but now I should fear to see her; and her cough, which grieved me when I parted with her, is now my consolation. I now wish to see her no longer, but think of

her, more gladly, as one long since laid in the grave — in the grave, I would hope, of a Magdalen ; taken away, before injuries and cruelty had blotted out and transfigured her ingenuous nature, or the brutalities of ruffians had completed the ruin they had begun.

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG.

By CHARLES LAMB.

[Charles Lamb : An English essayist ; born in London, February 10, 1775 ; died at Edmonton, December, 1834. He was a fellow-pupil with Coleridge at the school of Christ's Hospital; in 1789 obtained a clerkship in the South Sea House ; from 1792 to 1825 was an accountant in the East India Company, then retiring on a pension. His "Tales from Shakespeare" and "Poetry for Children," with his sister Mary Lamb, are permanently popular ; but his fame rests on a series of essays contributed to the *London Magazine*, appearing in collected form as the "Essays of Elia" (1823) and "Last Essays of Elia" (1833), and on his delightful letters.]

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his "Mundane Mutations," where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cooks' Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following: The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who, being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may

Seashore at Hagborg, Sweden

think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? not from the burnt cottage, he had smelt that smell before; indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted — *crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the newborn pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure which he experienced in his lower regions had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued: —

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what — what have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste — O Lord!" — with such like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretense, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess and never left off till they had dispatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the nighttime. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze, and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it and they all handled it, and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts and

the clearest charge which judge had ever given, — to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present, — without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision, and when the court was dismissed, went privily and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious, arts make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*, I will maintain it to be the most delicate — *princeps obsoniorum*.

I speak not of your grown porkers — things between pig and pork — those hobbledehoys — but a young and tender suckling — under a moon old — guiltless as yet of the sty, with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ*, the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest — his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble — the mild forerunner or *præludium* of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled; but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavor comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not overroasted, *crackling*, as it is well called; the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance, with the adhesive oleaginous. O call it not fat! but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it — the tender blossoming of fat — fat cropped in the bud — taken in the shoot, in the first innocence, the cream and quintessence of the child pig's yet pure food, the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna, or, rather fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result or common substance.

Behold him while he is "doing" — it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string! Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age! he hath wept out his pretty eyes — radiant jellies — shooting stars.

See him in the dish his second cradle, how meek he lieth! wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal, wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation; from these sins he is happily snatched away —

> Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
> Death came with timely care —

his memory is odoriferous — no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon — no coal heaver bolteth him in reeking sausages — he hath a fair sepulcher in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure, and for such a tomb might be content to die.

He is the best of sapors. Pineapple is great. She is indeed almost too transcendent; a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning, that really a tender-conscienced person would do well to pause; too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and excoriateth the lips that approach her; like lovers' kisses, she biteth; she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish, but she stoppeth at the palate; she meddleth not with the appetite, and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton chop.

Pig, let me speak his praise, is no less provocative of the

appetite than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may batten on him, and the weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices, inexplicably intertwisted, and not to be unraveled without hazard, he is good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbors' fare.

I am one of those who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. "Presents," I often say, "endear Absents." Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens (those "tame villatic fowl"), capons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like *Lear*, "give everything." I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good flavors to extradomiciliate, or send out of the house slightingly (under pretext of friendship, or I know not what) a blessing so particularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate. It argues an insensibility.

I remember a touch of conscience in this kind at school. My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweetmeat, or some nice thing, into my pocket, had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plum cake, fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London Bridge) a gray-headed old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt, at this time of the day, that he was a counterfeit). I had no pence to console him with, and in the vanity of self-denial, and the very coxcombry of charity, schoolboy like, I made him a present of — the whole cake! I walked on a little, buoyed up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction; but, before I had got to the end of the bridge, my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew; and then I thought of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in

thinking that I — I myself, and not another — would eat her nice cake, and what should I say to her the next time I saw her; how naughty I was to part with her pretty present! and the odor of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she sent it to the oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last; and I blamed my impertinent spirit of almsgiving and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness; and above all I wished never to see the face again of that insidious, good-for-nothing, old gray impostor.

Our ancestors were nice in their method of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipped to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have toward intenerating and dulcifying a substance naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto.

I remember an hypothesis, argued upon by the young students when I was at St. Omer's, and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides, "Whether, supposing that the flavor of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (*per flagellationem extremam*) superadded a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?" I forget the decision.

His sauce should be considered. Decidedly, a few bread crumbs, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shalots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them, or make them stronger than they are — but consider, he is a weakling — a flower.

CHARLES LAMB.

By AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

Mr. Walter Bagehot preferred Hazlitt to Lamb, reckoning the former much the greater writer. The preferences of such a man as Bagehot are not to be lightly disregarded, least of all when their sincerity is vouched for, as in the present case, by half a hundred quotations from the favored author. Certainly no writer repays a literary man's devotion better than Hazlitt, of whose twenty seldom-read volumes hardly a page but glitters with quotable matter, — the true ore, to be had for the cost of cartage. You may live like a gentleman for a twelvemonth on Hazlitt's ideas. Opinions, no doubt, differ as to how many quotations a writer is entitled to, but, for my part, I like to see an author leapfrog into his subject over the back of a brother.

I do not remember whether Bagehot has anywhere given his reasons for his preference — the open avowal whereof drove Crabb Robinson well-nigh distracted; and it is always rash to find reasons for a faith you do not share; but probably they partook of the nature of a complaint that Elia's treatment of men and things (meaning by things, books) is often fantastical, unreal, even a shade insincere; whilst Hazlitt always at least aims at the center, whether he hits it or not. Lamb dances round a subject; Hazlitt grapples with it. So far as Hazlitt is concerned, doubtless this is so; his literary method seems to realize the agreeable aspiration of Mr. Browning's "Italian in England": —

> I would grasp Metternich until
> I felt his wet red throat distill
> In blood thro' these two hands.

Hazlitt is always grasping some Metternich. He said himself that Lamb's talk was like snapdragon, and his own "not very much unlike a game of ninepins." Lamb, writing to him on one occasion about his son, wishes the little fellow a "smoother head of hair and somewhat of a better temper than his father"; and the pleasant words seem to call back from the past the stormy figure of the man who loved art, literature, and the drama with a consuming passion, who has described books and

plays, authors and actors, with a fiery enthusiasm and reality quite unsurpassable, and who yet, neither living nor dead, has received his due meed of praise. Men still continue to hold aloof from Hazlitt, his shaggy head and fierce scowling temper still seem to terrorize, and his very books, telling us though they do about all things most delightful,—poems, pictures, and the cheerful playhouse,—frown upon us from their upper shelf. From this it appears that would a genius insure for himself immortality, he must brush his hair and keep his temper ; but alas ! how seldom can he be persuaded to do either. Charles Lamb did both; and the years as they roll do but swell the rich revenues of his praise.

Lamb's popularity shows no sign of waning. Even that most extraordinary compound, the rising generation of readers, whose taste in literature is as erratic as it is pronounced; who have never heard of James Thomson who sang "The Seasons" (including the pleasant episode of Musidora bathing), but understand by any reference to that name only the striking author of "The City of Dreadful Night"; even these wayward folk — the dogs of whose criticism, not yet full grown, will, when let loose, as some day they must be, cry "havoc" amongst established reputations — read their Lamb, letters as well as essays, with laughter and with love.

If it be really seriously urged against Lamb as an author that he is fantastical and artistically artificial, it must be owned he is so. His humor, exquisite as it is, is modish. It may not be for all markets. How it affected the Scottish Thersites we know only too well,— that dour spirit required more potent draughts to make him forget his misery and laugh. It took Swift or Smollett to move his mirth, which was always, three parts of it, derision. Lamb's elaborateness, what he himself calls his affected array of antique modes and phrases, is sometimes overlooked in these strange days, when it is thought better to read about an author than to read him. To read aloud the "Praise of Chimney Sweepers" without stumbling or halting, not to say mispronouncing, and to set in motion every one of its carefully swung sentences, is a very pretty feat in elocution, for there is not what can be called a natural sentence in it from beginning to end. Many people have not patience for this sort of thing; they like to laugh and move on. Other people again like an essay to be about something really important, and to conduct them to conclusions they deem worth

carrying away. Lamb's views about indiscriminate almsgiving, so far as these can be extracted from his paper "On the Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis," are unsound, whilst there are at least three ladies still living (in Brighton) quite respectably on their means, who consider the essay entitled "A Bachelor's Complaint of the Behavior of Married People" improper. But, as a rule, Lamb's essays are neither unsound nor improper; none the less they are, in the judgment of some, things of naught — not only lacking, as Southey complained they did, "sound religious feeling," but everything else really worthy of attention.

To discuss such congenital differences of taste is idle; but it is not idle to observe that when Lamb is read, as he surely deserves to be, as a whole — letters and poems no less than essays — these notes of fantasy and artificiality no longer dominate. The man Charles Lamb was far more real, far more serious, despite his jesting, more self-contained and self-restrained, than Hazlitt, who wasted his life in the pursuit of the veriest will-o'-the-wisps that ever danced over the most miasmatic of swamps, who was never his own man, and who died, like Brian de Bois Guilbert, "the victim of contending passions." It should never be forgotten that Lamb's vocation was his life. Literature was but his byplay, his avocation in the true sense of that much-abused word. He was not a fisherman but an angler in the lake of letters, — an author by chance and on the sly. He had a right to disport himself on paper, to play the frolic with his own fancies, to give the decalogue the slip, whose life was made up of the sternest stuff, of self-sacrifice, devotion, honesty, and good sense.

Lamb's letters from first to last are full of the philosophy of life; he was as sensible a man as Dr. Johnson. One grows sick of the expressions, "poor Charles Lamb," "gentle Charles Lamb," as if he were one of those grown-up children of the Leigh Hunt type, who are perpetually begging and borrowing through the round of every man's acquaintance. Charles Lamb earned his own living, paid his own way, was the helper, not the helped; a man who was beholden to no one, who always came with gifts in his hand, a shrewd man capable of advice, strong in council. Poor Lamb indeed! Poor Coleridge, robbed of his will; poor Wordsworth, devoured by his own *ego;* poor Southey, writing his tomes and deeming himself a classic; poor Carlyle, with his nine volumes of memoirs, where he

> Lies like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way,
> Tormenting himself with his prickles —

call these men poor, if you feel it decent to do so, but not Lamb, who was rich in all that makes life valuable or memory sweet. But he used to get drunk. This explains all. Be untruthful, unfaithful, unkind; darken the lives of all who have to live under your shadow, rob youth of joy, take peace from age, live unsought for, die unmourned, — and remaining sober you will escape the curse of men's pity, and be spoken of as a worthy person. But if ever, amidst what Burns called "social noise," you so far forget yourself as to get drunk, think not to plead a spotless life spent with those for whom you have labored and saved; talk not of the love of friends or of help given to the needy; least of all make reference to a noble self-sacrifice passing the love of women, for all will avail you nothing. You get drunk, — and the heartless and the selfish and the lewd crave the privilege of pitying you and receiving your name with an odious smile. It is really too bad.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

By CHARLES LAMB.

The custom of saying grace at meals had, probably, its origin in the early times of the world, and the hunter state of man, when dinners were precarious things, and a full meal was something more than a common blessing. When a bellyful was a windfall, and looked like a special providence. In the shouts and triumphal songs with which, after a season of sharp abstinence, a lucky booty of deer's or goat's flesh would naturally be ushered home, existed, perhaps, the germ of the modern grace. It is not otherwise easy to be understood why the blessing of food — the act of eating should have had a particular expression of thanksgiving annexed to it, distinct from that implied and silent gratitude with which we are expected to enter upon the enjoyment of the many other various gifts and good things of existence.

I own that I am disposed to say grace upon twenty other occasions in the course of the day besides my dinner. I want a form for setting out upon a pleasant walk, for a moonlight ramble, for a friendly meeting, or a solved problem. Why

have we none for books, those spiritual repasts; a grace before Milton, a grace before Shakespeare, a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading the "Faerie Queene"? But the received ritual having prescribed these forms to the solitary ceremony of manducation, I shall confine my observations to the experience which I have had of the grace, properly so called; commending my new scheme for extension to a niche in the grand philosophical, poetical, and perchance in part heretical, liturgy, now compiling by my friend Homo Humanus, for the use of a certain snug congregation of Utopian Rabelæsian Christians, no matter where assembled.

The form, then, of the benediction before eating has its beauty at a poor man's table, or at the simple and unprovocative repast of children. It is here that the grace becomes exceeding graceful. The indigent man, who hardly knows whether he shall have a meal the next day or not, sits down to his fare with a present sense of the blessing, which can be but feebly acted by the rich, into whose minds the conception of wanting a dinner could never, but by some extreme theory, have entered. The proper end of food — the animal sustenance — is barely contemplated by them. The poor man's bread is his daily bread, literally his bread for the day. Their courses are perennial.

Again, the plainest diet seems the fittest to be preceded by the grace. That which is least stimulative to appetite, leaves the mind most free for foreign considerations. A man may feel thankful, heartily thankful, over a dish of plain mutton with turnips, and have leisure to reflect upon the ordinance and institution of eating; when he shall confess a perturbation of mind, inconsistent with the purposes of the grace, at the presence of venison or turtle. When I have sat (a *rarus hospes*) at rich men's tables, with the savory soup and messes steaming up the nostrils, and moistening the lips of the guests with desire and a distracted choice, I have felt the introduction of that ceremony to be unseasonable. With the ravenous orgasm upon you, it seems impertinent to interpose a religious sentiment. It is a confusion of purpose to mutter out praises from a mouth that waters. The heats of epicurism put out the gentle flame of devotion. The incense which rises round is pagan, and the belly god intercepts it for its own. The very excess of the provision beyond the needs, takes away all sense of proportion between the end

and means. The giver is veiled by his gifts. You are startled at the injustice of returning thanks — for what? — for having too much while so many starve. It is to praise the gods amiss.

I have observed this awkwardness felt, scarce consciously perhaps, by the good man who says the grace. I have seen it in clergymen and others — a sort of shame — a sense of the co-presence of circumstances which unhallow the blessing. After a devotional tone put on for a few seconds, how rapidly the speaker will fall into his common voice, helping himself or his neighbor, as if to get rid of some uneasy sensation of hypocrisy! Not that the good man was a hypocrite, or was not most conscientious in the discharge of the duty; but he felt in his inmost mind the incompatibility of the scene and the viands before him with the exercise of a calm and rational gratitude.

I hear somebody exclaim, Would you have Christians sit down at table like hogs to their troughs, without remembering the Giver? No, I would have them sit down as Christians, remembering the Giver, and less like hogs. Or, if their appetites must run riot, and they must pamper themselves with delicacies for which east and west are ransacked, I would have them postpone their benediction to a fitter season, when appetite is laid; when the still small voice can be heard, and the reason of the grace returns — with temperate diet and restricted dishes. Gluttony and surfeiting are no proper occasions for thanksgiving. When Jeshurun waxed fat, we read that he kicked. Virgil knew the harpy nature better, when he put into the mouth of Celæno anything but a blessing. We may be gratefully sensible of the deliciousness of some kinds of food beyond others, though that is a meaner and inferior gratitude; but the proper object of the grace is sustenance, not relishes; daily bread, not delicacies; the means of life, and not the means of pampering the carcass. With what frame or composure, I wonder, can a city chaplain pronounce his benediction at some great hall feast, when he knows that his last concluding pious word — and that in all probability the sacred name which he preaches — is but the signal for so many impatient harpies to commence their foul orgies, with as little sense of true thankfulness (which is temperance) as those Virgilian fowl! It is well if the good man himself does not feel his devotions a little clouded, those foggy sensuous steams mingling with and polluting the pure altar sacrifice.

Theoretically I am no enemy to graces; but practically I own that (before meat especially) they seem to involve something awkward and unseasonable. Our appetites, of one or another kind, are excellent spurs to our reason, which might otherwise but feebly set about the great ends of preserving and continuing the species. They are fit blessings to be contemplated at a distance with a becoming gratitude; but the moment of appetite (the judicious reader will apprehend me) is, perhaps, the least fit season for that exercise. The Quakers, who go about their business of every description with more calmness than we, have more title to the use of these benedictory prefaces. I have always admired their silent grace, and the more because I have observed their applications to the meat and drink following to be less passionate and sensual than ours. They are neither gluttons nor winebibbers as a people. They eat, as a horse bolts his chopped hay, with indifference, calmness, and cleanly circumstances. They neither grease nor slop themselves. When I see a citizen in his bib and tucker, I cannot imagine it a surplice.

I am no Quaker at my food. I confess I am not indifferent to the kinds of it. Those unctuous morsels of deer's flesh were not made to be received with dispassionate services. I hate a man who swallows it, affecting not to know what he is eating. I suspect his taste in higher matters. I shrink instinctively from one who professes to like minced veal. There is a physiognomical character in the taste for food. C—— holds that a man cannot have a pure mind who refuses apple dumplings. I am not certain but he is right. With the decay of my first innocence, I confess a less and less relish daily for those innocuous cates. The whole vegetable tribe have lost their gust with me. Only I stick to asparagus, which still seems to inspire gentle thoughts. I am impatient and querulous under culinary disappointments, as to come home at the dinner hour, for instance, expecting some savory mess, and to find one quite tasteless and sapidless. Butter ill melted, that commonest of kitchen failures, puts me beside my tenor. The author of the *Rambler* used to make inarticulate animal noises over a favorite food. Was this the music quite proper to be preceded by the grace; or would the pious man have done better to postpone his devotions to a season when the blessing might be contemplated with less perturbation? I quarrel with no man's tastes, nor would set my thin face against those excellent things,

in their way, jollity and feasting. But as these exercises, however laudable, have little in them of grace or gracefulness, a man should be sure, before he ventures so to grace them, that while he is pretending his devotions otherwhere, he is not secretly kissing his hand to some great fish — his Dagon — with a special consecration of no art but the fat tureen before him. Graces are the sweet preluding strains to the banquets of angels and children; to the roots and severer repasts of the Chartreuse; to the slender, but not slenderly acknowledged, refection of the poor and humble man: but at the heaped-up boards of the pampered and the luxurious they become of dissonant mood, less timed and tuned to the occasion, methinks, than the noise of those better befitting organs would be which children hear tales of, at Hog's Norton. We sit too long at our meals, or are too curious in the study of them, or too disordered in our application to them, or engross too great a portion of those good things (which should be common) to our share, to be able with any grace to say grace. To be thankful for what we grasp exceeding our proportion, is to add hypocrisy to injustice. A lurking sense of this truth is what makes the performance of this duty so cold and spiritless a service at most tables. In houses where the grace is as indispensable as the napkin, who has not seen that never-settled question arise as to *who shall say it?* while the good man of the house and the visitor clergyman, or some other guest belike of next authority, from years or gravity, shall be bandying about the office between them as a matter of compliment, each of them not unwilling to shift the awkward burden of an equivocal duty from his own shoulders?

I once drank tea in company with two Methodist divines of different persuasions, whom it was my fortune to introduce to each other, for the first time, that evening. Before the first cup was handed round, one of these reverend gentlemen put it to the other, with all due solemnity, whether he choose to *say anything.* It seems it is the custom with some sectaries to put up a short prayer before this meal also. His reverend brother did not at first quite apprehend him, but upon an explanation, with little less importance he made answer that it was not a custom known in his church: in which courteous evasion the other acquiescing for good manners' sake, or in compliance with a weak brother, the supplementary or tea grace was waived altogether. With what spirit might not Lucian have painted two priests, of *his* religion, playing into each other's hands the

compliment of performing or omitting a sacrifice, the hungry God meantime, doubtful of his incense, with expectant nostrils hovering over the two flamens, and (as between two stools) going away in the end without his supper.

A short form upon these occasions is felt to want reverence; a long one, I am afraid, cannot escape the charge of impertinence. I do not quite approve of the epigrammatic conciseness with which that equivocal wag (but my pleasant schoolfellow) C. V. L., when importuned for a grace, used to inquire, first slyly leering down the table, "Is there no clergyman here?" significantly adding, "Thank G——." Nor do I think our old form at school quite pertinent, where we were used to preface our bald bread-and-cheese suppers with a preamble, connecting with that humble blessing a recognition of benefits the most awful and overwhelming to the imagination which religion has to offer. *Non tunc illis erat locus.* I remember we were put to it to reconcile the phrase "good creatures," upon which the blessing rested, with the fare set before us, willfully understanding that expression in a low and animal sense, till some one recalled a legend, which told how, in the golden days of Christ's, the young Hospitalers were wont to have smoking joints of roast meat upon their nightly boards, till some pious benefactor, commiserating the decencies, rather than the palates, of the children, commuted our flesh for garments, and gave us — *horresco referens* — trousers instead of mutton.

MRS. BATTLE'S OPINIONS ON WHIST.

By CHARLES LAMB.

"A CLEAR fire, a clean hearth, and the rigor of the game." This was the celebrated *wish* of old Sarah Battle (now with God), who, next to her devotions, loved a good game of whist. She was none of your lukewarm gamesters, your half-and-half players, who have no objection to take a hand, if you want one to make up a rubber; who affirm that they have no pleasure in winning; that they like to win one game and lose another; that they can while away an hour very agreeably at a card table, but are indifferent whether they play or no; and will desire an adversary, who has slipped a wrong card, to take it up and play another. These insufferable triflers are the curse of a table. One of these flies will spoil a whole pot.

Of such it may be said that they do not play at cards, but only play at playing at them.

Sarah Battle was none of that breed. She detested them, as I do, from her heart and soul, and would not, save upon a striking emergency, willingly seat herself at the same table with them. She loved a thorough-paced partner, a determined enemy. She took, and gave, no concessions. She hated favors. She never made a revoke, nor even passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight — cut and thrust. She held her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She sat bolt upright, and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side — their superstitions; and I have heard her declare, under the rose, that hearts was her favorite suit.

I never in my life — and I knew Sarah Battle many of the best years of it — saw her take out her snuff box when it was her turn to play, or snuff a candle in the middle of a game, or ring for a servant till it was fairly over. She never introduced or connived at miscellaneous conversation during its progress. As she emphatically observed, "cards were cards"; and if I ever saw unmingled distaste in her fine last-century countenance, it was at the airs of a young gentleman of a literary turn, who had been with difficulty persuaded to take a hand, and who, in his excess of candor, declared that he thought there was no harm in unbending the mind now and then, after serious studies, in recreations of that kind! She could not bear to have her noble occupation, to which she wound up her faculties, considered in that light. It was her business, her duty, the thing she came into the world to do, — and she did it. She unbent her mind afterward over a book.

Pope was her favorite author: his "Rape of the Lock" her favorite work. She once did me the honor to play over with me (with the cards) his celebrated game of Ombre in that poem; and to explain to me how far it agreed with, and in what points it would be found to differ from, tradrille. Her illustrations were apposite and poignant; and I have had the pleasure of sending the substance of them to Mr. Bowles; but I suppose they came too late to be inserted among his ingenious notes upon that author.

Quadrille, she has often told me, was her first love; but whist had engaged her maturer esteem. The former, she said, was showy and specious, and likely to allure young persons. The uncertainty and quick shifting of partners — a thing which

the constancy of whist abhors — the dazzling supremacy and regal investiture of Spadille — absurd, as she justly observed in the pure aristocracy of whist, where his crown and garter give him no proper power above his brother nobility of the Aces, — the giddy vanity so taking to the inexperienced, of playing alone ; above all, the overpowering attractions of a *Sans Prendre Vole*, — to the triumph of which there is certainly nothing parallel or approaching, in the contingencies of whist : all these, she would say, make quadrille a game of captivation to the young and enthusiastic. But whist was the *soldier* game — that was her word. It was a long meal ; not like quadrille, a feast of snatches. One or two rubbers might coextend in duration with an evening. They gave time to form rooted friendships, to cultivate steady enmities. She despised the chance-started, capricious, and ever-fluctuating alliances of the other. The skirmishes of quadrille, she would say, reminded her of the petty ephemeral embroilments of the little Italian states, depicted by Machiavel, perpetually changing postures and connection ; bitter foes to-day, sugared darlings to-morrow ; kissing and scratching in a breath — but the wars of whist were comparable to the long, steady, deep-rooted, national antipathies of the great French and English nations.

A grave simplicity was what she chiefly admired in her favorite game. There was nothing silly in it, like the nob in cribbage — nothing superfluous. No *flushes* — that most irrational of all pleas that a reasonable being can set up ; that any one should claim four by virtue of holding cards of the same mark and color, without reference to the playing of the game, or the individual worth or pretensions of the cards themselves ! She held this to be a solecism, as pitiful an ambition in cards as alliteration is in authorship. She despised superficiality, and looked deeper than the colors of things. Suits were soldiers, she would say, and must have a uniformity of array to distinguish them ; but what should we say to a foolish squire, who should claim a merit from dressing up his tenantry in red jackets, that never were to be marshaled — never to take the field ? She even wished that whist were more simple than it is ; and, in my mind, would have stripped it of some appendages, which in the state of human frailty, may be venially, and even commendably, allowed of. She saw no reason for the deciding of the trump by the turn of the card. Why not one suit always trumps ? Why two colors when the mark of the suits would have sufficiently distinguished them without it ?

"But the eye, my dear Madam, is agreeably refreshed with the variety. Man is not a creature of pure reason — he must have his senses delightfully appealed to. We see it in Roman Catholic countries, where the music and the paintings draw in many to worship, whom your Quaker spirit of unsensualizing would have kept out. You yourself have a pretty collection of paintings, — but confess to me, whether, walking in your gallery at Sandham, among those clear Vandykes, or among the Paul Potters in the anteroom, you ever felt your bosom glow with an elegant delight, at all comparable to *that* you have it in your power to experience most evenings over a well-arranged assortment of the court cards? — the pretty antic habits, like heralds in a procession — the gay triumph-assuring scarlets — the contrasting deadly killing sables — the "hoary majesty of spades" — Pam in all his glory!

"All these might be dispensed with; and with their naked names upon the drab pasteboard, the game might go on very well, pictureless. But the *beauty* of cards would be extinguished forever. Stripped of all that is imaginative in them, they must degenerate into mere gambling. Imagine a dull deal board, or drum head, to spread them on, instead of that nice verdant carpet (next to Nature's), fittest arena for those courtly combatants to play their gallant jousts and tourneys in! Exchange those delicately turned ivory markers — (work of Chinese artists, unconscious of their symbol, or as profanely slighting their true application as the arrantest Ephesian journeyman that turned out those little shrines for the goddess) — exchange them for little bits of leather (our ancestors' money), or chalk and a slate!"

The old lady, with a smile, confessed the soundness of my logic; and to her approbation of my arguments on her favorite topic that evening, I have always fancied myself indebted for the legacy of a curious cribbage board, made of the finest Sienna marble, which her maternal uncle (old Walter Plumer, whom I have elsewhere celebrated) brought with him from Florence — this, and a trifle of five hundred pounds, came to me at her death.

The former bequest (which I do not least value) I have kept with religious care; though she herself, to confess a truth, was never greatly taken with cribbage. It was an essentially vulgar game, I have heard her say, — disputing with her uncle, who was very partial to it. She could never heartily bring her mouth to pronounce "*Go*" — or "*That's a go.*" She called

it an ungrammatical game. The pegging teased her. I once knew her to forfeit a rubber (a five-dollar stake), because she would not take advantage of the turn-up knave, which would have given it her, but which she must have claimed by the disgraceful tenure of declaring "*two for his heels.*" There is something extremely genteel in this sort of self-denial. Sarah Battle was a gentlewoman born.

Piquet she held the best game at the cards for two persons, though she would ridicule the pedantry of the terms, — such as pique — repique — the capot, — they savored (she thought) of affectation. But games for two, or even three, she never greatly cared for. She loved the quadrate, or square. She would argue thus: Cards are warfare; the ends are gain, with glory. But cards are war, in disguise of a sport; when single adversaries encounter, the ends proposed are too palpable. By themselves, it is too close a fight; with spectators, it is not much bettered. No looker-on can be interested, except for a bet, and then it is a mere affair of money; he cares not for your luck *sympathetically*, or for your play. Three are still worse; a mere naked war of every man against every man, as in cribbage, without league or alliance; or a rotation of petty and contradictory interests, a succession of heartless leagues, and not much more hearty infractions of them, as in tradrille. But in square games (*she meant whist*), all that is possible to be attained in card playing is accomplished. There are the incentives of profit with honor, common to every species, — though the *latter* can be but very imperfectly enjoyed in those other games, where the spectator is only feebly a participator. But the parties in whist are spectators and principals too. They are a theater to themselves, and a looker-on is not wanted. He is rather worse than nothing, and an impertinence. Whist abhors neutrality, or interests beyond its sphere. You glory in some surprising stroke of skill or fortune, not because a cold — or even an interested — bystander witnesses it, but because your *partner* sympathizes in the contingency. You can win for two. You triumph for two. Two are exalted. Two again are mortified; which divides their disgrace, as the conjunction doubles (by taking off the invidiousness) your glories. Two losing to two are better reconciled, than one to one in that close butchery. The hostile feeling is weakened by multiplying the channels. War has become a civil game. By such reasonings as these the old lady was accustomed to defend her favorite pastime.

No inducement could ever prevail upon her to play at any game, where chance entered into the composition, *for nothing*. Chance, she would argue, — and here again, admire the subtlety of her conclusion, — chance is nothing, but where something else depends upon it. It is obvious that cannot be *glory*. What rational cause of exultation could it give to a man to turn up size ace a hundred times together by himself? or before spectators, where no stake was depending? Make a lottery of a hundred thousand tickets with but one fortunate number, and what possible principle of our nature, except stupid wonderment, could it gratify to gain that number as many times successively, without a prize? Therefore she disliked the mixture of chance in backgammon, where it was not played for money. She called it foolish, and those people idiots who were taken with a lucky hit under such circumstances. Games of pure skill were as little to her fancy. Played for a stake, they were a mere system of overreaching. Played for glory, they were a mere setting of one man's wit — his memory, or combination faculty rather — against another's! like a mock engagement at a review, bloodless and profitless. She could not conceive a *game* wanting the spritely infusion of chance, the handsome excuses of good fortune. Two people playing at chess in a corner of a room, whilst whist was stirring in the center, would inspire her with insufferable horror and *ennui*. Those well-cut similitudes of Castles, and Knights, the *imagery* of the board, she would argue (and I think in this case justly) were entirely misplaced and senseless. Those hard head contests can in no instance ally with the fancy. They reject form and color. A pencil and dry slate (she used to say) were the proper arena for such combatants.

To those puny objectors against cards, as nurturing the bad passions, she would retort, that man is a gaming animal. He must be always trying to get the better in something or other; that this passion can scarcely be more safely expended than upon a game at cards; that cards are a temporary illusion; in truth, a mere drama; for we do but *play* at being mightily concerned, where a few idle shillings are at stake, yet, during the illusion, we *are* as mightily concerned as those whose stake is crowns and kingdoms. They are a sort of dream-fighting; much ado; great battling and little bloodshed; mighty means for disproportioned ends; quite as diverting, and a great deal more innoxious, than many of those more serious *games* of life which men play, without esteeming them to be such.

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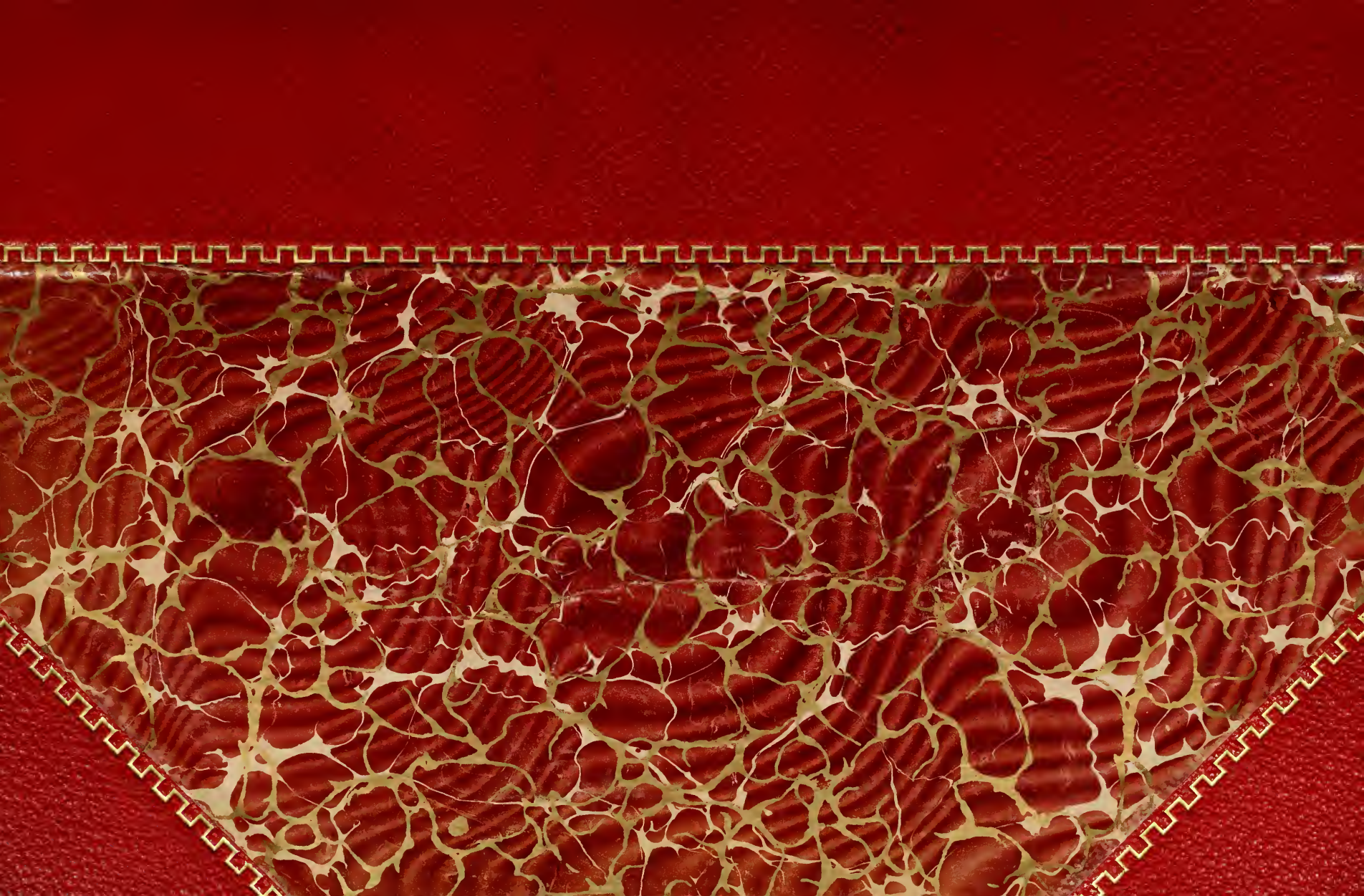
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